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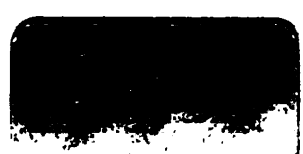

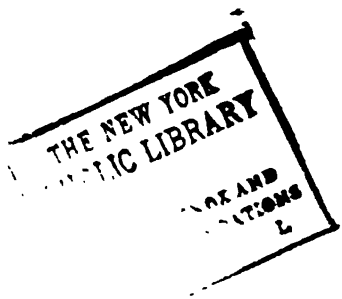
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D. L. Moody

MOODY:

HIS WORDS, WORK, AND WORKERS.

COMPRISING

HIS BIBLE PORTRAITS;

HIS OUTLINES OF DOCTRINE,

As given in his Most Popular and Effective Sermons, Bible Readings, and Addresses in Edinburgh, Dublin, London, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and Boston;

SKETCHES OF HIS CO-WORKERS, MESSRS. SANKEY, BLISS, WHITTLE, SAWYER, AND OTHERS;

AND AN ACCOUNT OF

THE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE REVIVAL,

WITH THRILLING EXPERIENCES OF CONVERTED INEBRIATES.

EDITED BY REV. W. H. DANIELS, A.M.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY REV. CHARLES H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D.

With Portraits and Illustrations.

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INTRODUCTION.

ALL the Gospel needs is to be told. Once out, it achieves its own victories. All the advance it has made in the centuries has been made by its inherent power, and the work of the Christians of to-day is by all agencies to tell the Good News, to scatter the Glad Tidings.

A forward movement has been made in the labors, experiences, and successes of Mr. Moody. The sum of his influence is not confined to the audiences that gather within the sound of his voice. A fire on the summit of a promontory does more than consume the fagots with which it is fed; it illumines the valley, and casts its guiding ray far out over the breakers. Mr. Moody, seizing upon the great cities of the English-speaking peoples, has cast his light from these promontories down into the neighboring valleys, and out over the perilous coasts and on to the stormy sea. The people who read, as well as those who hear, are recipients of his reflected light. The workers who rally around him, and the stronger workers who spring up in his path to imitate his example and disseminate his influence, are parts of his work. The newspapers are one section of his platform. Presses are a sort of speaking-tube to project his accents in the hearts of other thousands.

Publishers shun volumes of sermons which it is difficult to push out: they seem possessed of the instinct of inactivity. To this rule the volumes of Mr. Moody's sermons are exceptions; not because he omits the *Rev.* from his name, nor that his sayings are not called sermons; it is rather that he makes his discourses sparkle and shine from end to end with the truths that the Church wants, and the world needs to hear.

His machine bees bespeak genius. They were so made

and so wound up that one could not distinguish them from the natural bees when all crowded and hopped about together in front of the hive. A stranger, required to distinguish between them, dropped a little honey down among them: the real bees dashed after it; the machine bees buzzed and crawled about as before. So the Gospel is made to distinguish the true from the machine Christians.

Discourses full of such hits cannot fail to have readers.

It is the peculiarity of the great military leader of our time that he has what his great companion in arms calls "the instinct of victory," by which "he divines the precise moment for the decisive blow." He seems "inattentive to minor points on the field, knowing that if the main points are held the others can be easily retaken." This is a crude outside type of Mr. Moody's style of usefulness. He has "*the instinct of victory*." He knows when to strike the decisive blow. With him it is inspiration, the reception of that wisdom which is promised to them that ask. He seems "inattentive to minor points on the field;" with him it is a comprehension of the essential points for the world's salvation, and a simple conviction that the others will easily and speedily drop into their proper places and receive all necessary attention.

The signs of Mr. Moody's power are too numerous to be doubted. His name is familiar to every English-hearing ear; he discourses and exhorts in many modern languages; more space in the dispatches and reports of the secular press is given to him than is given to any other living teacher; vast auditoriums are built by the great cities to make for him a temporary abode; he rallies a great army of co-workers: all these things demonstrate his alliance with the real forces of the world.

Luther bequeathed to us the Reformation, Wesley bequeathed Methodism, Mr. Moody is destined to leave to mankind the Young Men's Christian Association, in which he has been chiefly trained, and whose leader and patron he has now come to be.

This Association means a baptism of responsibility and of labor upon the laymen of the Churches.

The grand results of Mr. Moody's work are:—

1. The salvation of many thousands of precious souls.

2. The re-enthronement of the supernatural power of the Gospel as a practical answer to the impious prayer-test challenge of science.

3. The awakening of believers to new achievements.

4. The unification of Protestantism.

5. The exaltation of the vital doctrines of the Calvinistic Churches to the practical retirement of the old Five Points.

6. The rendering ubiquitous the vital truths and practices of Arminianism, without the embarrassment of their dogmatic projection.

7. The transforming of the old uniform of the saint into the business dress of the believer, so that Christianity is at home every-where.

8. The promulgation of the priesthood of believers so far as to require them to tell the story of the cross.

In projecting a great character and a great life-work at least two things are necessary: first, the character and work itself. both genuine and vast; second, some just, able, and equally inspired historian to arrange, crystallize, and transfigure the man and his doings.

This publication is carefully edited by Rev. W. H. Daniels, who is so widely and favorably known through his former book entitled "D. L. MOODY AND HIS WORK." The present volume has received the utmost care to perfect it and make it available for permanent usefulness. The editor has carefully compared, arranged, and classified Mr. Moody's theology, so as to give it shape and consistency. It almost deserves the name of a *system*. If it were as new as it is powerful it would revolutionize the world; as it is, it only reinforces the old teaching, as well as the old methods, of apostolic evangelism.

Mr. Moody's work and character are in competent hands. Mr. Daniels seems called of God to complete, extend, and perpetuate this work of the great evangelist, not less than is

Mr. Moody called to his part of the ultimate result: his book, and especially this one, must live and repeat the good news to several generations and to many millions.

A portion of the book is devoted to some of the noble Workers that have grown out of this great movement. Of course there is but one Moody; but it is heroic to stand in one's lot and do one's best. This service God is honoring. A sorrowful interest will be added to the work by the sad fate of Mr. P. P. Bliss, and the melody of his music will linger among the devout long after his memory has faded away.

A few pages are given to another work of absorbing interest, that is destined to increase until it fills the whole earth—that work is the Christian Temperance movement, started and being carried forward principally by women, who have the sympathy to feel for these lost multitudes, and the courage to undertake their recovery. In the foreground of this picture is Miss Frances E. Willard. Her great gifts as a speaker, her abilities on the platform, her zeal in this work among drunken men and abandoned women, her maturing experience, and her association with Mr. Moody in directing this especial branch of the Revival, all combine to give this work increased promise of permanency, and add to this volume an interest and attractiveness not otherwise secured.

This book, put forth as an incarnation of the Gospel of Mercy in every-day life, goes to the millions who need it, and we bespeak for it the attention of the whole people.

C. H. FOWLER.

OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE,
NEW YORK, *April* 10, 1877.

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THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

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MOODY:

HIS WORDS, WORK, AND WORKERS.

PART I.

LIFE AND LABORS OF D. L. MOODY.

IT is well known that Mr. Moody has always opposed the publication of his life, for which he privately gives this reason :—

"Some time ago God gave me a great blessing, and after that I felt as if I must walk very softly or else I should lose it. Of myself, I felt that I amounted to nothing, and it seemed to me that I must keep myself out of sight. There are so many men and women who are getting people to write their lives, just to make themselves famous, that I determined to have nothing to do with any such vanity."

This impression, which is a sufficient reason why Mr. Moody should take no steps towards publishing his own life, is by no means a commandment against the doing of that work by others. It is the privilege of those who are asked to accept him as a religious teacher to inquire into the steps by which he has come to this greatness and success : his life and record form a prominent part of the Christian literature of the time, and are the rightful possession of the Church and the world. God has taken this man away from himself, and given him to his people as a leader and helper in his name ; this sketch of the life of the great lay evangelist is, therefore, a rightful contribution to current Christian biog-

raphy; especially as many of the facts and incidents therein have been gathered from his own frequent public references to himself and the various members of his household; and from a former work by the same hand, the materials for which were largely furnished by Mr. Moody's nearest relatives, and his co-workers, both in America and Great Britain.

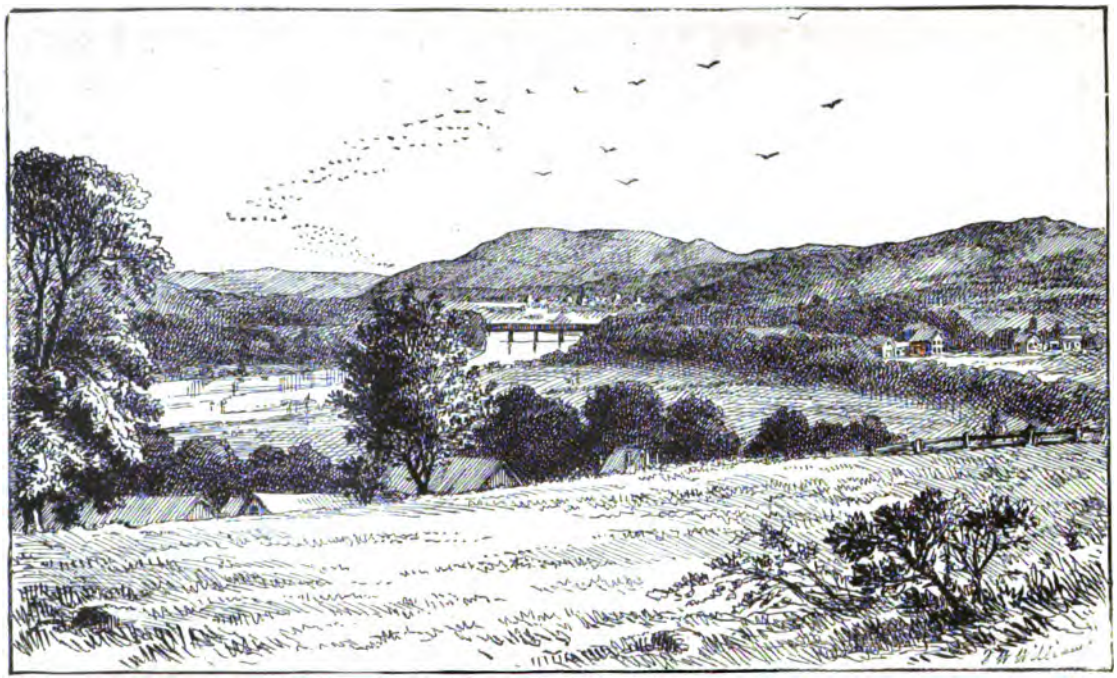
EARLY LIFE—NORTHFIELD AND BOSTON.

Of the nine children born to EDWIN, and BETSY HOLTON MOODY—seven sons and two daughters—DWIGHT LYMAN is the sixth; born on the fifth day of February, 1837, in the town of Northfield, Massachusetts. His mother, a woman of the old heroic blood of New England, is a descendant, in the fifth generation, from William Holton, one of the first settlers of the plantation of Northfield, which was purchased of the Indians in 1673, and laid out by a committee of the General Council of Massachusetts, of which committee the said Holton was a member.

Mrs. Moody, still active and happy under the burden of seventy winters, visited her son during the great revival in New York, where her force of character and admirable manners were most highly appreciated. "Ah, my friend," said Rev. Dr. Cuyler to Mr. Moody, "it is easy enough to see where you got your vim and your hard common sense."

When Dwight was a child of four years of age his father suddenly died, leaving for the support of his widow and her seven children, of whom the oldest was but thirteen years of age, nothing but a little house on the mountain side, with an acre or two of land, and even this encumbered with debt.

A month after her husband's death another boy and girl were born. Some of her worldly-wise neighbors advised her to give away or bind out her children, all except the twin babies; but this she would not do. God had endowed her with unusual strength, both of body and mind, and with a cheerful courage and a habit of looking on the bright side, as well as with humble trust in Him who is the Father of the



VIEW FROM THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

[Copyright by W. H. Daniels.]

fatherless, and the God of the widow, she bravely lifted her burden of poverty and toil, and carried it patiently and hopefully through the long years, until her sons became her fortune, as they had been her burden and her care. The old-fashioned mansion of the Moody estate, with its ample barns and broad acres, is the result of patient and frugal toil through the days of small things, as well as of the larger enterprise of her sons grown to man's estate. Mr. Moody himself has done much to improve and beautify the old homestead, and near by has built himself a beautiful though unpretentious home, where in the summer time, when his annual revival campaigns are over, he is transformed into a quiet-looking farmer; giving enthusiastic attention to fine blooded stock, and new methods of culture and tillage; though spending a large proportion of his time with distinguished guests from England and America, who, in large numbers, delight to visit him in his breezy mountain home.

The Moodys were Unitarians, and, as fast as the children were old enough, they were sent to the Church of that order in the village a mile away, where the Rev. Mr. Everett was pastor. It must, however, be borne in mind that this was before the time of those notable heresies with which the Unitarian name in these days is so often associated. Pastor Everett believed in the Bible as the word of God, in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and the Saviour of all sinners who would try to save themselves. He also believed in the Sabbath, and in the Church and its sacraments. The Apostles' Creed would, doubtless, have been acceptable to him as a fair statement of Christian theology; but that other creed, named after Saint Athanasius, would have given him no little trouble.

This man was a faithful friend to the widow and her large family of little children. He would visit them betimes, cheer them up with some pleasant words, settle quarrels among the boys, give the little ones a bright piece of silver all around, and bid the mother keep on praying; telling her God would never forget her labor of love. At one time he took little

Dwight into his family to do errands and go to school—a work of charity which, by all accounts, must have sorely tried his patience. The good man was often perplexed what to do with the boy, being forced to laugh at his pranks in spite of himself, when he felt his duty to be stern and severe.

But his chief instructor in religion, as well as in every thing else, was his mother. Great sorrow and years of toil and privation had drawn her heart very close to the Saviour, and when the care of her great family of little children grew so heavy as almost to overwhelm her, she learned to cast her burden on the Lord. Sometimes, when the boys were quarrelsome and rebellious, and the household was in utter confusion, she would go away to her own room and pray for wisdom and patience. "And when I would come back," said she, "they would all be good children again."

At the table the mother would repeat a text of Scripture or a verse of a hymn, and the children would say it in chorus after her. That table, as may well be supposed, was not always very well supplied; but the mother, though toiling day and night to feed and clothe her children, and not always knowing to-day where the food was to come from for to-morrow, kept up a brave heart and wore a cheerful face. The shadow of poverty and death was over them, but the love of the great Father above, and of the godly mother below, kept the little ones from want and gloom, and made their home a happy one in spite of all their misfortunes.

Among the rich inheritances of this poor boy were a vigorous constitution, boundless ambition and animal spirits, a will strong enough to break down all opposition, and pride which was all the time leading him to undertake things far beyond his years.

His mother says, "He used to think himself a man when he was only a boy."

He would usually obey his mother, but she is almost the only person in all the world who was ever able to manage him. There was nothing vicious in his disposition: he was ungovernable chiefly because he was a natural leader himself.

In the "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs" there is a hymn commencing

"Free from the law, O happy condition,"

which the English brethren used to say was a good description of Mr. Moody himself, so absolutely impossible did they find it to control him by any law of fashion, or policy, or even of churchly tradition. They always found his face set as a flint in the direction of what he felt to be his duty. One of his faithful co-workers, by way of apology for his inexpressible firmness, said: "Ah, well, I suppose people in Elijah's time used to think him just as stubborn and unmanageable as we think Mr. Moody to be." That intensity of will, whose natural basis was pride, being transformed by the Holy Spirit, found a new basis in conscience.

During his boyhood young Moody went through as many as a dozen terms at the little district school, but not much of its learning ever accumulated in him. A little reading—very little—still less of spelling, the simple rules of arithmetic, a trifle of geography, and the art of "speaking pieces," comprised the sum total of his scholastic attainments previous to his seventeenth year.

In his sermon on "Law *versus* Grace," Mr. Moody gives this account of himself as a scholar:—

"At the school I used to go to when I was a boy, we had a teacher who believed in governing by law. He used to keep a rattan in his desk, and my back tingles now (shrugging his shoulders) as I think of it. But after awhile the notion got abroad among the people that a school might be governed by love, and the district was divided into what I might call the law party, and the grace party; the law party standing by the old schoolmaster, with his rattan, and the grace party wanting a teacher who could get along without punishing so much.

"After awhile the grace party got the upper hand, turned out the old master, and hired a young lady to take his place. We all understood that there was to be no rattan that winter,

and we looked forward to having the jolliest kind of a time. On the first morning the new teacher, whom I will call Miss Grace, opened the school with reading out of the Bible, and prayer. That was a new thing, and we didn't quite know what to make of it. She told us she didn't mean to keep order by punishment, but she hoped we would all be good children, for her sake as well as our own. This made us a little ashamed of the mischief we had meant to do, and every thing went on pretty well for a few days; but pretty soon I broke one of the rules, and Miss Grace said I was to stop that night after school. Now for the old rattan, said I to myself; it's coming now, after all. But when the scholars were all gone she came and sat down by me, and told me how sorry she was that I, who was one of the biggest boys, and might help her so much, was setting such a bad example to others, and making it so hard for her to get along with them. She said she loved us, and wanted to help us, and if we loved her we would obey her, and then every thing would go on well. There were tears in her eyes as she said this, and I didn't know what to make of it, for no teacher had ever talked that way to me before. I began to feel ashamed of myself for being so mean to any one who was so kind; and after that she didn't have any more trouble with me, nor with any of the other scholars, either. She just took us out from under the Law and put us under Grace."

Dwight's last term of school was in the winter of his seventeenth year, when for the first time in his life he applied himself faithfully to study; but it was too late for him to become a scholar. The time had come when he felt called to the hard work of life, and now he must go out and boldly face the world. He had muscles like steel, and the courage of a young lion. He held the place of leader among the boys of his school, and as he looked out upon the world he had no other thought than that he was to be a leader every-where else. To obey or follow was not in him. In every emergency, a bold push aided by ready wit carried him over difficulties which would have seemed impassable to a wiser but

less courageous spirit. It is said of him that if he came to a hard word in reading which he could not readily pronounce, he would not stop and try to spell it out, but make a rough guess what it might be from the sense of the passage, and pronounce *at* it; or, if it was altogether out of his reach, he would invent a word which he thought might answer the purpose, and then read on all the faster, by way of hiding his mistake.

The winter school being over, young Moody started for Boston, where his uncles, Messrs. Samuel and Lemuel Holton, gave him a situation as salesman in their boot and shoe store; and being fearful lest the young man should go to ruin in the great city they found a home for him in a Christian family, insisted on his regular attendance at the Mount Vernon Congregational Church and Sunday-school, and made him promise not to be out at night without their knowing where he was.

It may be imagined that his country life and his misuse of the country school had not fitted him to shine in the city. His pride and poverty kept him from feeling at home among the well-bred, well-dressed people to whom he was introduced, and for a time he was unhappy; but he steadily held to his purpose of conquering a place for himself high up in the circles of wealth and influence, feeling sure of ultimate success, for which he labored night and day.

He was a sharp observer of human nature, quick to take advantage of every thing in his favor, always on the alert, and ready for any emergency. His pride did not admit of his asking too many questions, and, as the business was new to him, he was often in doubt about prices and qualities; but what he lacked in knowledge he would make up in shrewd guessing. His idea of business was a struggle with mankind, out of which the hardest heads and the sharpest wits were sure to come with the largest influence and the longest purse. The quiet manners of his uncles he could never learn, nor did he desire to learn them. He went about his duties in the store in much the same way as he would have swung a

scythe in a field of tangled clover, or broken a yoke of wild steers. If any one offended his sense of honor he would fly into fury at once; but the tempest of passion soon passed by.

His habit of striking out right and left sometimes raised an uproar in the whole establishment; and there was no little difficulty in keeping the peace. It was difficult for him to get rid of the notion that he must fight his way through the world; and, a long time afterward, when he became famous as a Christian teacher and leader, he seemed to enjoy the service of the Lord all the more because, at the same time, he could be valiantly fighting the devil.

Young Moody attended church per force of his agreement, caring little for what was said or sung. He says: "When I first went to Boston my employers made me go to church. I used to go and sit in the gallery, and very often fall asleep. One day, while I was having a nap under the sermon, I felt somebody poking me in the ribs, and when I looked up there was one of the deacons, who had come to wake me, and was pointing with his finger at the minister, as much as to say, 'Attend to the preaching!' I felt as if every body in the church was looking at me; but I didn't know what else to do, unless I gave attention to the sermon, so I began to listen to Dr. Kirk, and, for the first time in my life, felt as if he were preaching altogether at me."

Under the plain and forcible sermons of the Mount Vernon Church pastor, who was a very prince among preachers, his hard heart began to soften. His Sunday-school teacher also took a Christian interest in him, and encouraged him to seek the Lord, which, without any right knowledge of the way of life, he blindly began to do. There was no such sudden and complete transformation in his outward life as is sometimes wrought by saving grace; but he had evidently changed his direction, or, as he would say, had been converted; and so sturdily did he resist the devil, and so hopefully did he get up and go on again whenever that enemy managed to trip him, that a few of his friends ventured to indulge a hope that

he was one of the elect, though there were still a good many traces of the old Adam in him.

One of his first steps after his conversion was to apply for admission to the Mount Vernon Church; but so little reason was he able to give of the hope that was in him, that the committee of the Church before whom he was examined did not feel justified in receiving him.

Concerning his experience in passing from death unto life, Mr. Moody once said: "I used to have a terrible habit of swearing. Whenever I would get mad out would come the oaths; but after I gave my heart to Christ he took the swearing all away, so that I did not have the least disposition to take God's name in vain." Concerning his relations to the Mount Vernon Church, in Boston, he says, "When I first became a Christian I tried to join the Church, but they wouldn't have me, because they didn't believe I was really converted." After being kept on a kind of probation for nearly a year, with a committee specially appointed to watch over and help him, he made another application for membership, and at the May communion, in 1856, he was received. During the few months of his connection with this Church he gave no sign of the great things which were in him. He did, indeed, venture to express himself a few times in the Church prayer-meeting, and in some little mission meetings in North-street, but with so little acceptance that a member of the Church called upon his uncle, and desired him to advise the young convert to hold his peace. But Mr. Holton replied that he was glad the young man had grace and courage enough to profess his faith in Christ, and declined to put a straw in his way.

After Mr. Moody had become somewhat famous in Chicago as a Christian worker, an old member of the Mount Vernon Church, visiting a friend at the West, spoke slightingly of the religious life of that section of the country, because such a man as Moody was allowed such prominence in it, saying, "When we had him in our Church we wouldn't let him speak in our prayer-meetings."

To the same purpose was the remark of his pastor, Dr. Kirk, who some years afterward was in Chicago attending the anniversary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. While there he was entertained by his former unpromising parishioner, and assisted him in his pulpit labors for nearly a week with excellent results. On his return to Boston he called upon Mr. Holton, and said:—

"I told our people last night that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. There is that young Moody, who we thought did not know enough to be in our Church, exerting a greater influence for Christ than any other man in the great Northwest."

CHICAGO—SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.

In September, 1856, young Moody, contrary to the wishes of his mother, struck out for the West, where there would be room for such a caged bird as he felt himself to be, and where fortunes were waiting for those who had the genius to find them. His first employer in Chicago, Mr. Wiswell, who received him with great misgivings on account of his blunt speech and impetuous manners, says: "His ambition made him anxious to lay up money; his personal habits were exact and economical; as a salesman he was the same zealous and tireless worker that he afterward became in religion."

One of his fellow-clerks says of him: "Moody was a first-rate salesman. It was his pride to make his column foot up the largest of any on the books, not only in the way of sales, but also of profits. He took delight in dealing with people who made great show of smartness and cunning, and who thought themselves uncommonly wise in matters of trade, so that it became the established custom in the house, when these unmanageable customers came, to turn them over to Moody."

On his arrival in Chicago he joined the Plymouth Congregational Church, of which the Rev. J. E. Roy was pastor, and at once commenced his career as a home missionary. This he did partly because he was lonesome and uneasy on

the Sabbath, and felt the necessity of having something to keep him busy.

His first effort was to hire four pews in Plymouth Church, which he kept full of young men every Sunday. He also opened his mouth in speech and prayer at the social meetings, with a freedom which, even in the West, soon brought him into trouble again. There was frequently a pungency in his exhortations which his brethren did not altogether relish. Sometimes in his prayers he would express opinions to the Lord concerning them which were by no means flattering, and it was not long before he received the same fatherly advice which had been given him in Boston—to the effect that he should leave the speaking and praying to those who could do it better.

It seems that no one Church could furnish him enough to do; therefore he began to attend a Sunday morning class in the First Methodist Church. Here he found congenial fellowship and labor with its Mission Band, a company of young men who used to visit the hotels, saloons, etc., etc., distributing tracts and inviting people to attend divine service; and on Sunday mornings this sturdy young Congregationalist might be seen standing at the door of a Methodist Church, at an hour when there was no meeting in his own, eagerly giving out printed and verbal invitations to the passers-by to join in the worship there.

His success with the four pews in the little church gave him the clue to a line of work in which he afterward became famous. He was interested in Sunday-schools; but the position of scholar was too quiet for him, and for that of teacher he was not very well qualified; as a recruiting officer, however, he was a marvel. Finding, in his missionary explorations, a little Sunday-school in North Wells-street, he offered to take a class in it. The superintendent replied that he could find plenty of teachers, and had, indeed, almost as many teachers as pupils; but offered him the privilege of teaching any new scholars he might bring. The next Sunday, when the school opened, the new teacher appeared, fol-

lowed by eighteen bare-headed, barefooted, ragged, dirty urchins, whom he had brought to make a class for himself; but finding that he could gather a class more successfully than he could teach one, he turned these recruits over to other teachers, and went out on the streets again to find and bring in more.

It was not long before young Moody projected a Sunday-school of his own. Finding a deserted saloon in one of the worst portions of the city, he rented it for his school on Sunday, and an occasional service on week evenings. The region in which this school was opened may be understood from the fact that, within sight and hearing of the old Market-house, near by, there were about two hundred drinking and gambling dens. The streets swarmed with young barbarians, just the kind of scholars he wanted: bad women, and worse men, falling through various grades of low society, found their lowest level here. The place was proverbially dangerous for any decent person to walk in after nightfall. It was not long before Mr. Moody was a prominent and well-known person on "The Sands," as this region was called, and having made himself the friend of the street Arabs, he coaxed them to attend his school, which presently outgrew the old saloon, and was removed to the hall over the North Market, where, having achieved success as a Sunday-school scout, young Moody tried his hand as an organizer, in which direction, as has been abundantly proved, he possessed remarkable gifts.

"Mr. Moody is the prince of chairmen," said one of the English critics, in speaking of his admirable management of a difficult situation at a large public meeting; but perhaps he did not know the long experience and thorough training of the man, which commenced with the management of a crowd of ragamuffins on Sunday afternoons in the old North Market Hall; where, in the midst of confusion that would have driven a less hopeful man to despair, he pursued his work for Christ.

It was so much clear gain even to bring these waifs together under the name of a Sunday-school; they would at least hear a few words out of the Bible; perhaps they would learn to

MR. MOODY'S TABERNACLE, CHICAGO.

sing a few hymns; and, if the speaker had good lungs, and was not modest about using them, they might hear a few words of good advice. The following picture of this school, in which Mr. Moody's wonderful talents first appeared, and which contains the record of his first acquaintance with Mr. J. V. Farwell, whose name is associated with Christian work in Chicago and the whole North-west, is copied, by permission, from "D. L. MOODY AND HIS WORK:"—

It was not long before the increasing crowd needed a larger room; and, by permission of Mayor Haines, the school was removed to the great hall over the old North Market. This hall was generally used on Saturday nights for a dance; and it took most of the forenoon of Sunday to sweep out the sawdust, and wash out the tobacco and beer. There were no chairs or benches, so that the school was compelled to stand, or else sit on the floor. After enduring this state of things for some time, Moody constituted himself a committee of finance, and started to raise money for seating the place; making his collections on the general principle of asking money of those whom he thought most likely to have it.

Among those to whom he applied was Mr. J. V. Farwell, already a prominent man of business. After getting his money, he inquired what Mr. Farwell was doing in the way of personal work for Christ; and, finding him not fully occupied, he invited him over to see his mission school. Knowing the quality of this man, whom he used to meet at Sunday morning class in the Methodist Church Block, he determined to press him into service.

The next Sunday Mr. Farwell appeared as a visitor at the North Market School. The scene was a new one. All his previous Sunday-school notions were put to flight. That riotous crowd seemed to be following the example of the Israelites in the time of the Judges, with one essential difference—namely, that each was doing what was *wrong* in his own eyes, with the evident purpose of mischievous enjoyment. The seats had not yet arrived. The school was leaning up against the walls, and scattered over the floor in ever-varying forms, like the figures in the kaleidoscope, jumping, turning somersaults, sparring, whistling, talking out loud, crying, "Papers!" "Black your boots!" "Have a shine, mister?"—from which state of confusion they were occasionally rescued by a Scripture reading from Mr. Stillson, or a song from Mr. Trudeau, or a speech from

Mr. Moody, only to relapse again into clamor and uproar before the speaker or singer was fairly through. The emotions of Mr. Farwell, on being introduced to make a speech, were vivid rather than pleasing. He ventured a few words, and only a few, lest he should weary the patience of his audience. But what was his horror, at the close of his remarks, to hear himself nominated by Moody as Superintendent of the North Market Mission Sunday-school! and before he had time to object, the school had elected him with a deafening hurrah.

Many honors have fallen to that gentleman since that day, and none of them ever came more unexpectedly, were bestowed more heartily, or brought with them more embarrassment; but he accepted the office to which he was thus suddenly called, and entered at once upon its duties, which for more than six years he faithfully continued to perform. The outside work he left to his younger partner, while he managed the internal affairs of the school; sometimes adding to his other duties those of treasurer—at least, so far as to make up any deficiency in the funds.

The North Market Mission speedily became popular, partly as a means of grace, and partly as a curiosity. Before this time no mission school in the city had numbered more than one hundred and fifty; but the school of Moody, Farwell, and Company increased by such rapid strides, that in three months it was two hundred strong; in six months, three hundred and fifty; and within a year the average attendance was about six hundred and fifty, with an occasional crowd of nearly a thousand. It is estimated that about two thousand children annually passed through the school; many, of course, staying but a few weeks; but in those few weeks a revelation opened to their blinded souls which changed the whole course of their lives.

Let it not be supposed that all these children came to Sunday-school of their own accord. It was necessary to hunt them up and bring them in, one by one. In this work Moody and his friend Stillson were steadily engaged every evening in the week, from the close of business until ten and eleven o'clock at night. On Sunday morning also they made a grand excursion through "The Sands," and other lost regions; from which they would return bringing their spoils with them, in the shape of a dozen or so of the wild boys and girls they had found.

Not content with capturing such children as he might find in the streets—whom he would sometimes chase into alleys and cellars, up

and down ladders, and over piles of lumber, for the purpose of making their acquaintance—he searched for them in their homes, making the acquaintance of their parents also, a good many of whom followed their children into the mission and into the kingdom of heaven.

At such times he often came across a Roman Catholic family, and sometimes narrowly escaped with a whole head. The enraged father, being exceedingly mad at Moody for coaxing his young papists away, on seeing his beaming face and sturdy form coming up stairs, or in at the door, would sometimes seize a club and rush at him with oaths and curses. At such times he used to say his legs were his best friends. But though they served so well to take him out of danger, they always brought him back into it again, till at last his patience and good-nature conquered all opposition. He adopted the Fabian policy, and wore out his adversaries by constant light skirmishing, never venturing a battle; and in most cases this method was so successful that he not only overcame his enemies and captured their children for his mission, but generally won them over to be his friends.

For the fifty or sixty classes there was no lack of teachers. Every Sabbath the school was visited by people from all parts of the city, attracted by its growing fame as a curiosity of grace; and from among these visitors there were many volunteers for work, so that every post was filled. But the management of such a band of teachers was a task of the utmost delicacy. Coming from different Churches, with wide variety of training and experience, the strict uniformity of method now insisted on was quite out of the question. In those days there was no International Series of Sunday-school Lessons, selected and wrought out, ready to the teacher's hand; but there was a book with which every teacher and scholar was supplied—namely, the New Testament; and this was the one point of uniformity in the school.

The New Testament was Moody's sheet-anchor. It held his craft from drifting into any serious heresy, and kept it from being wrecked on the shoals of mere amusement, toward which so many schools are carried with the tide. A teacher might have all sorts of notions of his own; but, so long as he was willing to teach a class of such children out of the New Testament, Moody felt certain that the man or woman could do but little mischief, while the book was certain to do much good. Thus, with a great and irregular band of teachers—Methodists, Calvinists, Liberals, rich and poor, high and low, learned

and unlearned—the Gospel, which was its great theme and inspiration, made the school a unit and held it close to Christ.

Safe in the New Testament as the common text-book, the school was made to depend for its further compactness upon the spirit and order of each individual class. Thus the fitness of the teachers for their work became a vital question; and when one was found to be a failure—a discovery by no means uncommon, since this kind of teaching was the most difficult of all—it became an immediate necessity that he should be removed. Those young Arabs of the street were wild as colts, and cunning as foxes, and were certain to run away with their teacher if they detected any weakness in him. At the same time it would have been a painful task to say to a kind-hearted Christian, "You cannot teach; you must make way for another." But Moody and his privy council hit upon a plan which brought them through every such difficulty. Scholars were permitted, on applying to the superintendent, to remove from one class to another; and being quick to find out what teachers were alive and well up to their work, they applied the doctrine of natural selection in a manner that would have made Mr. Darwin's heart glad; for it notably resulted in "the survival of the fittest." A teacher who was a failure would in two or three Sundays be left without a class, for the children had the instinct of bees for finding out where the honey was; and so, his occupation being gone, he would quietly and regretfully disappear, making room for a more fortunate successor.

The history of the North Market School for its six years in the hall which gave it its name is full of the proofs of God's favor, and of the faith and devotion of the men and women who sustained it. The great purpose always kept in view was the salvation of souls. To reach this result every possible means was tried. Mere literary and social advantages were never regarded as important. A free evening school was, indeed, established, where such children as pleased to attend were taught a little reading and writing; but it was believed by Moody and his brethren that the shortest road to education and refinement was the road which led to the cross of Christ. The words of the Saviour, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," formed the basis of its hope and its success. If he could make Christians of these wild boys and girls, Moody believed they would make gentlemen and ladies of themselves. With this thought in view little time was spent on the geography or archæology of the Bible, but the Gospel of the Son of God, pure and simple, was impressed upon the

minds of the children in every possible way. Thus, while other kindred organizations might properly be called Bible schools, the North Market Mission was, above every thing else, a Gospel school. It naturally took this direction from the spirit and experience of its leader, who was determined to know nothing among them but "Christ and him crucified;" a determination easy for him to carry out, for he was thoroughly converted to, and quite well acquainted with, Christ; while his other "knowledges" were, for this purpose, conveniently few and small. His friend, Mr. Stillson, a Presbyterian elder, who was for a long time his constant counselor and helper, declares that during those years he does not know of Moody's owning any other book except a copy of the New Testament.

In order to bring his work to a religious focus, he established week-night prayer-meetings in the old saloon. In one respect these prayer-meetings were peculiar: namely, they were nothing else than an assembly of people who wanted something of God, and who came together expecting to get it by asking. The going through with a set of appropriate religious exercises was to them a thing wholly unknown. They came together, a company of penitent sinners, not because they ought to come, but because they wanted to come. To this rude place, seated with rough boards placed upon empty nail kegs, lighted by a few candles, and protected from violence by the police, came those children and older persons whose hearts the Gospel had reached, to inquire of Mr. Moody and his New Testament what they must do to be saved. There was a charming freshness in the praying and speaking at these meetings, which was just what might be expected from the previous training of the school. These inquirers believed in God, not as an "unknown and unknowable force," but as the Maker and Governor of heaven and earth. They believed in Jesus Christ not as "a reforming Jew," but as the Son of God who came into the world to save sinners; and, though they had no clear conception of the Holy Spirit, they were greatly under his influence; going about the work of repentance and prayer for themselves and for their friends with the same simple directness with which they would have entered upon any other work. The best praying was held to be that which brought the greatest blessing, no matter how rude and uncouth the language; the best exhorting, that which brought souls soonest to the Saviour.

Here Mr. Moody began to learn the true work of the Christian pastor. He was brought face to face with the sins and sorrows of immortal souls, laid open before him for sympathy and instruction,

as confidingly as he laid them before God for pardon and comfort. According to his theory the penitent sinner might immediately become a Christian on the terms laid down by the apostle: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'

To his mind nothing could be easier than this; and to those poor people, uninstructed in the mysteries of systematic theology, it also appeared easy. They had never heard the distinctions between intellectual faith, historic faith, and saving faith; but they did as they were taught—reached out their dirty hands to take Christ, and attended to the washing of the hands afterward.

Mr. Moody relates the following, among his missionary experiences:—

"One of our friends reported a family where there were several children who were 'due' at the North Market School, but whose father was a notorious infidel rum-seller, and wouldn't let them come.

"I called on him; but as soon as I made known my errand I was obliged to get out of that place very quickly, in order to save my head.

"'I would rather my son should be a thief, and my daughter a harlot, than have you make fools and Christians of them over there at your Sunday-school,' said he.

"One day I found the man in a little better humor than usual, and asked him if he had ever read the New Testament. He said he hadn't, and then asked me if I had ever read Paine's 'Age of Reason.' He then agreed to read the Testament if I would read Paine's book.

"He had the best of the bargain; but it gave me a chance to call again to bring him the book. After wading through that mass of infidel abominations I called on him again, to see how he got on with the Testament, but found him full of objections and hot for debate.

"'See here, young man,' said he; 'you are inviting me and my family to go to meeting: now you may have a meeting here, if you like.'

"'What! will you let me preach here in your saloon?'

"'Yes,' he said.

"'And will you bring in your family, and let me bring in the neighbors?'

"'Yes. But mind, you are not to do all the talking. I and my friends will have something to say.'

"'All right. You shall have forty-five minutes, and I will have fifteen.'

"The time for the meeting was set, and when I got there I found a great crowd of atheists, blasphemers, and other wild characters waiting for a chance to make mince-meat of me, and use up the New Testament forever.

"'You shall begin,' said I.

"Upon this they began to ask questions.

"'No questions! I haven't come to argue with you, but to preach Christ to you. Go on and say what you like, and then I will speak.'

"Then they began to talk among themselves; but it wasn't long before they quarreled over their own different unbeliefs, so that what began as a debate was in danger of ending in a fight.

"'Order! Your time is up. I am in the habit of beginning my addresses with prayer. Let us pray.'

"'Stop! stop!' said one. 'There's no use in your praying. Besides, your Bible says there must be "two agreed" if there is to be any praying; and you are all alone.'

"I replied that perhaps some of them might feel like praying before I got through, and so I opened my heart to God.

"When I had finished a little boy, who had been converted in the Mission School and had come with me to this strange meeting, began to pray. His childish voice and simple faith at once attracted the closest attention. As he went on telling the Lord all about these wicked men, and begging him to help them to believe in Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost fell upon the assembly. A great solemnity came over those hard-hearted infidels and scoffers; there was not a dry eye in the room. Pretty soon they began to be frightened. They rushed out, some by one door and some by the other—did not stop to

hear a word of the sermon, but fled from the place as if it had been haunted.

"As a result of this meeting we captured all the old infidel's children for our Sunday-school; and a little while after the man himself stood up in the noonday prayer-meeting, and begged us to pray for his miserable soul."

Among the various annoyances to which Mr. Moody was subjected by the half-civilized people among whom he labored, was the repeated breaking of the windows of his prayer-room by some boys whose parents were Roman Catholics.

When the strain on his patience came to be too severe Moody determined to strike at the root of the matter, and accordingly went to Bishop Duggan, the Romish prelate of Chicago, and laid his grievance before him. He told the bishop that he was trying to do good in a part of the city which every body else had neglected, and that it was a shame that the members of the bishop's Church should break the windows of his school room.

The zeal and boldness of the man surprised and delighted the bishop, who promised that the lambs of his flock should hereafter be duly restrained. Moody, thus encouraged, went on to say that he often came upon sick people who were Roman Catholics; he should be very glad to pray with them and relieve them, but they were so suspicious of him that they would not allow him to come near them. Now, if the bishop would give him a good word to these people, it would help him amazingly in his work of charity.

Such a request from a heretical Protestant was probably never made of a Catholic bishop before. But he very kindly replied that he should be most happy to give the recommendation if Mr. Moody would only join the Catholic Church, telling him at the same time he seemed to be too good and valuable a man to be a heretic.

"I am afraid that would hinder me in my work among the Protestants," said Moody.

"Not at all," answered the bishop.

"What! do you mean to say that I could go to the Noon

Prayer Meeting, and pray with all kinds of Christian people —Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, all together—just as I do now?"

"O, yes," replied the bishop; "if it were necessary you might do that."

"So, then, Protestants and Catholics can pray together, can they?"

"Yes."

"Well, bishop, this is a very important matter, and ought to be attended to at once. No man wants to belong to the true Church more than I do. I wish you would pray for me right here, that God would show me his true Church, and help me to be a worthy member of it."

Of course the prelate could not refuse; so they kneeled down together, and the bishop prayed very lovingly for the heretic, and when he had finished the heretic began to pray for the bishop.

From that day to the day of his death Bishop Duggan and Mr. Moody were good friends. The bishop made no progress in converting him, it is true, but he stopped his wild young parishioners from breaking the prayer-room windows; and if only Moody would have joined the Church of Rome, there is no telling to what high dignities he might have come!

This incident was published in London during Mr. Moody's meetings there, and a Catholic priest who read it called on him, and labored with him for a long time, with the utmost zeal and earnestness, in the hope that he might be persuaded into the Church of Peter and Mary.

"If you would only join the true Church," said the priest, "you would be the greatest man in England."

Mr. Moody's wonderful success with his North Market Mission Sunday-School soon made him famous in that line of work, and among other results of this reputation he began to receive calls to speak at Sunday-school conventions in various parts of the State. Wherever he went his enthusiasm, freedom, and hard common sense, gave him great power with his audience. They recognized him as a natural leader,

and in response to his exhortations gave themselves more completely to their work for Christ.

The organization of the State of Illinois, under which all the townships were visited with a view to establishing Sunday-schools in neglected localities, was largely due to his energy and foresight, and as this organization became known, he was invited to address conventions of Sunday-school workers in other States, and show them how to organize their work upon "the Illinois plan."

In these conventions his talent for "speaking pieces," which was the only literary accomplishment he ever possessed, was called into abundant exercise; and, as he often now confesses, he made himself somewhat unpopular with his brethren by over-much pious discourse. "I suppose they used to think me a nuisance," said Mr. Moody recently in speaking of his exhortations during that portion of his life. "I used to think I must say something in every meeting I attended, until one good minister advised me to hold my tongue."

This plain piece of Christian counsel, instead of making the young man angry, and sending him off in the sulks to backslide and go to the bad, had the good effect to set him thinking how he could make his speech more edifying; for he possessed that rare grace of spirit which enabled him to profit by his own mistakes. One of his long-tried friends speaks of him thus:—

"Moody was all the time making blunders, but he never made the same mistake twice."

One day a friend who was deeply interested in his success said to him:—

"Moody, if you want to draw wine out of a cask it is needful first to put some in. You are all the time talking, and you ought to begin to study."

To this Mr. Moody assented; and his friend proceeded to mark out for him a course of reading, intending to assist him in enlarging his education. Among the books selected was Muller's "Life of Trust." But before he had fully entered

upon this short road to learning, his preceptor, through some sudden change in business matters, left the city. Thus narrowly did he escape becoming a bookish man.

MR. MOODY WITH THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Moody frequently says he is more indebted to the Young Men's Christian Association for his success as an evangelist than to any other organized means of grace; and it is equally true that this organization is more indebted to him than to any other man, living or dead.

The Chicago Association was organized as one of the results of the great revival of 1857–8, and one of its first movements was the establishment of a daily noon prayer-meeting, after the fashion of the Fulton-street prayer-meeting in New York. Mr. Moody at once identified himself with the Association and the noon prayer-meeting, where he was accustomed to relate the incidents which occurred in connection with his missionary field on "The Sands." He also made himself conspicuous by his bold attacks upon fashionable sins, such as tippling, the use of tobacco, going to the theater, playing billiards, and other amusements, whose associations were evil. From being a profane and unmanageable boy he had become the sternest kind of a Puritan, and was very severe against professors of religion who were so nearly like the world's people that it was hard to tell the difference, in consequence of which many were offended and ceased to attend the meeting; but this made no difference with young Moody, who then, as now, was a firm believer in the perseverance of the saints.

When the attendance fell to half a dozen he was one of the six; and when there were but three he was one of the three, the other two very likely being his good friends, J. V. Farwell and B. F. Jacobs.

One day, all these brethren being out of town, nobody went to the prayer-meeting but one old Scotchwoman. This excellent person set great store by the noon meeting, and,

when no one else appeared, she determined to hold it herself rather than have it fail, even for a single day. So, after waiting a long time, she put on her spectacles, went forward to the leader's desk, read a passage of Scripture, talked it over to herself, for the comfort of her old heart, and then offered prayer for the languishing meeting, and for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon it and upon the city. Prayer being ended, she sung a psalm, and, the time having thus been all improved, she went comfortably home, feeling that she had done her duty, gained a blessing, and saved the noon prayer-meeting from utter extinction. On relating her solitary experience some of the brethren were deeply impressed by it. Mr. Moody at once set about the business of bringing in recruits; and so well did he succeed that very soon there was a large and regular attendance, and the meeting began to be marked with the presence of the Spirit of the Lord.

About this time he began to feel called to separate himself from business and to give himself wholly to mission work. As a business man he was an unquestioned success, as appears not only by his large sales and profits in the line of boots and shoes, but also in his subsequent management of great financial interests connected with the kingdom of Christ.

Farwell Hall, in Chicago, which was the first structure ever built by and for the Young Men's Christian Association in America, owes its existence to the efforts of Mr. Moody. When it was burned a few weeks after its dedication, he raised the funds for the second building; and, although he shortly after resigned his office as president of the Association, and has since refused to act on all finance committees, he has nevertheless secured more than a quarter of a million dollars in aid of the building enterprises of this organization, in London, Philadelphia, New York, and Chicago, besides large sums for other branches of Christian work.

When he announced his intention of giving up business, one of his friends inquired how he expected to live.

"God will provide for me," was his reply. To those who sometimes blamed him for his improvidence he would say,

"God is rich, and I am working for him." He had saved a small sum of money for his own expenses and those of his beloved North Market Mission School, which he seemed to regard rather as his family to be brought up and provided for than as a mere institution of learning; and when this was exhausted, and he no longer had money to pay for his lodgings in a cheap boarding-house, he took refuge in the rooms of the Association; eating when he had a chance, and sleeping on the prayer-room benches. It is not known how long he had pursued this way of life before it was discovered by his friends; but the fact that he subjected himself to such privations for the sake of his duty, and that, too, without the least apparent loss of vigor and cheerfulness, or even a word of complaint, shows the heroic nature of the man.

On the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, in 1861, Mr. Moody, who was already well known at home, was brought into wider notice through his work in the Christian Commission, for which his home missionary experience had admirably fitted him.

Back and forth, between Chicago and the various camps and battle-fields, with tireless vigor and jubilant faith he toiled and traveled during the four terrible years of war; which, by the work of the Christian Commission, were transformed from four great harvests of death into four great harvests of souls for the garner of the Lord in heaven. Wave after wave of patriotism and Christian devotion swept over the land, while love of country and love of Christ were mingled so that no one could tell where one ended and the other began.

Like the men who go down to the sea in ships, Moody and his brethren saw God's wonders in camp and field. Having so many sinners to point to the Saviour, and so little time in which to do it, they prayed to the Lord to do his "short work." So many men found the Saviour, and died while they were praying for them, that they came to have a strange familiarity with heaven. These souls seemed to be messengers between them and God, carrying up continually the fresh

and glowing record of the work they were doing in his name And so simple and easy did it become for them to "ask and receive," that they were rather surprised if the penitent soldier for whose conversion they prayed was not blessed before they reached the amen.

No thoughtful person can study the history of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions without feeling sure that, while the devils were making "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," Jesus Christ, the Captain of salvation, had his forces also in the field. Christian men in camps and battles, Christian women in hospitals and prisons, and good angels every-where, were working with might and main together to save the souls and bodies of the soldiers—gathering in the great harvest which death was constantly ripening. In the midst of the horrors of war God was working miracles of grace, the like of which no other war-history has ever seen. Almost every campaign was begun and ended with a revival.

No wonder that men working year after year amid such scenes as these should have learned how to claim the promises in prayer! They acquired the habit of talking to God with the same simplicity and directness as with one another; their faith increased continually by the sight of the swift procession of Divine mercies which was all the time sweeping by.

These wonders of grace in camp and field were reported at the Chicago noon prayer-meeting by Mr. Moody and his co-workers on their return from their frequent excursions to the front, and by this means a very intimate connection was kept up between the work in the army and the work at home, thus making the meeting intensely interesting, especially to those whose husbands, sons, and brothers were fighting for the Union.

Strangely enough, as though no other place were so near to heaven, and no other believers had such access to the ear of the Lord, people from all over the State, and even from neighboring States, used to send requests for prayer to be read at the Chicago Noon Prayer Meeting. These requests

were received by thousands; and often, in quick succession, came the tidings of glorious answers to prayer, with offerings of glad thanksgivings, and sometimes gifts of money and supplies for helping on the work of the Commission.

In this way the Chicago noon meeting became the very center and heart of the religious life of the whole Northwest, and Mr. Moody was the center of the noon meeting.

The following picture of his methods of work, from the book already mentioned, will help the reader to understand the man :—

A Strangers' Meeting was held on Monday evenings, at which Mr. Moody usually presided, where he talked and prayed with such point and freedom as few other men would have ventured to use. His first effort was to make strangers feel perfectly at home, in which he succeeded to a wonderful degree. He greeted them with the heartiness of an old friend. He would ask their names, where they came from, where they lived, what business they were doing, what churches they had attended ; giving them such information and counsel as he thought would be of practical service. He would single out the new-comers and call on them to speak. Thus :—

"You, brother, over there by the first window, don't you love the Lord ? "

"That red-haired man on the back seat, are you a Christian ? "

And the timid brother thus addressed would rise tremblingly to his feet, and give a reason of the hope which was in him, if he had one ; whereupon Mr. Moody would immediately ask his name and residence, note it down in his book, and tell the new man that he was now to count himself one of the old members, and to begin to help in looking up and entertaining the strangers.

Sometimes he would walk up and down the aisles, looking into the faces of the congregation for signs of the work of the Holy Spirit on their hearts ; and when he noticed a person who seemed to be thoughtful, or penitent, he would go straight to his side and say, "Are you a Christian ? " If the answer was at all doubtful, he would instantly follow with, "Do you want to be saved ? Do you want to be saved *now ?* " And, before the half-penitent sinner had time to make objections, he would have him on his knees in prayer, kneeling himself beside him, while the whole congregation were kneeling around him. The man thus publicly brought

out as a seeker of religion would generally give himself up to the Lord, being, as it were, pushed headforemost into the kingdom of heaven; though under a less impetuous leader he might, for years, have dragged himself along at a snail's pace toward the entrance of the Church.

Every thing was done promptly; no long speeches or prayers were tolerated. Sometimes a slow-going brother would fail to notice the stroke of the bell, which was a warning that his three minutes were up, and if the one in charge of the meeting hesitated in his duty, Mr. Moody would jump to his feet and perhaps ask the stranger a question. Then catching the first few words of his answer, he would use it as a rudder with which to bring the meeting up before the wind and send it off on its proper course again, leaving the bewildered brother out of sight behind.

He was conscious of his power over those who were out of the reach of the other men; but he never used blunt words and phrases merely for sensational effect. A man more perfectly natural it would be a difficult matter to find.

Perhaps it was this which carried him triumphantly over his own mistakes, and prevented his being unduly mortified or cast down by reason of his many trifling blunders. In the saving power of rhetoric and grammar he had no faith at all; and the possession of these gifts by others never made him afraid of them, or hindered him from speaking his mind to them in his own plain and honest way.

Many were troubled by this, at first; but his earnest manner came at length to be so well understood, that people ceased to be offended or even surprised by it. It came of love and not of pride.

On one occasion he called upon his old friend the ex-mayor, who was laid up with a broken leg, to tell him that God had evidently given him a chance now to attend to the salvation of his soul, and to pray with him for that end. In speaking of this prayer the ex-mayor said: "I have been prayed *for*, and prayed *at*, a great many times, but no one ever prayed *with* me before."

One of the objects of interest in Mr. Moody's career is his Tabernacle, built in the very heart of the burned district during the winter after the great Chicago fire of October 8 and 9, 1871.

His North Market Mission had been blessed to such a

degree that a Church of nearly three hundred members had grown out of it, and Mr. Moody had raised the money and built for them a large and handsome house of worship, with ample rooms for his precious Sunday-school. This building stood about midway in the path of the fire, which swept with terrible destruction over an area about three miles in length by one in breadth; in all of which space only one house remained.

Presently the scattered people began to hover around the ashes of their ruined homes, taking refuge in some nook or corner of the half-fallen walls, or in relief shanties erected by the charity which all the Christian world was pouring into the lap of the blighted city. By the aid of his friends chiefly in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, to which cities he went ón a revival tour before the ruins of his church, his home, and his dear Farwell Hall were fairly done smoking, the great rough building represented in the engraving was erected, which at once became, and for over a year remained, the center of a great charity and the scene of a great revival. Relief for the body and salvation for the soul were freely offered night and day, and during that fearful winter many a shivering, hungry, homeless wanderer was warmed, and fed, and sheltered, and at the same time urged to take refuge in the loving heart of Christ. The school and Church, a full thousand of them, were literally sitting among the ashes; but so much of courage and good cheer did Mr. Moody and his band of workers manifest, that there was always a song of praise and joy ready to leap forth at the call of Mr. Sankey, who had joined the school a little while before the fire, and had not deserted them in their distresses. They realized to a great extent the force of the apostle's words, "Having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

Mr. Moody, in one of his recent sermons, likens the processes of divine grace by which human souls are prepared for the Lord's work and the Lord's kingdom to the process of making chromo lithographs, which he had seen in Mr. Prang's establishment, in Boston. The first impression from

the first stone gave only a few faint outlines and shadows, but as the picture was printed over and over on different stones it gradually took on color and beauty, till at the twenty-eighth or thirtieth stone it was "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." So God prepared Mr. Moody himself, and by various hard experiences and strong impressions brought him to a degree of perfectness as a Christian worker which is at once the joy and wonder of the Christian world.

MR. MOODY'S BIBLE WORK.

Mr. Moody is a man of one book.

Years ago Harry Moorehouse, the English Bible reader, said to him, while visiting his Church in Chicago, "If you will stop preaching your own words and preach God's word, he will make you a great power for good." This prophecy made a deep impression on Mr. Moody's mind, and from that time he devoted himself to the study of the Bible as he had never done before. He had been accustomed to draw his sermons from the experiences of Christians and the life of the streets, but now he began to follow the counsel of his friend, and preach the word. His first series of sermons on characters in the Bible was preached during the summer before the great Chicago fire, and at once attracted great attention. He also began to compare Scripture with Scripture. "If I don't understand a text," said his friend Moorehouse, "I ask another text to explain it, and then if it is too hard for me, I take it to the Lord and ask him about it." This method Mr. Moody adopted, and this is one of the secrets of his power. He is mighty in the Scriptures, and speaks with authority from God.

As a leader in the Bible work, which has lately become such an important feature in the Church in America, Mr. Moody stands pre-eminent; and thousands of Christians have read and profited by his lectures on "How to Study the Bible." The chief peculiarity of Mr. Moody's Bible study is, that it is the study of the Bible itself.

He has a large library at his house in Northfield, which have been presented to him by admiring friends; but it is safe to say that there are not half a dozen books in the world, besides the books of the Old and New Testaments, of which he could give the names and a general outline of their contents; hence there is room in his head for God's word, and with it he keeps himself continually full and running over. His method of Bible study is like the method of a humming-bird studying a clover blossom. From the cells of sweetness down into which he has thrust his questions and his prayers, he brings up the honey which God has stored away; he revels in the profusion and preciousness of the promises like a robin in a tree full of ripe cherries. It is enjoyable just to see how heartily he enjoys the word of God, and almost convincing to see with what absolute faith he clings to it for his own salvation, and with what absolute assurance he urges others to do the same. To Mr. Moody the word of God is food, drink, lodging, and clothes; he climbs by it toward heaven as a sailor climbs the rigging; it is an anchor to hold him; a gale to drive him; it is health, hope, happiness, eternal life.

It is by this loving, prayerful, trustful study of the Scriptures that he has acquired his skill as a practical commentator.

Take, as a specimen of his off-hand comments, this from one of the Bible readings on Hope:—

"Hope is the anchor of the soul. Now none of you ever saw an anchor but was used to hold something *down*. It goes down to the bottom of the sea, and takes hold of the ground, and holds the ship to it. But this anchor, this hope, is to hold us *up*: it enters within the vail; it takes hold of the throne of God."

On the text, "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God," he said: "A great many people are mourning their want of faith; but there is no wonder that they haven't any faith: they don't study the word of God. How do you suppose you are to have faith in God when you don't know any thing about him? It is those who haven't any acquaint-

ance with God that stumble and fall; but those who know him can trust him and lean heavy on his arm. If a man would rather read the Sunday newspapers than read God's word, I don't see how Christ is going to save him. There is no room in him for the Gospel when he has filled himself with the newspapers. For years I have not touched a Sunday newspaper, or a weekly religious paper either, on Sunday. Some people lay aside those religious papers for Sunday reading, but that is not a good way. Let us lay aside all other reading for one day in the week, and devote ourselves to the study of God's word. But you say, 'O, we must study science and literature, and such things, in order to understand the Bible.' What can a botanist tell you about the 'Rose of Sharon' and the 'Lily of the Valley?' What can the geologist tell you about the 'Rock of Ages?' What can the astronomer tell you about 'The Bright and Morning Star?'

"A good many people are asking, 'Will this work hold out?'

"Now I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but there is one thing I can predict, and that is, that every one of these young converts who studies his Bible till he learns to love it better than any thing else will be sure to hold out; the world will have no charms for him. What all these young converts want is to be in love with the word of God; to feed upon it till it comes to be sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.

"One day when my old employer, C. N. Henderson, was sending me out to make some collections, he gave me some notes on which he had made three private marks. Some were marked 'B,' bad, and I was to get any thing I could for them. Others were marked 'D,' doubtful; I was to get all the security I could. And others were marked 'G,' good, and these I was to treat accordingly. Now people take God's notes, or promises, and some of them they mark 'B,' because they don't believe in them; others they mark 'D,' because they don't feel sure of them; but if there happens to be one which has been fulfilled to themselves, that one they mark 'G.'

Now, that isn't the way to treat God's promises. You ought to mark every one of them G-O-O-D, good. Heaven and earth shall pass away before one word of them shall fail. If we could only get these Christians out of Doubting Castle, how rich they would be, and what a work of grace there might be! O these devil's 'ifs!' When shall we ever get rid of them?"

MOODY AND SANKEY IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

On the seventh of June, 1872, Mr. Moody with his family—wife, son, and daughter—accompanied by Mr. Sankey, sailed from New York, and arrived in Liverpool on the seventeenth.

On a former visit to England, whither he went, as he said, "to study the Bible," he had received an invitation from Rev. Mr. Pennefather, a clergyman of the Established Church in London; and from Mr. Cuthbert Bainbridge, a Wesleyan layman of Newcastle, to come and labor with them in the Gospel. These two were almost the only men in Britain who saw any thing remarkable in the blunt Chicago evangelist, and when he arrived he found that both these men were dead. Mr. George C. Bennett, secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in the old city of York, had once written to Mr. Moody, inviting him to that city, and thither he went as to the only door open to receive him.

In York and Sunderland Messrs. Moody and Sankey preached and sung to great crowds of people, who at first seemed to regard them as religious adventurers; the clergy meanwhile looking on with evident disfavor.

"It is easier fighting the devil than the minister," said Moody; but still he kept on with his work. Tracts and fly-sheets began to appear against him; his methods were criticised; he was accused of mercenary motives; professors of religion were made angry at his plain way of speech; but still he kept on: God had given him a message, and he had nothing to do but deliver it.

At Newcastle, where he was next invited, Mr. Moody set himself down before Great Britain with the deliberate deter-

mination of conquering its prejudices against himself, and of making his way into the confidence of its people, in order to bring to them the message which he bore from God.

"We have not done much in York and Sunderland," said he, "because the ministers opposed us; but we are going to stay in Newcastle till we make an impression, and live down the prejudices of good people who do not understand us."

During the first week five of the principal chapels of the town were placed at his disposal; one after another, the leading ministers joined hands with the evangelists, greatly to Mr. Moody's delight; and before the close of these remarkable services the outpouring of the Spirit of God upon the entire population of the place proved that the Lord honored the faith of his servant. Not only at Newcastle, but in all the towns and villages over a radius of fifteen or twenty miles, the revival flame was kindled. The committee who managed the meetings were oppressed with delegations from all quarters, asking that brethren might be sent by Mr. Moody to hold meetings in their neighborhoods; and presently, the number of assistants having been greatly multiplied, hundreds of those outside meetings were held, which were almost invariably marked with wonderful religious power. From this time Messrs. Moody and Sankey began to be the most successful evangelists in this age of the world.

THE REVIVAL IN SCOTLAND.

There were numbers of devout men and women in Edinburgh who for several years had been praying that God would visit his people in Scotland with some such outpouring of his Spirit as had been recorded in their earlier history; and when they heard that these strangers from America were so wonderfully blessed in converting their English neighbors, they began, in spite of all their prejudices, to say, "May not God bless Scotland, as well as England, by means of Messrs. Moody and Sankey?" With this thought and desire Revs. Messrs. Kelman and Wilson paid a visit of observation to Newcastle, where they were so much impressed with the work

FREE CHURCH ASSEMBLY HALL, EDINBURGH.

of grace, that on their return they advised that the American evangelists be invited to Edinburgh.

On the twenty-first of November, 1873, a revival work commenced in that city which will be forever memorable, even in the religious history of that wonderfully-favored land. The spacious Free Church Assembly Hall was opened for the meetings; but from the first no building could contain the congregations which pressed to hear this speaker and singer. Three or four of the largest halls and churches were constantly in requisition; and even then it was necessary to attend an hour or two before the time appointed, in order to be sure of admittance.

Mr. Moody's use of the Bible was greatly enjoyed by his brethren in Edinburgh. They also were mighty in the Scriptures; and their people had been diligently instructed in the word of God. The texts of Holy Writ which were stored away in their memories seemed like the bones in the prophet's vision, waiting for some one appointed of God to come and breathe upon them. This Mr. Moody did; and straightway, in thousands and thousands of minds, the bones began to come together, "bone to his bone." The whole system of salvation rose up before their consciences. It seemed as if the sacrifice on these Scottish altars had been ready and waiting for the fire; and when this man of God began to preach and pray the fire of the Lord came down. There were multitudes of souls that were like ships waiting outside the bar for the flood-tide to carry them into the harbor; and now the great tidal wave had reached them, and was sweeping them into the Church.

The religious interest soon spread, not only through Edinburgh and Leith, but throughout the whole of Scotland. The Evangelistic Committee, which was raised for the management of the services, was here, as at Newcastle, pressed to send messengers bearing the glad tidings to distant towns and villages: the whole population were talking of Mr. Moody and his preaching, and of Mr. Sankey and his singing, and the newspapers were filled with reports of their meetings.

The London press began to take great notice of the movement, and before many weeks the news of this wonderful revival found a place in the cable-telegraph dispatches.

In thousands of Christian households the deepest interest was felt by parents for their children, and by masters and mistresses for their servants; and so universal was this, that Dr. Horatius Bonar declares his belief "that there was scarcely a Christian household in all Edinburgh in which there were not one or more persons converted during this revival."

The leading ministers of all orders rallied to the support of the movement: a large number of them united in a special call to prayer, which was widely circulated, and the day appointed for that purpose was solemnly observed by the Churches in all parts of Scotland.

Dr. Bonar says, "It was not only in the regions round about the Free Assembly Hall, and in other choice localities in Edinburgh and Leith, but also among the poor and neglected populations of the Canongate and Cowgate that the revival tide was observed to be rising. God seemed, indeed, to be blessing all classes and conditions of men. A merchant, whose place of business was in a neighborhood where drunken men and women frequently passed his door, declared that the influence of the revival was plainly apparent among the lower classes; for, since it began, he had seen very few persons passing his place in a state of intoxication. A confectioner, whose trade consisted chiefly in providing ball suppers, was disgusted with the revival; it almost spoiled his business."

The Christian Convention, now so familiar as one of Mr. Moody's methods of work, was tried in Edinburgh with wonderful success; not only on account of the interest of the exercises themselves, but also on account of the unprecedented union and harmony of ministers of various sects which had been sorely at variance by reason of historic dissensions, but which had now, by the power of the Holy Spirit, been united in the bonds of perfectness and peace.

From Edinburgh Messrs. Moody and Sankey went to

Glasgow, where the same wonders of grace were repeated to an extent which may be understood from the statement of Dr. Andrew Bonar, at the Mildmay Park meeting, when the evangelists were about returning to America, that during the year beginning with the Glasgow revival seven thousand souls had been gathered into the various churches of that city.

The evangelists next made a tour into the north of Scotland, laboring with great success at Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Elgin, Inverness, etc., closing with a service at John o'Groat's House, the northernmost rock of Scotland.

In Ireland, at Belfast, Londonderry, and notably at Dublin, the evangelists were received with great delight; and, what was thought to be remarkable, the Papists as well as Protestants attended their meetings, until Cardinal Cullen, seeing his flock straying in such large numbers into this heretical pasture, published an interdict forbidding such conduct, which, however, did not prevent the conversion of sinners of Romish proclivities.

At one time, when some of the brethren were speaking, with glad surprise, of the many Roman Catholic converts Mr. Moody interposed the remark: "Why should we distinguish between different kinds of converts? Are we not all one in Christ?" On this account, no doubt, it was that the Catholics in Dublin manifested so little hostility toward Mr. Moody. He was a good Protestant, of course; but still more was he a Christian. Mr. Sankey was also in high favor with the Irish people; the sweetness and enthusiasm of his singing going straight to their hearts, and in Dublin, more than anywhere else, winning them to the Saviour with his Gospel songs.

Out of the great congregations which thronged the Dublin Crystal Palace, as many as seven hundred persons sometimes remained for personal instruction, and these inquiry meetings, impressive beyond description, were often held till eleven o'clock at night. From Dublin, as from the other great revival centers, the work of grace seemed to radiate all over the north of Ireland. It was only necessary to announce a

revival service, with perhaps a mention of the name of Mr. Moody or Mr. Sankey, or of the great revival in Dublin, and the people, for miles around, would come together, not knowing who were to speak, or whether there would be any speakers at all. If some of the men were present who had been to the Dublin meetings the crowd of listeners were satisfied with the simplest account of their experience and observation. If no such persons appeared, perhaps somebody had one of Mr. Sankey's hymn books, from which he could sing; and the song would be blessed to the awakening of sinners and the comfort of believers. From the smallest sowing of these seeds of grace great harvests were gathered all over the northern portion of the island; and the work continued with such a power of blessing that the brethren in Dublin almost began to hope that all Ireland was to be saved.

THE LONDON REVIVALS.

In the beginning of December, 1874, Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey returned to England; and, after a series of meetings in the cities of Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, and Liverpool, which occupied the months of December, January, and February, and whose history would make a volume of itself, they entered upon their long contemplated work in London.

The British metropolis cannot be properly described as a city; it is a vast assemblage of cities; and its people, unlike those of the places where the evangelists had hitherto been laboring, had very few points in common. Each minister and congregation formed a separate community; watchfully caring for its own progress, but strongly tempted, by sharp competition, to leave all outside Christian enterprises to take care of themselves.

The magnitude of the attempt to reach and move the great metropolis may appear in the fact that in the north quarter of London, where the meetings first commenced, the single parish of Islington, which is only about one third of this north quarter, contains a population equal to Liverpool or Chicago; while in the whole of North London, as marked on

Mr. Moody's map, there are nearly a million of souls. His plan was to hold a separate series of meetings in the four separate divisions, in the following order, North, East, West, and South London, beginning with the North, because it contained the famous Agricultural Hall, the only available auditorium in London large enough for his purpose. Under its arched roof of glass and iron is an area where thousands of cattle are exhibited in pens and stalls, and where horses in great numbers march in grand processions. Twenty or thirty hunters at once are here put through their trials of jumping and running. These facts, better than any figures which may be given, will serve to indicate the immense size of the great hall of the Agricultural Society. Mr. Moody, with his experience of the Crystal Palace in Dublin, Bingley Hall in Birmingham, and the great Victoria Hall at Liverpool, was only too glad to find such an audience-room in which to preach the Gospel; and during the first week of meetings here the congregations averaged about eighteen thousand. It was found impossible, however, to reach the ear of so large an audience, and the hall was reduced by partitions to the capacity of about fourteen thousand. In this shape it was constantly overcrowded, every seat being sometimes occupied for half an hour before the time of service.

For each of the four quarters a local secretary was appointed, who, under the direction of the central committee, attended to the advertising and necessary arrangements for the meetings. The attitude of many of the pastors was at first one of observation and armed neutrality; though from the beginning a few of the most honored ministers, both of the Established and Nonconformist Churches, gave their heartiest co-operation. The cautious brethren occupied the platform by hundreds; but very few of them were willing to assist at the inquiry meetings, or in any way to identify themselves with Mr. Moody and his work. Still the number of those who were awakened under the preaching, as well as under the singing, increased from week to week, and after the public service was over, Mr. Moody would often find, in one

of the anterooms, a hundred men awaiting his instruction; Mr. Sankey, in another room, would address seventy or eighty women; in the gallery specially set apart for inquirers, there would be sometimes four or five hundred persons conversing, two by two, about the salvation of their souls; while here and there, in groups scattered about the great hall, anxious sinners were eagerly listening while some Christian worker, who had been duly appointed to this task, pointed them to the cross of Calvary.

The noonday revival prayer-meetings in London were occasions of the deepest interest, and were usually led by Mr. Moody himself; first in Exeter Hall, then in the Haymarket Opera House, and afterward in some one of the tabernacles or revival "halls," at which requests for prayer were read from all over Great Britain.

The different localities were also strikingly indicated.

At Bow Road Hall, in the East End, among a population where gin-palaces and wretched dwellings abound, requests would come up for prayer on behalf of convicted dog-fighters, publicans, intemperate women, and persons who had been converted, but who were forced to live in wicked communities, like sheep in the midst of wolves. At the Opera House in the West End the wealth and culture of its society were apparent, not only in the wording of the letters, but also in the character of the requests themselves. Prayer was sought for sons in the army and navy; for sons consecrated to the holy ministry, who had broken away from restraints and entered upon worldly lives; for absent relatives in India; for persons in danger of blacksliding by reason of worldly prosperity; and those in danger of ruin by the pleasures and vices of fashionable life.

One day, as if to bring the two extremes together, a poor woman in Newgate prison, condemned to death, sent a request for prayer to be read at Her Majesty's Opera House; on hearing which the great congregation, largely composed of the nobility and gentry of London, seemed to be touched with pity, and joined in prayer for the soul of this poor crim-

MR. MOODY PREACHING IN THE OPERA HOUSE, HAYMARKET.

inal in a manner which showed that the Lord himself was in it.

Two immense tabernacles were erected for Mr. Moody; one at the East End, on Bow Road, and one in the South quarter, called Camberwell Hall. They were very nearly alike except in size, the former holding ten thousand, and the latter eight thousand people. In the West End the meetings were held in the Haymarket Opera House, long closed to its ordinary uses by reason of legal complications, but just the place for revival work.

Some solicitude had been felt by many of Mr. Moody's friends lest the wonderful success which had attended him elsewhere might not follow him into the circles of wealth, nobility, and fashion; but Mr. Moody himself seems to have had no anxiety upon this point. With him, a sinner riding in a carriage emblazoned with a coat of arms was just as much in need of a Saviour as the poor dog-fighter who one day came up from Shoreditch to relate his experience of conversion. It was his calling to preach the Gospel here, as he had preached it elsewhere; and his simple, manly earnestness, and utter forgetfulness of himself, soon won for him not only the respect, but the admiration of those cultivated noblemen and ladies, than whom no people in the world are more ready to honor genuine excellence, or to acknowledge real genius or piety. To them Mr. Moody was a rare Christian: the fact that he was not a scholar was forgotten.

The grand tier, as the first gallery in the Opera House is called, had been, by time-honored custom, reserved for the nobility; and it was noticed, in the rush for tickets, by which it was necessary to divide the crowds pressing for one of the five thousand seats in the building, that applications for places in the grand tier proportionally outnumbered those for seats in any other part of the building.

A considerable number of persons followed in the wake of this great series of revivals; removing their residence as the place of meeting was removed. Some of these persons, eminent for their piety and zeal, were greatly blessed in winning

souls to Christ. Mr. Moody mentioned a lady whose name, if given, would at once be widely and honorably recognized, who had labored in the inquiry room ever since the meetings at Edinburgh, and who, up to that time—the last week but one of the two years' campaign—had been the means of bringing a hundred and fifty souls to the Saviour.

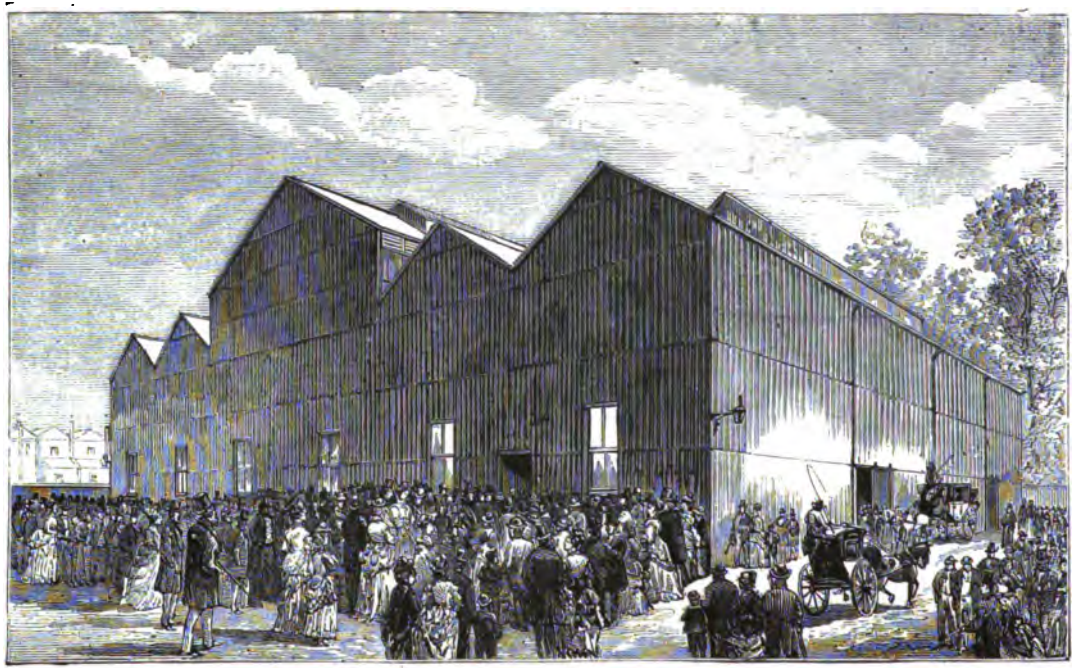
The Lord Chancellor of England said of Mr. Moody: "He gives me a new conception of preaching." He was evidently doing the same for others. His apt illustrations were taken up and passed around by the press and the people; his Bible readings were reviewed and praised as the very marrow and fatness of the Gospel; indeed, the Bible, in his use of it, came to be a popular book among all classes, but it was the constant wonder to many that he should be able to find so much in it that was so *interesting*.

On Sunday, the eleventh of July, 1873, Mr. Moody preached his farewell sermon at Camberwell Hall, and in a few days more set sail for America.

It is impossible to estimate the results of the four great revivals in London. To say that the "ten thousand souls for Christ" which Mr. Moody gave as the motive of his journey were given him in Edinburgh and London alone, might not be overstating the case; while the fruits of incidental revivals in other parts of the United Kingdom and throughout the whole of Christendom can only be estimated by Him who knoweth all things, and in whose keeping are the records which we call the Book of Life.

BROOKLYN, PHILADELPHIA, AND NEW YORK.

"This looks like slow work," said Dr. Cuyler to Mr. Moody one winter morning in 1872, when he was holding his first little meetings in Brooklyn at the Calvary Chapel of Lafayette Avenue Church. Then a handful of praying people were all that assembled to hear him. Now the community almost *en masse* are thronging to the Rink in which the Moody and Sankey revival meetings were held.



EXTERIOR OF CAMBERWELL HALL.

What a change has come over the man? Much the same that came over Moses during his forty years of exile from Egypt. He was a learner in the word in those days, now he is a master; but now, as then, his transcendent power over the minds and hearts of men comes from his simple, earnest, vital faith in the life and power of God's word.

On the twenty-fourth of October, 1874, the evangelists commenced their labors in Brooklyn, a city famous the world over for its powerful preachers and its efficient means of grace. It was a little like "carrying coals to Newcastle;" but Mr. Moody presumed that in such a favored locality trained helpers would not be wanting, and from his large acquaintance with cities in general he was sure that even in Brooklyn there were plenty of sinners who needed to be converted.

Before Brooklyn had fully realized its duty and its opportunity the time set for the opening of the work in Philadelphia arrived, and Messrs. Moody and Sankey left the City of Churches while the work was only begun. Still it was a glorious beginning, and a glorious continuance was possible by those who had learned the secret of power with God and man.

The Philadelphia revival may be described as a Pentecost, continuing for nearly two months; it was a new revelation of the power of the Gospel, and marked the opening of a new era of Christian labor and fellowship in the city of Brotherly Love.

"I wish I could carry this hall around the world to preach in," said Mr. Moody, so much was he pleased with Bingley Hall, in Birmingham, England; but the old Pennsylvania railroad freight depot, transformed into a Tabernacle, was not less perfectly adapted to the various requirements of the great revival. This immense structure, in the midst of the business portion of the city, corner of Market and Thirteenth streets, had a front of two hundred and fifty feet, and a depth of three hundred and seventy-three feet. It had ceased to be used as a depot, and had recently been purchased by Mr.

John Wannamaker, at a cost of half a million or so, as a site for his new place of business. This gentleman, who is one of the long-time friends and co-workers of Mr. Moody, generously gave the use of the property, and personally superintended the work of its reconstruction.

The text of Mr. Moody's opening sermon was: "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

It is one of Mr. Moody's strong points that he is always in the midst of his theme; to his mind all things are *now* ready; the Gospel is *now* the power of God unto salvation; and when he preaches it he takes it for granted that people will at once believe it, and be saved by it. He does not creep along four months in the rear of a promise; the only slow element in the matter of salvation, as he understands it, is the slow faith of believers.

An eminent pastor says of him: "His running expositions are as full of richness as a Bartlett pear. They teach us ministers how to squeeze honey out of the word." "I like to go all round a text," said Mr. Moody, "to see what's after and before. I find often it is like a little diamond set in pearls."

An adequate account of this great revival would require a volume instead of a few pages. The Christian Convention held at the depot, January 19, at which nearly a thousand ministers were present; the temperance movement organized in Philadelphia by a large number of reformed and converted drunkards; the branch revival at the gas-works, where prayer-meetings were sometimes kept up all night by the different relays of hands as they were relieved from duty; the unanimity of the secular press in their praise of the work accomplished, in which also the Roman Catholic papers joined, and the general awakening of the Church to a condition of vigor, activity, and Christian unity, were occasions of gratitude to God; and the fruits of this revival still remain in permanent and widely extending powers of blessing.

Dr. Hatfield relates the case of a man who came into one

DEPOT CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

of the Philadelphia meetings, half-intoxicated, but, having still a sense of his need for help, he tried to rise for prayers. His condition was so evident that those who were near him pulled him down, thinking his conduct almost blasphemous; but he persisted in standing up, and as the drunkenness passed away, he persisted in seeking the Saviour. On his way home that night his soul was gloriously filled with the grace of God, of which his life thus far gives good evidence. And since that night he declares he has been entirely free from the appetite for strong drink.

The final meeting, at which Mr. Moody gave his farewell charge to the converts of the revival, was held on Friday evening, February 4, 1876. Three thousand persons of this class received tickets of admission, but it is impossible to estimate the number of those who had been blessed by means of the revival who lived out of the city, or for other reasons could not be present.

Before the sermon Mr. Moody took up a collection in aid of the new building of the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association, amounting to *one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.* The cost of fitting up the building and of carrying on the meeting was about thirty-five thousand dollars, all of which was cheerfully contributed.

Some interesting statistics have been preserved of the meeting at the Depot Church. The aggregate attendance from November 21, 1875, to February 4, 1876, was one million and fifty thousand. On one Sunday twenty-eight thousand different people were in attendance. In a single week a committee of ladies gave out nineteen thousand tickets to women for afternoon, and men for evening Sunday services, all of whom gave their names and addresses as persons who were not Christians. The average daily attendance was twenty-two thousand people.

On Monday evening, February 7, 1875, Messrs. Moody and Sankey opened their memorable revival services in the Hippodrome, at New York. This immense one-story structure,

covering a whole square, was originally the depot of the Harlem and New Haven Railroads; then it became famous as Barnum's Hippodrome; later it was used for Gilmore's monster concerts. When Mr. Varley, from England, preached here, some time before, there was a menagerie in another part of the building, and the roar of wild beasts sometimes mingled with the sound of prayer and praise. The Executive Committee secured this place for the meetings at a weekly rental of fifteen hundred dollars, and the preparations cost about ten thousand dollars.

The chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. William E. Dodge, and his efficient helpers, had studied the requirements of the occasion, and by wisdom borrowed from the meetings elsewhere, and a liberal use of money and labor, they transformed the huge structure into a most complete revival tabernacle.

Before the close of the first week the aggregate daily attendance reached twenty thousand, and nearly two thousand inquirers were daily seeking the way of life. Mr. Moody preached the same sermons as at previous meetings, though it was noticed that he preached with more power than in Brooklyn. Then it was a momentous experiment; now it was and assured success.

One notable feature of the meetings was, the hold they took upon "the brown-stone-front people," as one minister called them; and another feature, not less notable, was their influence upon the lowest classes of society.

Among other mighty works of God in this revival was the conversion of a confirmed opium-eater, from whom the Spirit of God has driven out that horrible devil, leaving no traces of an appetite which is supposed to be unconquerable and the next strongest thing to death.

The Friday noon prayer-meeting at the Hippodrome was a temperance prayer-meeting, and the Rev. Mr. Hepworth, who had charge of the requests for prayers, says that more requests came in to pray for drunkards than for any other class of persons.

Among the striking cases of reformation was that of an Englishman, who described himself as having led a very fast life in London for ten years, breaking all the commandments, and being at length obliged to leave the country to escape punishment of the law. For several weeks before he had been under deep conviction of sin, and had resolved to turn moralist, with the hope of quieting his conscience. "I resolved," said he, "and failed. The appetite for drink was stronger than I was. At length I thought I would try an experiment, and speak the name of Jesus every time the appetite came over me; and the *name of Jesus*, though I prayed in no other form, saved me from my old enemy for several weeks." The man was soon after clearly converted at one of Mr. Moody's meetings.

A few days before the close of the services Mr. Moody received another "Thank Offering" on behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association at New York. There was no apparent effort, no persuading, no urging, but the money was given as a privilege—bushels of it. Private subscriptions by thousands were made, one of them for fifty thousand dollars, the entire amount raised being about *one hundred and fifty thousand dollars*, which lifted the Association out of debt.

The record of conversions has never been made public; but at the farewell meeting there were about five thousand persons who came in with "convert's tickets," while the number of those from abroad who were blessed at occasional meetings and were not able to be present would give the evangelists almost another "ten thousand souls for Christ."

CHICAGO AND BOSTON.

After a summer of rest Mr. Moody and his friend, Mr. Sankey, with a considerable band of trained Gospel workers, commenced, on the first day of October, 1876, the Chicago revival campaign.

The fact that these Gospel meetings have outgrown the church architecture of their times, and that, for the sake of securing them, it has come to be the custom to erect large

halls for their accommodation, ten times the size of the average churches, is proof that the Christian people of these days regard the coming of this gospel preacher and this gospel singer as a very unusual blessing.

The Chicago Tabernacle, whose erection is largely due to the enterprise and labor of the Hon. J. V. Farwell, was planned to hold eight thousand people. Instead of a rough-and-ready structure for a temporary purpose, the basement and first and second story walls of a first-class wholesale business house were put up, giving the best accommodations for the meetings ever furnished, except at the Hippodrome.

The preparation for, and the management of, the meetings was placed in the hands of the executive committee, of which W. T. Harvey, Esq., was the chairman, and which comprised the names of some of Chicago's most eminent laymen. There was also a devotional committee, comprising the names of equally eminent clergymen.

A special prayer-meeting had been held in Farwell Hall for two or three months, which had been largely attended by the clergy of the city, as well as the more active members of their Churches, so that when Mr. Moody commenced to preach and Mr. Sankey commenced to sing, it might be said that the air was full of revival.

In reference to his former life and work in Chicago, Mr. Moody related the following personal incident:—

"For a long time I used to be the laughing-stock of this community, because I used to stop people on the street and elsewhere and talk to them about their souls; but that was the school in which I learned to preach the Gospel. It was my rule to speak to some one every day. One night as I was going home, when I got as far as the corner of Clark and Lake streets I remembered that I hadn't spoken to any unconverted man that day about his soul. But just then I happened to see a man leaning up against the lamp-post, so I went up and put my hand on his shoulder, and asked him if he loved the Lord. He was very angry; turned round and cursed me; and afterward went to a friend of mine and said,

'If you have any influence with that man Moody, I wish you would tell him to stop his impudence. He is doing more harm than any ten men in Chicago.' My friend came and tried to persuade me that I was doing mischief by speaking to strangers that way; but I replied that God hadn't showed it to me in that light, and until he did I should keep right on as before.

"Well, a little while after that, when I used to live up in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, and was janitor, and sexton, and secretary, and what-not, very early one morning I heard a rap at my door, and, as soon as I could dress me, I opened it, and there stood a man who was a perfect stranger.

"'Don't you know me?' he asked; 'I am the man that cursed you for asking him about his soul down there at the corner of Clark and Lake streets. I haven't had a minute's peace since, and now I am come to ask you to pray for me.'"

As usual Mr. Moody appointed his Sunday meetings in Chicago so as to conflict as little as possible with the regular church services, namely, at 8 A.M. and at 4 P.M., and after the second week at 3 P.M. also.

Just at the stroke of eight Mr. Moody appeared and began the opening service in his blunt straightforward way by saying: "I want to give you a passage from the word of God as a kind of watch-word for these meetings: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

During the first week the audiences may be set down at an aggregate of eighty thousand, with uncounted thousands more who were turned away for want of room.

At the opening of his work in Chicago Mr. Moody was deeply impressed with the fact that there was a good deal of tearing down to be done before he could successfully build, and the exceedingly plain dealing which the Chicago ministers and Church members received at his hands, during the first few days of the meeting, must have reminded them of the words of the psalmist, "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an

excellent oil, which shall not break my head." His overflowing affection and tearful tenderness was manifest in every word. He evidently had no wish to hurt people, but in his gospel surgery he used a keen knife, and every stroke cut to the bone. His hearers winced and wept, but if they were angry with any one it was not with the preacher, but with themselves; and straightway many began to turn to God.

On the day when the Scripture lesson was from the text beginning with the words, "O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me," Mr. Moody said: "It is easy enough to ask God to search other people, but the difficulty is in being willing to be searched ourselves. If we search our own hearts we are very likely to overlook a great many things, so it is a great deal better to let God do it for us.

A man has fallen down and broken his arm, and when the doctor comes he begins to put his finger on the flesh and press down pretty hard to find out where the break is. If it doesn't hurt in one place he moves his finger along, and bears down again and again; by and by the poor fellow cries out, 'Oh!' That is just what the doctor wanted; the place where it hurts is the place where it has got to be mended."

To the ministers he said: "We haven't got to the bottom of this business yet; there is a great deal of jealousy among us. It is very easy to sing, 'O, to be nothing,' but to feel that way is not so easy. Can you be happy over the revivals which God sends to the Churches of your brethren, when he doesn't send any revival to your Church? Can the Baptist minister rejoice over the conversions that are taking place in the Methodist Church across the way, when there is no revival in his own?"

One of the first movements of Mr. Moody was the appointment of a day of fasting and prayer. This day, Thursday, October 12, was observed by special services at the Tabernacle, and in many of the Chicago Churches, nor was it altogether overlooked by Churches in other places.

On Friday evening of his first week Mr. Moody received a dispatch from Northfield, Mass., announcing the death of his

youngest brother, Samuel; and for the sake of his venerable mother, who leaned upon him more than upon any of her other sons, and who, he felt, would need him now more than ever, he determined to leave the meetings in charge of Mr. Sankey, Major Whittle, and others, and return to his old home to attend the funeral.

On his return, on Sabbath morning, October 16, he chose for his text the forty-first verse of the first chapter of the Gospel by John: "He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ," and proceeded to give to the congregation of Christian workers an account of the conversion, work, death, and burial of his brother Samuel, frequently interrupted by deep emotion, and of which subject he made this practical application:—

"Now if you have a brother out of Christ, go to him as this disciple did to his brother Simon. Begin with the members of your own family. If you have no brother of your own, take somebody else's brother, and bring him to Christ; if you have no household of your own, go and bring the member of some other family to the Saviour; but don't let this day pass before you speak or write to some friend of yours who is unsaved, and invite him or her to seek the Lord."

One of the most interesting features of the Chicago revival was the Gospel Temperance work, of which an extended account will be found in Part V.

The Christian Convention, which formed a part of the series of revival meetings, was one of the most interesting of all this class of special services. More than a thousand ministers and leading laymen from thirteen different States were present, and many of them went home deeply impressed with Mr. Moody's Bible work and methods of Bible study. Quite a number of them were so much blessed with the revival spirit that revivals presently broke out among their own congregations. At the last session of the Convention Mr. Moody proposed the formation of a prayer alliance, every member of which should be pledged to pray daily for God's blessing upon

the work of all the other pastors who were joined in covenant with him, and in response to this the names of between three and four hundred ministers were given for the alliance.

For an account of the life, death, and memorial services of Prof. Bliss, see Part IV.

The series of meetings continued for sixteen weeks with deep and widespread interest, though with various interruptions.

At the farewell services a collection and subscription was taken, under the title of a thank-offering, in behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, its debt and its current expenses; which, at the date of this writing, has already reached an amount sufficient to cover both the funded and floating debts on the Hall of the Association, leaving a small balance in the treasury with which to carry on its work; being a total of about seventy thousand dollars.

To estimate the results of the Chicago revival, by the six thousand persons whose names and addresses were registered as having been converted or reclaimed, would be to come vastly short of the proper reckoning in the case. Mr. Moody himself regards it as one of the most successful of all his revival efforts; and when it is taken into account that branch revivals are appearing all over the North-west, whose beginning may be traced directly to the influence of the Chicago meeting, it is evident that the Lord has bestowed an immeasurable benediction upon Chicago and the North-west by the hand of his honored servants Moody and Sankey and their faithful co-workers.

In his farewell address Mr. Moody declared that nowhere had he been more ably and heartily assisted, not only by the executive committee having charge of the management of meeting, but also by the ministry; among whom there had been a perfect unity of feeling, and whose labors, in connection with his own, had been steadily and increasingly useful.

The Boston Tabernacle is much the smallest, though one of the pleasantest, of the series of great buildings erected for the Moody and Sankey revival meetings. It stands on Tre-

mont-street, nearly a mile west of the Common, out toward the new part of Boston, which has been built on lands reclaimed from the Back Bay. Its seating capacity is six thousand, all on one floor, which rises as it recedes from the platform, which occupies the middle of one long side, instead of being placed at the end. There are two inquiry rooms about thirty by sixty feet, but these have been found inadequate, and the inquiry meetings have been removed to the Clarendon-street Baptist Church, near by.

The Executive Committee consists of Rev. E. B. Webb, D.D., Chairman; D. E. Snow, Secretary; Russell Sturgis, Jun.; Joseph Story; S. G. Deblois; H. M. Moore; John O. Bishop; Rev. G. F. Pentecost, Chairman of the Committee on Inquiry Rooms; Dr. E. Tourjee, Chorister; Franklin W. Smith, Chief Usher.

At eight o'clock, on Sunday morning, January 28th, Mr. Moody opened the Boston revival campaign, as usual, with an address to Christian workers; and in all the other arrangements following the established plan, which has taken its shape from long experience and Christian wisdom.

Its general outline is as follows:—

For Sundays, at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, a series of addresses to Christian workers, continued throughout the entire series of meetings. No services to conflict with the regular morning worship at the churches. Preaching in the afternoon, after the close of the Sunday-schools and other regular afternoon work at the churches, followed by inquiry meetings; preaching again in the evening, with inquiry meetings following, at which trained Christian workers, with Bible in hand, give personal instruction to, and offer prayer with, those who present themselves as inquirers. Besides these there are the Gospel Temperance Meetings under the direction of Mr. Sawyer; a Woman's Meeting conducted by Miss Willard; a Boys' Meeting under the charge of Mr. Hastings; and sometimes a Young Men's Meeting led by some experienced member of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The programme for every week-day, except Saturday, comprises the Noon Prayer-meetings, which on Mondays or Tuesdays are occupied with reports of revival work in their Churches by the pastors; followed by a meeting for consultation between Mr. Moody and the ministers of the city and vicinity, at which all important plans, changes, complaints, etc., are discussed and settled.

There is also a Woman's Daily Meeting at 1 P.M., at the Berkeley-street Congregational Church, just across the street from the Tabernacle, at which Miss Willard conducts devotional exercises, and gives brief expositions of Scripture, followed by three hours of personal conversation with lady inquirers. These expositions are spoken of as being admirable in style and full of spiritual light and blessing: they are attended by eminent Christians from various parts of New England, as well as by many humble and sorrowful ones who come to their gifted and loving sister for consolation in sorrow and direction in distress. Finally, there are the week-evening services, including rehearsals of gospel songs for half an hour by the great chorus, under the admirable leadership of Prof. Tourjee; solos by Mr. Sankey; sermons by Mr. Moody, except on Monday evening, when some city minister takes his place; the rest of the evening being occupied in the same manner as on the Sabbath.

Of all these movements Mr. Moody himself is the general-in-chief, and the settlement of questions usually signifies a reference of the whole matter to him, with full power to execute his will, to which the Executive Committee, clergy, and laity all pledge themselves in advance. Thus on a recent occasion Mr. Moody raised the question of a second removal of the noonday meetings from the Tabernacle, which was out of the reach of the business men, to Tremont Temple and Park-street Church, for men and women separately, as no one building was large enough for both. On the proposition being made to hold several other local noon meetings a leading pastor said, "If Mr. Moody will send men to hold these meetings, so that the people may know they come from him,

they will attend; otherwise the meetings will be a failure." Then, after more discussion, it was as usual, unanimously agreed to "leave it all to Mr. Moody."

It is too early yet to write the history, or even to estimate the success, of the Boston revival; but in spite of bitter opposition from certain sons of Belial, and the cold criticisms of men who are rooted and grounded in the traditional "Boston theology," the work has taken deep root in the hearts of Christians throughout New England.

This is manifest in the admirable reports of the sermons and services in the leading secular as well as religious papers; the co-operation of the clergy of all orthodox orders; the large representation of the New England Churches at the Christian Convention, held March 13–16; as well as in the sensational and even impious attacks of the enemies of evangelical truth, who treat the revivalists and their labors as objects for caricature and derision.

Among the notable features of the Boston Revival are Mr. Moody's series of sermons on the Holy Spirit, which will be found in Part III of this volume.

Among those clergymen who have rendered hearty assistance to the evangelists in their work are Rev. Drs. Webb, Manning, Phillips Brooks, Withrow, Dunn, Mallalieu, Pentecost, Rev. Messrs. Meredith, Speare, Hamilton, and others, and that, too, while blest with revivals in their own churches, which claim their constant service.

Mr. Joseph Cook, whose Monday lectures at the Tremont Temple have produced such a profound impression, and pushed the battle of the supernatural basis of the Christian faith to the gates of its rationalistic enemies, has heartily endorsed and aided Mr. Moody. These two men, now side by side in Boston, represent the two extremes of evangelical religion: the one cultivated, scholarly, logical, original, profound; the other, untaught except in the word of God and by the inspiration of the divine Spirit; but no less mighty through faith and a consuming zeal for saving souls.

The chief topics of Mr. Moody's sermons have been Grace;

Love; Enthusiasm; Hinderances; To every Man his Work; some of his admirable Bible Portraits, and several discourses on Heaven.

Already the work of grace is manifest in widely different circles. Dr. Manning, at a noon-day meeting, reported the recent conversion of persons in his congregation whose ancestors had been members of that same Church for two hundred years; and at the same time another pastor related the conversion of a wretched skeptical blasphemer, who was a bartender in a drinking saloon.

A city missionary mentioned a Gospel Temperance Meeting at which there were seventy-five intemperate men and women present; and in a canvass of the beat assigned him among some of the poor and the lost, he had found an anxious soul in nearly every house.

Rev. Dr. Dunn reported sixty persons received into his Church between the ages of fourteen and seventy-one, and an equal number inquiring the way of life.

"The freshet is beginning to float the drift-wood," said one pastor. "I believe," said another, at the same tabernacle meeting, "in the old-fashioned Gospel preached here in its simplicity."

PART II.

BIBLE PORTRAITS.

THE PROPHET DANIEL.

I WANT to talk to you this morning about the Prophet Daniel. His name signifies, "God with him;" not the public with him, not his fellow-men with him, but *God with him.*

In the third year of King Jehoiakim Nebuchadnezzar came up against Jerusalem, and took ten thousand of its chief men to carry them captive to Babylon.

I am glad that these chief men who stirred up the war were the ones who fell into Nebuchadnezzar's hands. Unlike too many of the ringleaders in wars, they got the punishment on their own heads.

We don't know how old Daniel was when we first hear of him, probably about seventeen. King Nebuchadnezzar had given orders to take some of the best and brightest of the Hebrew captives, and bring them up among his wise men; they were to be taught in the learning of the Chaldeans, and to be fed with meat and wine from the king's table. Among these young men were Daniel and his three friends, who had, doubtless, been converted under the preaching of Jeremiah, the weeping prophet.

I suppose a good many people mocked at him when he lifted up his voice against their sins, and laughed at his tears, and said of him, as a good many say of us, that he was getting up a false excitement; but these four young men listened to his preaching, and had the courage to come out on the Lord's side.

And right here is the secret of this man's success. The Scripture tells us that this man, Daniel, knew God. There are a great many professing Christians who never get on intimate terms with God, and so they never amount to much; but Daniel knew and trusted the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob even from his youth. He took his stand with God right upon his entering the gate of Babylon. He cried to God to keep him steadfast, and he had need to cry hard. There was a law of his God that no man should eat meat offered to idols, and now here comes a commandment from the king that these young men should be fed upon meat from his table, which Daniel knew had been sacrificed in idol worship:—"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank." If he had been like some of our Chicago Christians he would have said, "Well, it can't be helped. I don't like to defile myself this way; the law of God forbids it, and if I were only home in Jerusalem I never would do it in the world, but really I don't see how I am going to help it. We are nothing but slaves in Babylon, and if the king should hear of our disobedience he would take our heads off in no time—and we can't be expected to run such a risk as that."

Then I suppose some of our modern professors of religion would have advised Daniel after this fashion: "Young man, I understand you are thinking about refusing the king's meat and wine; don't you do it. There is no use in your setting aside this meat and wine, it is only a kind of Pharisaism; the moment you take this stand, you say, in effect, you think you are better than other people. When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do. When you are in Jerusalem you must keep the commandments; but nobody could possibly think of your keeping them down here in Babylon."

Now there is no doubt but the devil told Daniel just that same thing; he wanted him to do in Babylon as the people of Babylon did; but Daniel had courage to stand up to the law of his God, and say *No!* Consequences! Never mind the consequences; there wasn't any such word in his dictionary. When it came to a question of obeying the law of his God, he was going to obey, and let God take care of the consequences. Just hear what is said in this eighth verse of the first chapter of this book: "Daniel purposed in his heart." Now, the trouble with a great many people is, that when they purpose to do right they only purpose in their heads, and that doesn't amount to much; if you are going to be a Christian, you must purpose to serve God away down in your hearts. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." So the young Israelite determined that he would not eat the king's meat, nor drink the king's wine, because it was against the law of his God: but he got the eunuch to bring him and his friends pulse and water.

Now just look at this reason which Daniel and his friends gave to the king's servant; they don't try to dodge the question at all, they say right out at once, "We cannot do this, because the law of our God forbids it." I am afraid some of you, if you had been in their places, would have tried to hide behind some excuse; you would have said, you wasn't very well, or that meat and wine didn't agree with you. Not so with Daniel: he tells that heathen why he can't eat the king's meat, and drink the king's wine, and I have no doubt the man respected him for it. But the servant said, it wouldn't do at all:—"If you don't eat, the king will find it out; he will see you sometime looking lean and thin, and will ask what the matter is; and when he finds out that I have brought you something else, I shall lose my head, and you will lose yours."

"Just try us for ten days," said Daniel. "Give us pulse to eat, and water to drink, and see how we get along on it." So the servant tried them on the pulse and water, and when they came before the king the eunuch's fears were all gone, for the faces of Daniel and his friends were fairer and fatter than any of the others.

Some people think wine makes them look better, and that they cannot get along without it. Just look at their red noses and bloated faces. It is God's truth, and Daniel tested it, that cold water, with a clear conscience, is a good deal more healthy than wine. Some people say they cannot get along without stimulants; but I tell you, all the stimulant a person needs is the word and the grace of God.

There was a soldier down in Tennessee when I was in the army, a great, strong, hearty fellow, who was a teetotaler. One day, when the army was on a long march, somebody offered him a drink of whisky.

"I am a teetotaler," was his reply.

"Never mind that, you are in the army now; besides, you need some stimulant to help you on this long march."

The man took out a pocket Bible and held it up before the face of his tempter, and said, "That is all the stimulant I want."

Just so with Daniel; he took God's side in this question, and held to God's terms, and God made him strong and healthy, and gave him favor with those who saw his honesty; and, above all, gave him peace in his own soul.

The next thing we hear of him the king has had a dream, and all the wise men are called to interpret it. And now I seem to see an officer coming in, laying his hand on Daniel's shoulder and arresting him in the king's name.

"What is the matter?" asks Daniel.

"I am very sorry," says the officer, "but the king had a dream last night, and when he woke up he could not remember it, so he called all his wise men together, and asked them to tell him his dream, and then to interpret it for him; and when no one of them could do it the king was angry, and commanded that all the wise men should be put to death. You belong to that school, so you will have to die with the rest of them."

"It seems to me the king is rather hasty," says Daniel.

"Just let him give us a little time, and I will show him his dream, and the interpretation also."

That night Daniel and his three friends had a little prayer-meeting together; perhaps they read the story of Joseph, and how the dreams of old Pharaoh were revealed to him, and how he came to be a great man in Egypt afterward. They knew that all secret things were known to God, and they asked him to reveal this one. Then they went to bed and slept soundly.

I don't think many of you would have gone to sleep with such danger as that hanging over your heads. But Daniel slept, and in his sleep the king's dream was revealed to him.

Next morning there was a great stir all about the palace. It had got out that a young Hebrew captive was going to tell the king his dream, and save the lives of all the wise men in Babylon, and every body was anxious to know about it.

I can see the young man brought into the presence of the mighty monarch. He stands there without the slightest fear, because his God in whom he trusts has made him master of the situation.

There must have been joy among those wise men when they found out that this youth was able to tell the king's dream, and save their lives for them.

The king looks at him, and says, "Young man, can you tell me my dream, and the interpretation of it?"

"My God can tell it," answers Daniel; and then he begins: "O king, whilst thou didst lie with thy head on thy pillow thou didst dream, and in thy dream thou sawest a great image—"

"That's it!" says Nebuchadnezzar, his face lighting all at once; "that's it. I remember it now."

"Yes, sir," says Daniel, "my God revealed it to me last night in a dream."

You see, my friends, he doesn't take any credit to himself, but gives all the glory to God.

Then Daniel goes on with the dream. "The head of this great image was gold, his breast and his arms were silver, his belly and thighs of brass, his legs of iron, and his feet were part of iron and part of clay; and then, O king, thou sawest a stone cut out without hands, which struck the image upon its feet and crushed it to pieces until it became like the dust of the summer threshing-floor."

"That's all right," says the king. "Now can you tell me the interpretation of it?"

I imagine some of you would have tried to soften down that interpretation a little. It was a pretty hard thing for Daniel to stand up there before that great monarch and tell him that his kingdom was to be like the dust of the summer threshing-floor. I suppose Babylon was the biggest city that ever was in the world. It was sixty miles around, and some writers tell us that the walls were from sixty-five to eighty-five feet high, and twenty-five feet thick, so that four chariots could be driven abreast on the top of them. But in spite of all this greatness, Daniel tells him the truth.

"Thou art this head of gold: and after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee; and another third kingdom, of brass, which shall bear rule over all the earth: and the fourth kingdom shall be strong as iron. After-

ward it shall be divided, and become part strong and part weak. And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed: it shall break in pieces, and destroy all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever."

My friends, I believe in the literal fulfillment of these God-given words of Daniel, and in the sure fulfillment of the prophecy of the stone cut out of the mountain without hands. Daniel himself lived to see the first kingdom overthrown, when the Medes and Persians came in: then came Alexander and the Grecian kingdom; and then came Cesar and the Romans; and by and by the kingdom of God shall grind the kingdoms of this world into dust, and bring in the new reign of peace. That will be the millennium, when Christ shall sway his scepter over all the earth.

The king was greatly pleased with Daniel, and made a great man of him; and for his sake put his three friends also into office. You see when Daniel got into a good place he didn't forget his friends. God had blessed them signally in the time of danger, and what was, perhaps, a harder thing, he gave them grace in the time of prosperity to keep them true to him. Their faith and their fortunes seemed to wax strong together.

Not long afterward—may be it was the dream that put it into his head—Nebuchadnezzar made a great image of gold, and set it up in the plain of Dura, near to the city. It was about ninety feet high, and about nine feet wide. I rather think the king intended that image to represent himself. He was going to have a universal religion, and he was going to be head of it; so

he gave orders to all the nobility and the officers of his kingdom to come to the dedication of this golden image.

I don't know where Daniel was at this time; perhaps he was in some other part of the country on business. I am sure he was not at the dedication, or we should have been likely to hear of him. However, his friends, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, were there, along with the rest of the counselors and satraps, high secretaries and princes of the people. Their enemies were there, too, watching for the chance to get them out of the way. A faithful servant of God is sure to have enemies.

It was a great day when the image was unvailed. I seem to see it flashing in the sunlight, the vast throng of worshipers standing around it, and the king at the head of a splendid procession of his lords and ladies coming across the plain with banners flying and music playing. Really it must have been a trying time for these three men, who were so much out of fashion as not to bow down to the great idol when every body else was doing it. "Then a herald cried aloud, To you it is commanded, O people, nations, and languages, that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up: and whoso falleth not down and worshipeth shall the same hour be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace." These three men heard the commandment, but there was another commandment which they had not forgotten: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." The king said, Bow down; God said, No. It didn't take them a minute to decide which to obey.

Now I suppose some people would have said, "You might just bow down a little; you needn't worship, you know, just bend your knee a little; that wont do any harm; you needn't say any prayer to the idol." Not a bit of it; these men were not going to compromise their consciences, and their enemies knew it very well. They utterly refused to bend the knee to the god of gold.

Ah! how many people are there in this city who cry, Give me gold, give me money, and I will do any thing. Perhaps those people think that men in Nebuchadnezzar's time ought not to have bowed down to the golden idol, but they themselves are worshiping a golden idol every day. Money is their god.

Now the hour has arrived, every thing is ready; the king makes a sign with his hand, and the cornets, the sackbuts, and all the other instruments give a great blast, and the whole multitude fall down on their faces before the great image which Nebuchadnezzar has set up.

No, not all: there are three pairs of stiff knees in that kingdom. Their enemies had taken care to put them into the front rank, where they could watch them, and find occasion to accuse them to the king. I seem to see those fellows looking out of the corners of their eyes, when, by the king's commandment, they should have been worshiping the idol, and I can hear them saying to themselves, Aha! we have caught you now. Then they go straightway and tell the king. "O, king, live forever! Do you know that there are three men in your country who will not bow down to you?"

"No," says the king, "who are they?"

"O, they are some of those Hebrew captives; they

don't bow down with the rest of us, and we thought you would like to know it."

"Bring them to me," says the king, in a great rage, "I will see whether these fellows are going to disobey my orders like that." It is quite likely he would have ordered their heads to have been taken off at once, if he had not remembered that they were particular friends of Daniel.

And now they stand face to face with the great king. "What is this I hear of you?" says Nebuchadnezzar: "it is said you disobey my orders, and don't bow down and worship my golden image. Now I'll try you once more; then, if you don't bow down, into the furnace you go."

We don't know who the speaker was on that occasion; perhaps it was Shadrach. He stands there with his two friends, looking calmly at the king, and thinking of the fiery furnace without the slightest fear, and this is what he says: "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter, O king; our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But whether he deliver us or not, we will not bow down."

"Who is this God of yours that is able to deliver you out of my hand?" says the king, screaming with rage. "Go and heat that furnace seven times hotter than ever, and thrust these fellows into it. Be quick. I will not have any such rebels in my kingdom."

So some of the king's servants hurry away to the furnace to stir up the fire; others seize Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and take them away: and when

the furnace doors are opened the fire is so hot that it burns the king's servants to death, but it does not harm the three men who are cast headlong into it. Then the king goes and looks into the furnace, and what is his astonishment as he sees four men instead of three, walking in the midst of the fire, as safely as if in the midst of his garden! "Did I not tell you to cast in three men, and lo! I see four walking about in the fire, and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God!" Yes, Jesus walked there with them. The Lord himself was with his three faithful servants; the great Shepherd looked down from heaven, and saw those three sheep of his flock about to be cast into the fire, and he made haste and came down himself to see that they suffered no harm. Ah! Jesus is always with his people. You can never do any real harm to a man who is one of God's obedient children. The fire only burned off the devil's bands, but didn't singe a hair of their heads.

Doesn't Christ say that the hairs of our heads are all numbered? Now, who of you ever heard of a mother who loved her little child well enough to count the hairs on its curly head? But the Lord loves his children so well that he counts their hairs—every one. My friends, let us remember that it is safe always to do what God wants us to do. If our way to heaven lies through fire and water, it is all the same, it is all right; that is the proper way for us to go.

Then the king came to the mouth of the furnace and called those servants of the most high God to come forth. Nobody could take them out of such a fire, but they

came out of their own accord. Then Nebuchadnezzar spake and said, "Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god, except their own God; therefore I make a decree, That every people, nation, and language, which speak any thing amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill; because there is no other god that can deliver after this sort."

And then we find the king promoting these men, so that instead of being burned to death for their obedience they came to be more honorable than ever. Ah, my friends, what we want is Christians with some backbone, men and women who stand up for the right, and never mind what the world may say. If we only had a few such Christians in Chicago as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego I believe there would be ten thousand conversions in the next twenty-four hours.

My time is up. Let us pray.

THE PROPHET DANIEL—Continued.

THE next thing we hear is, that the king has had another dream. He seems to have been a great man for dreams. This time he saw a great tree which "reached unto heaven, and the sight thereof to the end of all the earth: . . . and, behold, a watcher and a holy one came down from heaven; who cried aloud, Hew down the tree, and cut off his branches, shake off his leaves, and scatter his fruit: let the beasts get away from under it, and the fowls from his branches: nevertheless, leave the stump of his roots in the earth. . . . Let his heart be changed from man's, and let a beast's heart be given unto him; and let seven times pass over him: . . . to the intent that the living may know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will."

The king seems to have been as much puzzled by this dream as by the other, and nobody could tell him what it meant until he sent for Daniel. Even he was troubled about it at first; but presently the Lord showed it to him, and then he preached such a sermon to the king about his pride, and the necessity of repentance, that the king's face turned pale, and his knees began to shake, and it was not long before he lost his reason and wandered away from his palace out into the woods and the deserts, and became more like a beast than a man. But at last the Lord had mercy on him. His counselors

and princes gathered about him again and brought him back to his palace. And the king's heart was softened. I think he became truly converted to God, and from this time we don't hear him saying any more, "Is not this great Babylon that I have builded?" But we hear him blessing the Most High, and praising and honoring Him whose dominion is everlasting, and whose kingdom is from generation to generation.

And now the king makes one more proclamation, different from all the others. Up to this time he has been telling other people what to do; now he begins to speak of his own duty, and he says, "I, Nebuchadnezzar, will do this, and do that." "I praise and extol and honor the King of heaven, all of whose works are truth." He has found out his own duty. His heart is softened, and although we do not hear any thing more of him, I have no doubt that Daniel and he used to walk the streets of Babylon arm-in-arm, and talk over their experiences together. And when the king died I feel quite sure that he went safely to heaven, to be welcomed by the God of Daniel; and through the long eternity King Nebuchadnezzar will rejoice that that young man, Daniel, when he came down to Babylon, did not follow the fashion of that wicked capital, but took his stand for God, though it might have cost him his life.

The next thing we hear of Babylon is, that the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar, a wild young prince, called Belshazzar, has come to the throne. On a certain occasion he makes a great feast to a thousand of his lords. They come together in a great banquet-chamber, and they drink and carouse all night long. They do not care for

the armies of Cyrus, which are besieging the city. They trust in its high walls and its gates of brass, and feel themselves perfectly safe. At last, when the head of the young king has been quite turned with wine, he orders the golden vessels which his grandfather had taken from God's temple at Jerusalem to be brought into the banquet-hall that they may drink from them in honor of the gods of Babylon. But while they are doing this impious thing, behold, the fingers of a man's hand appear writing upon the wall the doom of the king of Babylon.

Drunk as he is, the miserable king is frightened.

"Bring in the wise men," says he. And the wise men come in haste, and stare at the writing, but not one of them is able to read or understand it. No uncircumcised eye can read God's handwriting.

Somehow or other the news of this strange affair reaches the ears of the king's mother, and she sends a servant to him, telling him that in the days of his grandfather there was a man in Babylon who could interpret dreams and reveal secrets, and do all manner of strange things, and that maybe he would be able to read the writing.

It seems that Daniel had been lost sight of for the last fifteen years; but now there is special work for him to do, and so they find him out and bring him in and ask him to read the writing—"*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin:*" and the meaning of it was clear as daylight to him.

Now I have no doubt that a good many courtiers, if they had seen such writing as that upon the wall of the king's palace, would have softened the meaning of it a

little, and not have given it in its full strength, for fear of offending the king. But that is not Daniel's fashion at all. He reads it just as God writes it. "*Mene:* God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. *Tekel:* Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. *Peres:* Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

Ah, poor miserable Belshazzar! Even now the soldiers of Cyrus have turned away the waters of the Euphrates, and are coming into the city along the empty banks. The soldiers are battering away at the door of your palace, and before morning your blood shall be spilled upon the stones, along with the wine which you have been drinking out of the vessels from God's holy temple at Jerusalem. You are weighed in God's balance, and found wanting.

My friends, suppose God should begin to weigh some of you to-day: suppose you were to step into the balances now, don't you think you would be found wanting? Get into God's scale, take along with you your education, and your wealth, and your dignity, and your fine clothes, and every thing you have that is splendid, and let the Lord put the ten commandments against you, and up you will go like feathers—"weighed in the balances, and found wanting." Only they who have Christ in their souls can stand the test of God's weighing. Dare you step into the balances to-day?

Some one will ask me, "Mr. Moody, dare you step into the balances to-day, and be weighed? Do you know that you would be saved if the Lord should bring you to judgment?" Yes, thanks be to God! Christ is

able to save me, even me; and he will save all of you who will cast away your sins, and take Christ instead.

After a while Darius, the Mede, comes to the throne of Babylon. He must have met Daniel somewhere in his travels, for no sooner does he set up the kingdom than he puts him into a place of great power. He chooses a hundred and twenty princes, whom he places over the kingdom, and over these princes he appoints three presidents, and he makes Daniel the president of the presidents, so that he really is the first man in the kingdom after the king. His business is to "see that the king suffer no damage;" that is, he is to keep watch of the accounts, to see that nobody cheat the king. This must have been a very difficult place, and Daniel must have had his hands full. He had to watch those hundred and twenty rascals who were all the while trying to steal something off the revenue, and to go over their accounts again and again, so as to be certain that they were correct to a penny.

It was not long before Daniel became very unpopular with the princes. I seem to hear them talking among themselves in this way:—

"There is that miserable old Jew, Daniel; if we only had him out of the way we could make no end of money. We would very speedily be rich; we could have our country houses and our city houses, and our fine horses and chariots, and live in the very highest style off the revenue of this kingdom; but that old fellow watches us as narrowly as a cat watches a mouse. We can't cheat him, even in a shilling."

"Why," says another, "I never saw such a man in all

my life. I gave in an account the other day that was only a few dollars short; and didn't he send it back to me, and make me pay the difference? I wish he were back in Jerusalem, where he came from."

However, the king trusted Daniel; and he was such a thoroughly good and honest man that they could find no way to revenge themselves upon him. They talked it over together again and again, and all agreed that there was no chance of getting him out of the way unless they could find something in his religion by which they could bring him into trouble.

"We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." What an honor! Nothing wrong with him, even in the eyes of these bad men, except that he was too faithful to his God!

How many of you are likely to be complained of on that account?

Finally, they hit upon a plan which they thought might possibly succeed. One night when they were closeted together in secret one of the princes said to the rest, "I think I have got a plan that will work. You know King Darius is very popular, and he is very proud of it. The people praise him a great deal, and he likes it. Now suppose we ask him to establish a royal decree, that whosoever shall ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save of the king, he shall be cast into the den of lions. That will be putting the king in the place of the gods, and he is more likely to be flattered by that than by any thing I can think of. Then, if once we can get that old Hebrew into the lion's den, we shall make

a good deal more money than we have been able to do with him watching us all the time."

This notion seemed to please the princes very well. They drew up the document immediately. It would not do to let Daniel hear of it before the king should sign it, and so they appointed a committee to take the decree down to the palace the very first thing in the morning. There were some lawyers among these hundred and twenty princes; and I seem to see them drawing up the proclamation with great care according to law, making it firm and binding, laughing to themselves, and saying: "The laws of the Medes and Persians change not. If once we can get Darius to stamp this document with his signet-ring, Daniel is done for, sure enough."

So the committee go down to the palace next morning to obtain the king's signature. They begin by flattering him. If a man wants another to do a mean thing he always begins by appealing to his vanity.

"O king, we have been thinking how popular you are in your kingdom, and what you might do to make yourself even more famous than you are; and we have come to the conclusion that, if you would publish a decree that nobody in the kingdom, for thirty days, should pray to any other god except yourself, it would turn the hearts of all the people toward you even more than now. We should then have a universal religion, and the king would be at the head of it.

Darius felt flattered by this proposition. He turned it over in his mind, and presently said:—

"That seems sensible."

"All right," said the princes. "We thought you would

like it; and in order that there might not be any delay, we have the document here already drawn up. Now if you will please to stamp this with your signet-ring, we shall have it published right away."

The king takes the document, reads it over, stamps his seal upon it; and the committee go away laughing, and saying, "Ha, ha! old Hebrew, we will have you in the den of lions before night."

The princes lost no time in publishing the new decree of the king. I can imagine some one of Daniel's friends, who had seen the document, going up to his office in great haste to give him warning that there was some trouble brewing.

"Have you heard the news, Daniel? Those hundred and twenty princes have gone and got Darius to publish a decree that nobody shall pray to any other god except to the king for thirty days. That is a conspiracy against you. Now I want to give you a little advice; and that is, to get out of this town in a hurry."

But Daniel says he can't leave his business. He is afraid these hundred and twenty princes will cheat the revenues while he is away. His duty is right there, and he is determined to stay there and attend to it.

"Well, then, hadn't you better pray more secretly? You have a habit, that is all well enough in ordinary times, of going up to your chamber, where the windows open toward Jerusalem, and saying your prayers there three times a day. And sometimes you pray pretty loud, and people out of doors can hear you. Now, for the next thirty days, just shut your windows while you pray; for these princes are sure to have some spies watching

you at your prayers. You had better stop up the key-hole of your door, also, for these mean fellows are not above peeping in to watch you. It would be still better, Daniel, if you wouldn't kneel down at all, but say your prayers after you get into bed."

Ah! how many young men have gone to college, or to some strange place of business, and lost their peace of mind and their hope in Christ, because they were afraid to pray before their room-mates!

And what does Daniel say to such advice as this? He scouts it; he tramples it under his feet. No man shall hinder him from praying. No king shall frighten him out of his duty. He attends to his morning's work; looks over the accounts as usual; and when twelve o'clock comes he goes to his chamber, puts the windows wide open, kneels down and prays, not to Darius, but to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. His windows are opened toward Jerusalem, and his face is turned that way; for Jerusalem is dearer to him than his life, and the God of his fathers is his sure defense. I can seem to see him kneeling there—that old man with his white locks and beard, praying at the probable cost of his life; but he does not seem to be troubled by the danger, neither is he angry at the command of the king or the manifest wickedness of those hundred and twenty princes. He prays for the king, his friend, who, he is sure, has done this wickedness in some thoughtless moment. He also prays for his enemies, the princes, who are wickedly seeking to destroy him.

Those men have taken care that two witnesses shall be underneath Daniel's windows at the time when he

usually goes to pray. "Hark!" says one to the other, "did you hear that? The old man is up there praying, sure enough! Listen: he is not praying to King Darius."

"No," says the other; "he is praying to the God of the Hebrews."

So they listen till the prayer is finished, and then they hurry away to the princes to give their evidence against Daniel; and the princes lose no time in laying the matter before the king.

"O King Darius! live forever. Is it not written that the laws of the Medes and Persians change not?"

"It is," said Darius. "Any thing that is stamped with the king's seal cannot be changed."

"That is what we thought," said the princes. "Did you not make a decree that, for the next thirty days, no man should pray to any other god but the king?"

"Yes I did," said Darius.

Then they tell him that the chief of the presidents—this Daniel, the Hebrew—has refused to obey the king's command.

Poor Darius! "What a mistake I have made!" says he. "I might have known that Daniel would never obey such a command as that. I had quite forgotten about him when I made it."

There is not a man in all Babylon who is so troubled as the king. The account says that "he labored till the going down of the sun to deliver Daniel." But the command had gone forth, the law had been made, and it could not be changed, even for the sake of Daniel himself.

If Darius had loved his friend as Christ loves us, he would have gone down into the den of lions for him. Our Darius, our King, counted not his life dear unto himself, but freely gave it up for us.

At sundown the king's officers take the old man away to the lions. They bind his hands behind him, and lead him along the streets of Babylon toward the den. The whole city goes out to see the sad procession. The princes rub their hands, and laugh over the success of their wicked plot; the people look on in wonder, to see such a sweet-faced old man led away to die like a criminal; while poor Darius walks the chamber of his palace, wringing his hands in agony, saying, "Ah me! I have destroyed my friend."

But Daniel walks with a firm step. His old knees don't shake a bit. The wind of the evening plays with his white locks, and with a smile upon his face he goes to face the lions. He has served his God for seventy years, and he feels sure that God will not desert him now. I can imagine him saying, "My God can bring me out of the jaws of the lions just as easily as he saved my three friends from the furnace of fire. But even if they eat me, I shall only die for my God."

And when they put him into the den God sent one of his angels to shut the mouths of the lions. At the hour of the evening prayer Daniel kneels in the den; and, if he can get the points of the compass down there, he prays with his face toward Jerusalem; then, taking one of the lions for his pillow, he lies down and sleeps as sweetly as any man in Babylon.

The king sits up all night, thinking what his folly has

cost him—even the life of his most faithful servant. But he remembers that the God of Daniel has done strange things for those who trusted him. He has heard of Shadrach and his friends coming out of the fiery furnace; and he knows that Daniel went into the den feeling that his God would go with him and save him. At the first dawn of day he orders out his chariot, and you can hear the wheels rattling over the pavements of Babylon before the people are up. Away he goes, with his horses on the run, to the door of the lions' den; springs out of the chariot; looks down into the den, and, with a voice trembling with anxiety, cries out, "O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?"

Hark! There comes up a voice out of the den. It is the voice of Daniel, to whom this morning is like the morning of the resurrection. He has been down to the gates of death, and yet he is alive.

"O king, live forever! My God hath sent his angel and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me."

How glad King Darius is to hear the voice of his friend once more! He has him brought up out of the den, takes him up in his arms, and into his chariot, and away they go, home to the palace to breakfast together, and to talk over this wonderful deliverance.

Then King Darius publishes another decree. The experience of Daniel has thoroughly converted him; and now he ordains, that in every dominion of his kingdom "men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel; for he is the living God," who "worketh signs and won-

ders in heaven and in earth," and "who hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lions."

Three times a messenger came from God to say to Daniel that he was greatly beloved. I love to think of those precious words in the 32d verse of the 11th chapter of the Book of Daniel, "But the people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits." There is another verse like it which says, "They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

What has become of all the great ones who lived in the time of Daniel? What has become of the princes and the philosophers, falsely so called? Look, ye men of science, who go down into the bowels of the earth and dig up some dead carcass, and try to make it talk against the word of God; you shall all go down to death, and your names shall rot; but the man of God shall shine forever. This Daniel has been dead for twenty-five hundred years, but still increasing millions read and admire his life.

May the God of Daniel be with us, the courage of Daniel be in us; may we have grace to confess the Lord, to go through the fire, or among the lions, if need be, for the sake of his truth; and when the Saviour comes, in the day that he makes up his jewels, may the Lord give each of us a place with Daniel and the shining ones.

MAJOR-GENERAL NAAMAN.

OUR subject to-night is Naaman. We are told that he was a great man—but he was a leper. He was a great general—but he was a leper. He had been very successful in war, and his king had greatly honored him—but he was a leper. Day and night this terrible fact tortured him, and I suppose he thought he had got to go down to his grave with that loathsome disease upon him.

But among the Hebrew captives was a little girl who waited on Mrs. Naaman, and who, I doubt not, had been brought up by her praying mother to trust in the God of Israel. She was not ashamed to confess her faith, and there is no doubt but she was a good and truthful girl, or else no one would have believed her strange words.

One day she said to her mistress, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy."

Her mistress looked at her with amazement. "What! What is that you say? Cure my husband of his leprosy? Did you ever hear of his curing a leper?"

"No," says the little girl, "I didn't; but I have heard of his doing greater things than that would be." And then, perhaps, she told how the prophet had taken the mantle of Elijah and smote the River Jordan with it, and it opened and let him through dry-shod; and how he had saved the two sons of that widow from being sold into

slavery by means of that little bit of oil; and how he had raised to life the dead son of another woman. Naaman hears it and believes the little girl, so he goes to the king about it.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," says the king; "I'll write you a letter of introduction to the king of Israel, and you go down and try it." So he gives him a letter to the king, thinking, if the thing is possible the king will know all about it, of course; and off the man goes, about one hundred and fifty miles, to see the king of Israel. He took along a pretty good doctor's bill, too; I don't just know how to figure it, but it was over a hundred thousand dollars, and with the letter to the king, no doubt he thought every thing was all right.

I can see him and his escort sweeping out of the gates of Damascus, and coming up, in due time, to the palace of the king of Israel in grand style. He sends in the letter, and when the king reads it he turns round and says, "What does this mean? Am I God, to kill and to make alive? Here is the king of Syria sending me a letter saying, 'Now, when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy.' This means war; the king of Syria is trying to get up a quarrel with me;" and the king of Israel rent his mantle from top to bottom.

It is not long before the news of it goes through the whole city, and at last it comes to the ears of Elisha that the king has rent his clothes on account of a letter which a Syrian general has brought him, asking him to cure his leprosy. So he sends word to the king, say-

ing, "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." So the man goes down to the house of the prophet, a very plain house it might have been, and sends in word that Major-General Naaman, of Syria, is outside. No doubt he thought the prophet would feel very much honored by the presence of such a great man, but the prophet doesn't even go out to see him. He merely sends out his servant to say to him, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean."

And now Naaman is as mad as he can be.

"The idea! Go and wash in Jordan! That ditch! We wouldn't call it a river at all in Damascus. Does he mean to insult me? Does he mean to insinuate that I don't keep my body clean? I thought—"

Ah, that is just the trouble. He had marked out a way of his own for the prophet to heal him, and was mad because he didn't follow his plan. That is just the trouble with a great many people who come to God to be saved. They think God ought to come in this way, and he comes in that way. No matter what way you have marked out for God, he will take some other way. You will never get into God's kingdom till you are ready to come in God's way.

"I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper."

"He might have said, I thought he would come out, and bow, and scrape, and be very much honored at receiving a call from the distinguished Major-Gen-

eral Naaman, and instead of that he pays me no attention at all!"

That is just the way with some seekers of religion; they don't want to be converted in this way, but in that way; sometimes they won't be converted in such revival meetings as these, but must be converted at some regular church. Sometimes they say: "I won't be converted at a Methodist church, if I ain't converted at all." Or, "I won't be converted in a Baptist church, anyhow." But the very way they won't go is the way they must go, for God sees it is necessary to break their stubborn wills and mortify their pride.

Naaman's pride has got a terrible blow right over the head, and how terribly mad he is! But his servants are pretty shrewd fellows, so they let him cool off a little, and then they begin to talk to him.

I tell you I had a thousand times rather a man should get mad under a sermon than go to sleep under it. If he gets mad and goes out he will come back again when he gets over it; but if he is asleep it is all lost time trying to save him.

"Now," said the servants, "if he had told you to do some great thing wouldn't you have done it? Suppose he had told you to take codliver oil three times a day for ten years, wouldn't you have done it? If he had prescribed some awful bitter drug wouldn't you have swallowed it? If he had told you to go and bring him twice as much money wouldn't you have thought the cure cheap enough at that price? And now, when he says, Go wash in the Jordan seven times, hadn't you better do it?"

There is one thing in Naaman's favor, he took the message, though he didn't like the messenger. Down to Jordan he goes, and dips himself once in the water, saying to himself, "They will laugh at me terribly when I get back if I don't get cured of my leprosy, so I may as well try it." But when he comes up and looks to see if his leprosy is one-seventh gone, and finds no change at all, he begins to be discouraged. But he is in the way of obedience. God's prophet has told him to dip seven times, and he is going to do it.

"Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice." If ever you get out of the pit of Adam you must get out just where he got in. He got in by disobeying God, and the way out again is by obedience. Down he goes the second time.

Now, if there had been some of these Chicago Christians there they would have said, "Well, Naaman, how do you feel now?" but he didn't feel any better. Down he goes the third time, and again, and again; still no change. The sixth time he comes out and shakes himself, and rubs the water off him, and looks at his flesh. Still no improvement! Once more; and now, as he comes up, he feels a thrill of health; as quick as he can get the water out of his eyes he sees that he is cured! his leprosy has floated away in the waters of Jordan—the waters of death and judgment—and now he comes out in a new body—a resurrected body!

He lost his temper; then he lost his pride; then he lost his leprosy; that is generally the order in which proud, rebellious sinners are converted.

And now how happy he is. Hear him shout, "This is

the happiest day of my life. I am cleansed; I am cleansed; I am a leper no more!"

Away he goes to the prophet's house and offers him the gifts he has brought, but the prophet won't have any thing at all.

It would have spoiled this beautiful story if he had taken any thing for his work. "The *gift of God* is eternal life." You cannot buy any thing of God. So far as God and his prophet are concerned Naaman takes back to Syria with him every thing he brought—except his leprosy.

And that is the way with you, sinner. When you come to Christ you haven't any thing that Christ wants to take from you except it be your sins. Naaman might have taken his leprosy back with him if he hadn't obeyed the prophet and dipped seven times in Jordan, and you will take your sins down to death with you unless you submit your will to Christ. The battle has to be fought out on the line of your will. Who will obey Him to-night? Who will trust Him to-night? May God open your eyes and show you how to be saved!

MEPHIBOSHETH.

THERE is a story in the books of Samuel, away back as far as the time of the kings of Israel, which will help us to understand the Gospel. It is about a man by the name of Mephibosheth.

You know what a hard time David had when Saul was hunting him, and trying every way to kill him, and you remember it had been revealed to Jonathan, the son of Saul and heir to the throne, that David was to be the next king instead of himself; but this did not hinder his love for his friend David.

Ah, my friends, it must have been a real, true friendship that could stand that sort of thing!

One day David and Jonathan were taking a walk in the fields together, and Jonathan says to David, "It has been revealed to me that you are to be the king after my father. Now, I want you to promise me one thing: when you come to the throne, if any of the house of Saul are alive I want you to be good to them for my sake."

"I'll do that, of course," said David. So he made a covenant to that effect, and then he went off to the cave of Adullam to get out of the way of Saul.

About four years afterward David heard there had been a great battle over by Mount Gilboa, and that the Philistines had beaten the Israelites with great slaughter, and that Saul and Jonathan were both dead.

So he got his men together, and went out after the enemies of the Lord and of Israel; and it wasn't a great while before he had turned the tables on them, and set up his kingdom at Hebron, where he reigned seven years and a half.

It must have been pretty near fourteen years before David remembered his promise to his old friend Jonathan—it is a great deal easier to make promises than to keep them—but one day the king was walking in his palace at Jerusalem, where he had removed his capital, and all at once he happened to think of that promise.

"That's too bad!" says David. "I forgot all about that promise. I have been so busy fighting these Philistines, and fixing things up, that I haven't had time to think of any thing else." So he calls a servant in great haste, and says, "Do you know whether there are any of Saul's family living?"

The man said there was an old servant of Saul's by the name of Ziba, and maybe he could tell.

"Go and tell him I want him right away."

When Ziba came, David said, "Ziba, do you know whether there is any body of the house of Saul in my kingdom?" Ziba said there was one he knew of, a son of Jonathan, by the name of Mephibosheth.

O how that name "Jonathan" must have smitten the heart of David! One of the sons of his old friend living in his kingdom for as much as fourteen years, and he had never known it! What would Jonathan think of him for forgetting his promise that way?

"Go fetch him!" says David; "go quick. Tell

him I want him. I want to show him the kindness of God."

Now, my friends, where do you suppose Mephibosheth was all the time? He was down at Lo-debar. Did you ever hear of that place? There may be some here who have been round the world; did you ever come across that port? When you have traveled on the railway did any of you ever stop at that station?

Ah! yes; that is where the whole human race are until they come to Christ for salvation; away down at Lo-debar—which means *a place of no pasture.*

The king is in haste to keep his promise now. His messengers hurry off—maybe they take the king's own chariot—and rattle away to find this son of Jonathan.

When they reached the little out-of-the-way place, I fancy there was a great commotion.

"Where's Mephibosheth? The king wants him."

Poor fellow! when he heard that he hung down his head. He was afraid the king wanted to kill him, because he was of the house of Saul, his old enemy.

Ah! my friends, that's just the way sinners receive Christ's offer of salvation. They think God hates them, and wants to cut their heads off. But that is a great mistake.

"Don't be afraid," said the servants. "The king says he wants to show you the kindness of God. He is in a great hurry to see you; so get ready, and jump right into the chariot. Don't you see the king has sent his own chariot to fetch you?"

It did begin to look as if the king meant no harm to him. But poor Mephibosheth had another difficulty.

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He was lame in both feet. He was a little fellow when David came to the throne; and an old servant, who was afraid that all the house of Saul were going to be killed, took him up and ran away to hide him. Somehow he dropped the lad and lamed him in both feet.

And now I can see poor Mephibosheth looking down at his feet. Maybe the toes turned in, or he was club-footed. And he says to himself, "I am not fit to go to the king. I am a poor cripple. I am not fit to be seen among the tall, handsome servants of the palace in Jerusalem."

That's just the way with a convicted sinner. He is all the time thinking of his own unworthiness, and saying to himself, I am not fit to be saved.

"Never mind your lame feet, Mephibosheth; so long as the king sends for you it's all right." So they take him up and put him into the chariot, and start for Jerusalem on a run.

As soon as the king sees him, he cries out: "O, Mephibosheth, the son of my dear old friend Jonathan! you shall have all that belonged to the house of Saul; and you shall live with me here in my palace and sit at my table."

What a happy man he must have been to hear that! Sinner, that is just what God says to the soul that comes to him. He gives us a great fortune of love and grace; and he promises that we shall live with him in his heavenly palace forever.

That is grace. David don't say, "Let him come up to Jerusalem when he gets ready," but he sends away to fetch him. "Jerusalem" means the city of peace; and Christ invites you to his Jerusalem.

Some people think that Mephibosheth, like certain low-spirited Christians, must have been all the time worrying over his lame feet there in the palace of the king, but I don't think so. He couldn't help it, and, if David didn't mind it, it was all right. So I think that when he dined with him in state, with the great lords and ladies all around him, he just stuck his club-feet under the table and looked the king right in the face.

That is just the way with the Gospel. We are God's enemies, and the children of his enemies. We are lame, and blind, and wretched, and ragged, and hateful by reason of our sins; but the covenant of grace in Jesus Christ has been made; and now God sends for you, poor sinner, in the name of his Son, to come and eat bread at his table, and be a member of his family, and dwell in his house forever. Will you come? Will you come *now?*

THE PENITENT THIEF.

I WANT to call your attention to the conversion of the thief on the cross.

Two ladies came to me this morning, and said that I had brought them into trouble by teaching that people could be converted suddenly. I thought we had got that trouble all out of the way; that we had proved from Scripture that conversion is instantaneous; but I find there are a good many still in darkness, so I want to give you this example to show that conversion is instantaneous.

It gives us all a great deal of hope and comfort that Jesus, just before he went back to heaven, saved such a man at all. He was a thief, and the very worst kind of a thief, or else they wouldn't have punished him by crucifixion; and yet Christ not only saves him from his sins, but takes him up with him when he goes to glory. Ah, my friends, if Jesus isn't ashamed of such a man, surely no sinner need to feel that he is left out.

It is a blessed fact that all kinds of men and women are represented among the converts in the Gospels, and almost all of them were converted suddenly. Very many people object to sudden conversions; but you may read in the Acts of the Apostles of eight thousand people converted in two days. That seems to me rather quick work. If all the Christians here this morning would only consecrate themselves to the work of Christ, they might

be the means of converting as many as that before the week is out.

Now let us look at Christ hanging on his cross between two thieves; the scribes and Pharisees wagging their heads and jeering at him, his disciples gone away, and only his mother and one or two other women in sight to cheer him with their presence among all this crowd of enemies. Hear those spiteful Pharisees calling out to him, "If thou be the Son of God come down from the cross, and we will believe thee." And the account says, the two thieves "cast the same in his teeth."

So, then, the first thing that we know of our man is that he is a reviler of Christ. You would think he ought to be doing something else at such a time as that; but hanging there in the midst of his tortures, and certain to be dead in a few hours, instead of confessing his sins and preparing to meet the God whose law he had broken all his life, he is abusing God's only Son. Surely this man cannot sink any lower, until he sinks into hell!

The next thing we hear of him he appears to be under conviction. Nobody is ever converted till he is convicted. In Luke xxiii, 39–42, we read: "And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us. But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss."

Now what do you suppose it was that made this great change in this man's feelings in these few hours? Christ hadn't preached him a sermon; had given him no ex-

hortation. The darkness had not yet come on; the earth had not opened its mouth; the business of death was going on as usual; the crowd were still there, mocking and hissing, and wagging their heads: and yet this man, who in the morning was railing at Christ, is now confessing his sins. "We indeed justly." No miracle had been wrought before his eyes. The Son of God had not come down from the cross. No angel from heaven had come to place a glittering crown upon his head, instead of the bloody crown of thorns. What was it, then, that made such a change in him? I will tell you what I think it was. I think it was the Saviour's prayer—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I seem to hear the thief talking with himself in this way:—

"What a strange kind of man this must be! He says he is king of the Jews; and the superscription on his cross says the same thing. But what sort of a throne is this! He says he is the Son of God. Why does not God send down his angels, and destroy all this great crowd of people who are torturing his Son? If he has all power now, as he used to have when he worked those miracles they talked about, why does he not bring out his vengeance and sweep all these wretches into destruction? I would do it in a minute if I had the power. O! if I could, I would open the earth and swallow up these tormentors! But this man prays to God to 'forgive them.' Strange! strange! He must be so different from the rest of us. I am sorry I said one word against him when they first hung us up here.

"What a difference there is between him and me! Here

we are hanging on two crosses, side by side; but all the rest of our lives we have been far enough apart. I have been robbing and murdering, and he has been feeding the hungry, healing the sick, and raising the dead. Now these people are railing at us both. What a strange world this is! I will not rail at him any more. Indeed, I begin to believe he must be the Son of God; for surely no man could forgive his enemies like that."

This is what did it, my friends. This poor man had been scourged and beaten, and nailed to the cross, and hung up there for the world to gaze upon; and he was not sorry for his sins one single bit—did not feel the least conviction on account of all that misery. But when he heard the Saviour praying for his murderers, that broke his heart.

I remember to have heard a story, somewhere, of a bad boy who had run away from home. He had given his father no end of trouble. He had refused all the invitations which his father had sent him to come home and be forgiven, and help to comfort his old heart. He had even gone so far as to scoff at his father and mother. But one day a letter came telling him his father was dead, and they wanted him to come home and attend the funeral. At first he determined he would not go, but then he thought it would be a shame not to pay some little respect to the memory of so good a man after he was dead; and so, just as a matter of form, he took the train, and went to the old home, sat through all the funeral services, saw his father buried, and came back with the rest of the friends to the house, with his heart as cold and stony as ever. But when the old man's will

was brought out to be read, the ungrateful son found that his father had remembered him along with all the rest of the family in the will, and had left him an inheritance with the others who had not gone astray. This broke his heart. It was too much for him that his old father, during all those years in which he had been so wicked and rebellious, had never ceased to love him.

That is just the way our Father in heaven does with us. That is just the way Jesus does with people who refuse to give their hearts to him. He loves them in spite of their sins; and it is this love which, more than any thing else, brings hard-hearted sinners to their knees.

Now this man confessed his sins. A man may be very sorry for his sins; but, if he doesn't confess them, he has no promise of being forgiven. Hear him: "We are suffering justly."

I never knew any man to be converted till he confessed. Cain felt bad enough over his sins, but he didn't confess. Saul was greatly tormented in his mind, but he went to the witch of Endor rather than to the Lord. Judas felt so bad over the betrayal of his Master that he went out and hanged himself; but he did not confess, that is, he did not confess to God. True, he went and confessed to the priests, saying, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." But it was of no use to confess to them. They couldn't forgive him. What he should have done was to confess to God; but instead of that, he went right away and hanged himself. How different is the case with this man! He confesses his sins, and Christ has mercy on him at once.

There is no hope of a man being saved until he admits

himself to be a sinner, and confesses that he deserves to be punished. There is no hope for the man who folds his arms, and says, "I don't think God will punish sin; I am going to take the risk." God never forgives a man unless he confesses his sins.

The next step is faith.

We have heard a great deal about the faith of Abraham, yet God had him in training for twenty-five years. There was Moses, who was a very faithful man; but God had him eighty years in his school. Elijah was a man of faith, but just see what good reason he had for his faith; how God took care of him, and fed him in time of famine. But here was a man who perhaps never saw a miracle; a man who had spent his life among criminals and blasphemers; whose friends were thieves and outlaws; who was dying in agony in the midst of a crowd of people who were reviling and rejecting the Son of God. Nailed to the cross, racked with pain in every nerve, overwhelmed with horror, his wicked soul in a perfect tempest of passion, this poor wretch manages to lay hold upon Christ, and trust him for a swift salvation. The faith of this thief, how it flashes out amid the darkness on Mount Calvary! It is the most astounding thing in the Bible!

"This man hath done nothing amiss." Thank God for such a faith! How his heart goes out to the Son of God! How glad he would be to fall on his knees at the foot of that cross and pour out his prayer to Him who is hanging on it! But this he cannot do. His hands and feet are nailed fast to the wood, but they cannot nail his eyes nor his heart. He can at least turn his head to

look upon the Son of God, and his breaking heart can go out in love to the One who is dying beside him—dying for him, and dying for you and me.

Then he goes on to pray, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Here is a confession of Christ. He calls him "Lord." A queer Lord; nails through his hands and feet, fastening him to the cross! What a strange kind of throne! No scepter in his hand, no crown upon his head; the blood trickling down over his face. But he was all the more "Lord" because of all this.

Sinner, call him "Lord" to-night; take your place as a poor condemned rebel, and cry out, "Lord, remember me!" That wasn't a very long prayer, but you see it was a prevailing one. Three words: a chain of three golden links binding a poor sinner and his Lord together.

Some people think they must have a form of prayer, a prayer-book, perhaps, if they are going to address the Throne of Grace properly; but what could that poor fellow do with a prayer-book up there, hanging on the cross, with both hands nailed fast! Suppose it had been necessary for some priest or minister to pray for him, what could he do? There is nobody there to pray for him, and yet he is going to die in a few hours. He is out of reach of help from man, but God has laid help upon One who is mighty, and that One is close at hand.

"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

Where was the kingdom of this King? Where were

his subjects? The soldiers were there to torture him and kill him. The people that stayed by wagged their heads and railed at him. When he called for water they gave him gall; when he writhed in agony they mocked him; but he was none the less King for all that. The faith of the poor thief went beyond that awful scene, and looked into the world to come.

Now look at the answer to his prayer. He got more than he asked, just as every one does who asks in faith. He only prayed to be "remembered" when Christ should come into his kingdom; but Jesus answers, I will take you right up with me into my kingdom to-day: "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." That must have been a heavenly kingdom, for surely there seemed to be small chance of a kingdom on earth.

Christ says: "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven." He looks kindly upon the thief, and says, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

And now the darkness falls upon the earth; the sun hides itself; but, worse than all, the Father hides his face from the Son. What else is the meaning of that bitter cry, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Ah! It had been written, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." Jesus is made a curse for us. God cannot look upon sin: and now his own Son is bearing, in his own body, the sins of all the world; and so God cannot look upon him.

I think that is what was heaviest upon the Saviour's heart, away there in the garden, when he prayed, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." He could

bear the unfaithfulness of his friends, the spite of his enemies, the pain of his crucifixion, and the shadow of death; he could bear all these; but when it came to the hiding of his Father's face, that seemed almost too much for even the Son of God to bear. But even this he endured for our sins; and now the face of God is turned back to us, whose sins had turned it away, and looking upon Jesus, the sinless One, he sees our souls in him.

In the midst of all his agony, how sweet it must have been to Christ to hear that poor thief confessing him! He likes to have men confess him.

Don't you remember his asking Peter, "Whom do men say that I am?" and when Peter answered, "Some people say you are Moses, some people say you are Elias, and some people say you are one of the old prophets," he asks again,

"But, Peter, whom do *you* say I am?" And when Peter says, "Thou art the Son of God," Jesus blesses him for that confession. And now this thief confesses him—confesses him in the darkness. Perhaps it is so dark he cannot see him any longer; but he feels that he is there beside him. Christ wants us to confess him in the dark as well as in the light; when it is hard as well as when it is easy. For he was not ashamed of us, but bore our sins and carried our sorrows, even unto death.

The last that this unbelieving world ever saw of Christ he was on the cross; it was only to those who believed on him that he revealed himself after his resurrection. The last business of his life was to save this poor penitent thief. That was a part of the glory of his death.

No doubt Satan was saying to himself, "I shall have the soul of that thief pretty soon down here in the caverns of the lost; he belongs to me; he has belonged to me all these years." But in his last hours the poor wretch cries out to the Lord, and Jesus snaps the fetters that have bound his soul, and sets him at liberty. The Lion of the tribe of Judah seizes the prey from the jaws of the lion of hell.

I have known people who had sick relatives, and because they couldn't get a minister to come to the house and administer the sacrament they were greatly distressed and troubled. But this man never took the sacrament. I know of some others who were greatly exercised because little children were dying unbaptized—have seen them carry them through the streets because the pastor couldn't come. I am not saying any thing against the ordinance by which we commemorate the death of our Saviour. God forbid! but let me say it is not necessary to salvation. I might die and be lost before I could get to the Lord's supper; but if I get to the Lord I shall be saved. Thank God, salvation is within my reach! All I have to do is to reach out my hand and take it.

The poor thief had certainly never been baptized. If he wanted to be, they wouldn't have permitted it. If all the congregations in Chicago had been there, there would have been no one to help him. We wouldn't admit such a man to the Lord's table. But the good Lord took him right to his bosom.

If we are saved, let us go to the Lord's table, confess him, follow him, and obey him—do what he bids;

but let us keep salvation in its place. It is distinct and separate from every thing else. If a man wants to be saved he can be saved without leaving this hall—without lifting an eye or a hand.

If the thief had lived fifty years he could not have done better service for Christ than he did. Why not make the prayer of the thief? You can make it—saint and sinner. If you make it from your hearts God will answer to-night. You wont have to wait until you get home. We have communication from this Tabernacle with the throne of God, and our prayers can go up and be answered before the meeting is over. Suppose we make the supplication now, "Lord—remember—me!" Who cannot say that? And who cannot say it from the heart? It is just that short prayer which will bring blessing.

That is what I call sudden conversion—men calling on God for salvation and getting it. You certainly wont get it unless you call for it—unless you take it when he offers it to you. If you want him to remember you—to save you—call upon him.

The Cross of Christ divides this congregation. There are only two sides, those for Christ, and those against him. Think of the two thieves; one went down to death cursing God, and the other went to glory.

What a contrast! In the morning he is led out, a condemned criminal; in the evening he is saved from his sins. In the morning he is cursing; in the evening he is singing hallelujahs with a choir of angels. In the morning he is condemned by men as not fit to live on earth; in the evening he is reckoned good enough for heaven.

Christ was not ashamed to walk arm-in-arm with him down the golden pavements of the eternal city.

He had heard the Saviour's cry, "It is finished!" He had seen the spear thrust into his side. Jesus had died before his very eyes, and hastened before him to get a place ready for this first soul brought from the world he had just redeemed.

You have heard of the child who did not like to die and go to heaven because he didn't know any body there. But the thief had one acquaintance: even the Master of the place. I can hear the Lord calling, "Gabriel, prepare a chariot; make haste: there is a friend of mine hanging upon that cross. They are breaking his legs. He soon will be ready to come. Make haste and bring him to me." And the angel in the chariot sweeps down the sky, takes up the soul of the poor penitent thief, and hastens back again to glory; while the gates of the city swing wide open, and the angels shout their welcome to this poor sinner "washed in the blood of the Lamb."

And that, my friends, is just what Christ wants to do for every sinner here. That is the business on which he came down from heaven. That is why he died: and if he gives such great and swift salvation to this poor thief on the cross, surely he will give you the same if, like the penitent thief, you will repent, and confess, and trust in the Saviour.

Somebody says that this man "was saved at the eleventh hour." I don't know about that. It might have been the first hour with him. Perhaps he never knew Christ until he was led out to die beside him. This

may have been the very first time he ever had a chance to know the Son of God.

How many of you gave your hearts to Christ the very first time he asked them of you? Are you not farther along in the day than even that poor thief?

A little while ago, in one of the mining districts of England, a young man attended one of our meetings and refused to go from the place till he had found peace in the Saviour. The next day he went down into the pit and the coal fell in upon him; and when they took him out he was broken and mangled, and had only two or three minutes of life left in him. His friends gathered about him, saw his lips moving, and, bending down their ears to catch his words, this was what they heard him say:—

"It was a good thing I settled it last night."

Settle it now, my friends, once for all. Begin now to confess your sins, and pray the Lord to remember you when he cometh into his kingdom.

THE CHARACTER OF LOT.

THE following discourse to parents was preached before an immense congregation in the Chicago Tabernacle.

Mr. Sankey sang the solo, "Nothing but Leaves." The Scripture lesson was a part of the seventeenth chapter of Luke, beginning with the twenty-eighth verse, in which Christ is answering the Pharisee who had demanded of him when the kingdom of God should come. "Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed."

I WANT to speak to-night on the life of Lot. I have chosen him for a subject because he is a representative man. There are hundreds of men like him in Chicago. Where there is one Abraham, or one Daniel, or one Elijah, you may find a thousand Lots.

This man seems to have started out in life well enough, but it wasn't a great while before he got rich, and that was the beginning of all his troubles. He lived with his old uncle, Abraham, until he became possessed of large flocks and herds, so that there was hardly room enough in the country where they lived for his cattle and those of his uncle. After a while there arose a strife among the herdmen of the two flocks as to what part of the land they should occupy; but, however much the herdmen might quarrel, he couldn't get up a quarrel with Abraham. That friend of God didn't want to get into trouble out there among those heathen, who, if they saw him angry over

such a matter, would say he was not a whit better than themselves. So he says to Lot, "Is not the whole land before thee? separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

If Lot had not been so selfish he would have given his old uncle the first choice instead of taking it himself, but he lifted up his eyes and saw the plain of Jordan: it was well-watered and fruitful; so he says, "I will take that." He chose the best for himself, you see, and then pitched his tent toward Sodom. He might have been a pretty good man up to this time, but then he began to backslide.

Perhaps he was ambitious to be richer than Abraham, and so he chose for himself, instead of letting God choose for him.

I have no doubt that the Sodomites who got acquainted with him said he was a very shrewd man; a very sharp business man; and predicted that he would some time be very rich.

How long he stayed in the plain we don't know; but after awhile we find him living in Sodom. What business had Lot to be living in Sodom? He knew what sort of people the Sodomites were, for he had pitched his tent in their neighborhood. He knew they were a wicked, idolatrous, iniquitous people; but, perhaps, he felt that business was pressing; he had a large number of people dependent upon him, and probably he thought he could make money faster by going into Sodom than he could by staying outside and giving his attention to his cattle.

Lot went into Sodom with his eyes open. He knew he was taking his children into bad company, and bringing

his household into the midst of the most abominable heathen; but the main question with him seems to have been business, business; money, money! How many of you, fathers, are doing just the same thing?

The next we hear of Lot he is in trouble. They who go to live in Sodom must take the fate of Sodom. The Sodomites were at war with some of their neighbors, who came up with a scouting party, seized some of the people, and carried them away into captivity. Among those captives was Lot; and I suppose he would have spent the rest of his days as a slave if his old uncle Abraham hadn't heard about it, and taken a band of three hundred and eighteen of his servants, and pursued after the captors, and rescued the captives and spoil.

Now see the difference between these two men. When Abraham comes back from his expedition he meets Melchizedek, a priest of the most high God, and gives him tithes of all the spoil he has taken, Then he meets the king of Sodom, who is very glad to make his acquaintance, and to have his captives brought back again; so he says, "Now, Abraham, you take the goods for your share, and give me back the captives for my share."

"No," says Abraham, "I have made a vow to the Lord, the most high God, that I will not take any thing that is thine, lest thou should say, I have made Abraham rich." You see, Abraham didn't want any Sodomite wealth, but Lot was keen to get all he could of it.

Now you would suppose Lot would say to himself, I have had enough of Sodom; I will get out of the way of these miserable heathen. But perhaps he had lost money in some operation, and he wanted to go back into

Sodom and make it up. I have no doubt that after a while Lot became a great man in Sodom—one of the best business men in the place: probably he had a good many corner lots, and some fine business blocks, with his name upon them. Perhaps they admired his talent in money-making so much that they made him mayor of Sodom, or judge—Judge Lot, that sounds very well—or may be they sent him to Congress, if they had one. Probably Mrs. Lot had a very fine turn-out; the handsomest horses and carriage in all the city; and the Misses Lot were the most fashionable young ladies, and had the handsomest dresses of any young women in all Sodom.

But one evening, while Lot was sitting in the gate of Sodom, he saw two strangers coming, whom he knew were angels, because he had seen them twenty years before at the house of his uncle Abraham. So he bowed himself down at their feet, and begged them to do him the honor of lodging with him. The angels didn't like to go inside the gate, and spend the night in Sodom, so they said, "Nay; but we will abide in the street all night." However, Lot urged them so hard that they entered into the city with him, and went to his house, where he made them a feast.

They hadn't been there a great while before a mob of Sodomites gathered around the house, and made a terrible uproar. Lot must have been very much ashamed of his neighbors, and we learn that he went out and tried to make them behave themselves; but they laughed at him, and abused him, and if the angels hadn't struck them blind there is no telling what they might have done.

Poor Lot was dreadfully frightened when he heard the Sodomites trying to break his door down, and was very glad to have the angels there to protect him. Then these strangers inquired if he had any relatives in Sodom besides those that lived in his own house, "For," said they, "we are come down to destroy this city whose cry is waxed great before the face of the Lord." Then Lot was obliged to confess that he had given some of his daughters to be married to some of those wicked young Sodomites.

"You go and fetch them," said the angels, "for tomorrow morning the Lord will destroy the city."

Poor man! he finds that the way of the world is not the way of the largest profit after all. Those fine buildings of his will all go down in ashes, and up in smoke; all his speculations will come to nothing; but the poor man is so much frightened for his life and the life of his family that he has not much time to think about his real estate.

I can see him groping his way along the streets of Sodom, dodging all the sons of Belial that he sees, until he comes to the house of the man who has married his oldest daughter. He pounds on the door until somebody puts his head out of the window and asks what he wants. It is one of his sons-in-law, and the poor man, trembling from head to foot, tries to tell him about the visit of the angels, and how the Lord is going to destroy the city tomorrow, and that he must take his wife and come over to his house immediately.

But his son-in-law laughs at him; "Ho, ho," says he, "you go home and go to bed. Don't be making a fool of yourself out here in the street, at midnight, waking

people up with such a silly story as that! Sodom was never so prosperous in all its history as it is in these days. Don't you imagine that it's going to be destroyed."

Now the poor man is in greater trouble than ever. His son-in-law wont believe him, and he is obliged to leave his daughter to perish with those sinners. He begs and entreats that if he wont come himself, he will at least give him his daughter; but the man abuses him, and shuts the window, and refuses to hear any thing more from him. Then the old man goes to the house of another son-in-law, and wakes him up, and tells him the same terrible tale, and he makes fun of it in the same way; and the broken-hearted old man, finding that both his daughters are hopelessly lost, mourns the day he ever came to Sodom. There is nothing for him now but to go home and tell the angels that he cannot make those people believe that the city is to be destroyed.

O, you fathers and mothers who have given your children over to wicked, worldly-minded influences, and set them up in life according to the fashion of this world, with people who don't fear God or keep his commandments; what do you suppose that old man thought then about marrying his daughters to wicked men of the world just because they were rich?

As soon as ever it was light the angels hastened Lot, saying, "Arise, take thy wife, and thy two daughters, which are here; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city." But Lot couldn't bear to go and leave his property to be destroyed, and leave his other daughters to be burned up, and so we find that he lingered until "the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife,

and upon the hand of his two daughters; . . . and they brought him forth, and set him without the city."

Poor worldly-minded people! their hearts were so set upon Sodom that even the angels could hardly get them out of it; still I suppose, partly for the sake of his old uncle, Abraham, the Lord wouldn't let Lot be destroyed in Sodom. But there was his wife, whose heart was wholly set upon this world; in spite of all the urging of the angels, she couldn't bear to go away and leave her fine house, and all her elegant furniture, and all her nice dresses to be burned up with fire and brimstone. When she ought to have been running with all her might to get out of the way of the coming storm she stopped and looked back, thinking, probably, what a great loss she was suffering: or perhaps she was thinking of her daughters who had been left behind. And the Lord, seeing that her heart was set upon Sodom, let her stay there; and while her husband and daughters escaped to Zoar, she became a pillar of salt. She and Sodom remained together in their destruction.

I have not time this evening to follow this man to the end of his miserable life. We know that it was wretched and disgraceful, and that his fortune, which seemed so favorable while he was with his uncle in the way of righteousness, all turned to ashes and misery when he got into Sodom.

I pray you, business men, be warned by the life of this worldly-minded man. If you are a member of the Church and are getting rich and increasing in goods, don't forget the word of the Lord, which says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things

shall be added unto you." Keep out of Sodom for your own sake as well as for the sake of your family.

And you, Christian parents, with a family of daughters, see to it that you don't marry them to wicked men. The wealth of Sodom, and the fashion of Sodom, and the society of Sodom, may seem to be very desirable, but the end of all these things is sorrow, and destruction, and wrath. O, ye worldly-minded men and women of the Church, keep out of Sodom, lest you perish in its plagues!

CORNELIUS.

DURING the first part of the Chicago Revival the Noonday Prayer-meeting was held in Farwell Hall, where Mr. Moody gave a series of admirable Bible Readings and brief Illustrations of Scripture Characters and Incidents, of which the following sketch of Cornelius is one.

WE want one meeting a week in Farwell Hall, at which the way of life shall be explained. A good many people come to the Noon Meeting who cannot come to the Tabernacle, and we want to show then how to come to Christ. I will call your attention this morning to the conversion of Cornelius, and try to point out the way in which you, like him, may become a Christian.

In the eleventh chapter of Acts we find that Peter was brought before the brethren at Jerusalem, to give an account of himself for preaching the Gospel to the Gentiles. Christ had told his disciples to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to *every creature*, but the idea never seemed to get into their heads; and I don't know as we should ever have had the Gospel at all if it hadn't been for the persecutions which drove the apostles out of Jerusalem. Peter belongs to the exclusive brethren, and when he is told to go and preach the Gospel to Cornelius he must have a sheet let down from heaven three times in order to show him that what God has cleansed he must not call common or unclean; and to show him that it is his duty to preach to Gentiles as well as Jews.

In the fourteenth verse of this chapter, Peter is telling

them how he happened to go. He says he was sent for by Cornelius to tell him "words" whereby he and all his house should be saved. Now just look at that. Cornelius wasn't to be saved by his feelings, nor his efforts, nor his alms; he was to be saved by *words;* the words of Peter preaching Jesus Christ to him; and by such words not only Cornelius and all his house, but all sinners everywhere, are to be brought into the kingdom of God.

Let us take a look at Cornelius. If we had such a man here among us we should find him a regular attendant at Church, and one who said his prayers every day. He was a devout man, and feared God with all his house. He was a benevolent man, also. He gave much alms to the people. I don't doubt he would give away a great many Thanksgiving turkeys about this time of year. And what is more, the Bible says "He prayed to God always."

Now, a great many people would say, "Such a man as that doesn't need converting; he is good enough already." But the Lord didn't seem to think so, for we find him getting up a meeting—about the only meeting he ever did get up—in order to have Cornelius converted.

He tells him to send men to Joppa and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter. This Gentile is commanded to send off after a Jew to preach the Gospel to him; just the kind of a man he didn't like; and so you will often find that God sends his message of grace and mercy to people by the very last means they would have chosen.

In the sixth verse of the chapter we find that the Lord knew the house, and the street, and the name of the man where his servant Peter was lodged: "He lodgeth with

one Simon, a tanner, whose house is by the seaside." God always knows all about his own people. So Cornelius sends his body-guard thirty miles away to Joppa, and when they tell Peter their errand he goes away with them to preach the Gospel to this Gentile.

In the last part of this chapter we have the substance of Peter's sermon on this occasion. Now, what was it that he preached to Cornelius? He didn't preach science, nor literature, nor a great long mess of theology, but he preached unto him Jesus Christ, whom he declared to be "Lord of all." He believed in the divinity of Christ, you see. That was the substance of Peter's preaching always —Jesus Christ and him crucified. That was pretty much all he knew how to preach. If you had taken that away from him, you would have taken all his stock in trade.

He preached a short sermon, and came right to the point, "Whosoever believeth on Him shall receive remission of sins;" and when he got to this point in the discourse we are told that "the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." Now, I suppose there might have been some people there who did not hear; perhaps they were looking around, paying attention to other things besides the "words" that Peter was preaching; and, if there were any such, the Holy Ghost didn't fall on them, but only on those who heard the word.

My friends, you who hear the word of God to-day, accept it as Cornelius did, with all your house, and the Holy Ghost will fall on you as it did on them.

Now, that is plain enough, and that is just the way to be saved. May the Holy Ghost fall upon us now and seal us to the day of redemption!

THE PRODIGAL SON.

ONE of the most impressive of the Tabernacle services during Mr. Moody's work in Chicago was that which included his discourse on "The Prodigal Son." The Rev. W. H. Brown, the Wisconsin Evangelist, in his opening prayer turned the beautiful parable into a touching and appropriate petition to the throne of grace. Mr. Sankey sang the favorite solos, "Calling Now," and "The Ninety and Nine," after which Mr. Moody said:—

WE have for our text to-night the man Mr. Sankey has been singing about The trouble with him was the same as with nine tenths of the men in this city who are away from God to-night. He started out wrong. If any one had told the young man that he needed the grace of God to keep him when he was starting out to make his fortune he might have laughed at it, but we see how poorly he got along without it.

I don't know why he wanted to go away from home. Perhaps he thought his father was too strict, because he wouldn't let him stay out late at night; perhaps he couldn't get along well with his elder brother; maybe his mother had died and left him to the care of some one who didn't love him. Perhaps she had died praying for her wayward son, and he wanted to get away from the place, so as to be able to forget her prayers, that troubled him every time he thought of them.

So he goes to his father and says, "Father, I think I could get along better if you would divide your estate, and give me my share now, and let me go and begin life for

myself." I suppose the old gentleman was rich, and perhaps, weak-minded; at any rate he made a very great mistake. There is nothing worse for a young man than to give him plenty of money and send him out into the world alone. People talk a great deal about self-made men, and about poor men's sons who have to struggle for their places in the world; but I tell you, I have a great deal more respect for the rich man's son who turns out well than for the poor boy who has to work his way in the world. There is nothing that puts so many temptations in a young man's way as having plenty of money.

Well, the young man took his money and went off; perhaps he went down to Egypt to get as far away from home as possible; and having plenty of money I have no doubt he was very well received, and became very popular. He was well educated and agreeable; perhaps was able to sing, and could entertain his friends with comic songs. He used to go to the opera four nights in the week, and the other three nights he spent at the theater and billiard rooms. He was certain to have plenty of friends as long as his money lasted, but after awhile he got to the end of his rope, and then his friends all deserted him; just as they did a poor fellow whom I once knew, who had plenty of friends and money, but after awhile he broke down, and got into jail, and not one of his sporting friends ever came near him. Some Christian people who were visiting at the jail went to see him in the name of the Lord, and that woke him up to understand who his real friends were.

We read that after awhile this prodigal began to be in want. His friends were gone, and he had got down very

low, but I am happy to say, he didn't get down low enough to beg.

There was no meaner thing a Jew could do than to take care of swine; but it is very much to his credit that he chose to do this rather than lie around the streets loafing and begging. I had a thousand times rather be a swine-herd than a beggar.

I can see him there among the swine-troughs, ragged and hungry, the tears standing in his eyes, as he thinks of his father's well-filled table; a long table, with a good many people around it, but not long enough to reach to him in that far away country.

We find that no one gave him any thing to eat. If he had been a pig they might have fed him, but being nothing but a man he was left to take care of himself.

O, my friends, that is just the way with the devil. He will lead you away from home, and off into a far country, and into pleasure and vice, and then, when you have lost every thing in his service, he will push you down, down, down; and when he gets you into the ditch, or into the pit of ruin, instead of giving you any thing to help you he will laugh at you, and mock you for your folly.

There was another thing which the prodigal lost besides his money, and that was, his testimony. Some of those old friends of his, if they chanced to see him out there among the swine, would doubtless laugh at him, and he, perhaps, would straighten himself up and say, "You laugh at me, and call me a fool and a vagabond because I am poor, and all in rags, but you needn't be so proud. I belong to a respectable family; my father has plenty of money; he lives in a fine house, and even his servants

dress better than you do." How those young fellows would laugh at that! "*Your* father rich! You look like it, don't you? *Your* father have servants! *Your* father have clothes!" And then the poor fellow, thinking of himself, couldn't answer them a word. He had lost his testimony: nobody would believe that he was the son of a great rich man, up there in Judea.

Just so every backslider from God loses his testimony when he falls into temptation, and gets away from the favor of his Lord; and if he does sometimes stand up in meeting and talk to the people about the way of life they laugh at him, and say, "You don't look or act as if you were a child of God."

Sin took this young man away from home, just as it takes us all away from God. Now the question is, How did he come to get back again?

The parable tells us, that after awhile he came to himself; that is, he woke up to the fact that he was miserable because he was away from his father. There was one thing that the prodigal never lost:—he lost his home; he lost his money; he lost his clothes; he lost his good name; he lost his respectability; he lost his testimony; but he never lost his father's love. That was his right through it all.

I find a good many men who are living in sin, who wonder why it is that God does not answer their prayers. I will tell you why it is. God loves them too much to answer their prayers while they stay away from him. Suppose the prodigal son had written his father a letter, saying: "Father, I am in want; please send me some money." Do you suppose his father would have sent it?

If he had it would have been the worst thing he could have done for the boy. The proper thing for the prodigal to do was to go home; and just as long as his father kept him supplied with money off there in that foreign country there was no reason to expect him to come back. If you have gone off into sin, if you have got away from God, you must never expect him to feed you, and clothe you, and to supply all your wants, the same as if you were in his house sitting down with him and the other children at his table. What God wants of his "prodigal sons" is for them to come home, and when he gets them with him he will supply their wants and answer their prayers.

Well, I can imagine that one day a neighbor from his native town inquired after the young man, and, at last, found him down there among the swine. Of course he was greatly surprised.

"Why don't you go home to your father?" says the neighbor.

"I don't know," says the prodigal. "I am not quite sure that my father would receive me, I am such a miserable vagabond."

"Your father loves you as much as ever," says the neighbor.

"My father! Did you see him? How do you know he loves me? Does he ever speak of me?"

"Ever speak of you! He talks of you by day and dreams of you by night. I was over at his house the other day, and when I told him I was coming into this country, the old man, with tears in his eyes, begged me to look up his lost boy, and tell him to come right home, for

his father was breaking his heart because he stayed so long away."

O, if there is a poor prodigal here to-night, don't go on in that terrible delusion, that your heavenly Father has forgotten you! There isn't one of God's children that is ever out of his memory.

One of the chief things in the way of this young man was his pride. I suppose he would have gone home long before he did if it hadn't been for his pride; but he said to himself, "I came away with abundance, and now I don't like to go back in rags." But at last he comes to himself, and when he finds out that his father loves him, and wants to have him back again, he makes up his mind to return.

You can see him out there in the field, as he gets down on his knees and buries his face in his hands, like Elijah upon Mount Carmel; saying to himself, "I think I had better go home; there is no one in the world that loves me as much as my father. I am surprised that he is not altogether ashamed of me, for well he might be. But I have been here as long as I can stand it, and now I will arise and go to my father!"

Then the memories of the old home come back to him. He calls to mind his childhood, and how his mother used to sing to him and pray with him, and how kind and good his father was, and how carefully they watched over him, and kept him away from harm and evil. He thinks of the tears of his mother, and remembers the day they buried her—I cannot help thinking that he had lost his mother, for there isn't any thing said about her in the story—he remembers the morning he left home, and how his old father wept over him, and how he prayed at the family

altar that the Lord God of heaven would save his boy from sin, and how he asked the Lord to send his angel to watch over him. Then the prodigal opened his eyes and looked at himself; shoeless, coatless, hatless—just covered with miserable rags. "Why," he says to himself, "the very servants in my father's house are better off than I; there is bread enough and to spare in my father's house, and I am so starved that my bones almost prick through my skin: *I will arise and go to my father!*" O, that thousands here to-night would say with this prodigal, "I will arise and go to my Father." Nine tenths of the battle was won when he said those words.

And now I see him starting on his way. He goes to the man that owns the pigs and tells him he isn't going to take care of them any longer; he says he has heard from his father, who is a great and good man up there in Judea, and he is going back to him; he has been away too long already.

There is joy up in heaven now. I see the guardian angel who watches over him smiling and happy. I hear them ringing the bells of heaven because the lost one has come to himself and started for home.

It is a long journey and a hard one, but he never looks behind him: he has had too much of that far away country already, and his only thought is of his home.

I can imagine his feelings as he comes to his native land. The sky is brighter, the fields are greener, than the fields and skies in that strange country. Sometimes, as he trudges along his weary way, he wonders if his father is still living, or if he has died with a broken heart because of his wayward son.

At last he comes in sight of the old mansion. There is the old man out on the flat roof! Many a time he has been there before. Many a time his eye has been looking in the direction where his boy went.

He sees his boy afar off. He cannot tell him by any thing he has on; but love is keen. He starts for him. You can see his long white hair floating in the wind as he leaps over the highway; the spirit of youth has come back to him. The servants look at him and wonder what has come over him. It is the only time God is represented as running, and that is to meet a poor returning prodigal soul.

"But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion" on him. He didn't say, "He went away without cause, I will not go to meet him;" but, rushing out, he falls upon his neck, and kisses him; and the servants come running out to see what is the matter.

And now the boy begins to make his speech: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son"—and just as he is going to say, "Make me as one of thy hired servants," the father interrupts him, and says to one servant, "Go bring the best robe and put it on him!" and to another, "Go to my jewel-box and get a ring and put it on his finger!" and to another one, "Go and get him a pair of shoes!" and to another, "Go and kill the fatted calf!" What joy there was in that home!

My friend, don't you know that since that time this story has been repeated nearly every day—prodigals coming home—and I never yet heard of any one but what had a warm welcome. I have got a letter here, I think it is one of the last letters I received from England. The

letter goes on to state that a son and husband had left his father's house—left his wife and children—without a cause; and now, in closing up the letter, the sister says: "He need not fear reproach, only love awaits him at home." That man may be here to-night. My words may reach him, and if so I beg him to return from his erring ways. Listen! your sister says that no reproach or harsh words will meet you on your return home; only love will welcome you when you enter the door.

The father of the prodigal did not reproach his boy: and so God does not reproach the sinner. He knows what human nature is—how liable a mortal is to go astray. He is always ready to forgive and take you back. Christ says he will forgive; he is full of love, and compassion, and tenderness. If a poor sinner comes and confesses, God is willing and ready to forgive him.

There was a lady who came down to Liverpool to see us privately; it was just before we were about to leave the city to go up to London to preach. With tears and sobs she told a very pitiful story. It was this: She said she had a boy nineteen years of age who had left her. She gave me his photograph, and said, "You stand before many and large assemblies, Mr. Moody. You may see my dear boy before you. If you do see him, tell him to come back to me. O, implore him to come to his sorrowing mother, to his deserted home! He may be in trouble; he may be suffering; tell him for his loving mother that all will be forgiven and forgotten, and that he will find comfort and peace at home." That young man may be in this hall to-night. If he is, I want to tell him that his mother loves him still.

I may not be speaking to Arthur to-night, but there may be a great many other Arthurs who have left their father's house. Let me entreat you to go home. Send a dispatch that you are coming, and start at once. And O, what joy there will be in those sorrowful homes when these long-lost prodigals return! By and by you may learn that your mother is dead, and then nothing will ever comfort you for having broken her heart. Wanderer, arise and go to thy father, who loves thee; to thy mother, who weeps over thee; and let us pray that multitudes of souls wandering from God may be this very night brought home.

Some of you say, "I don't believe God will forgive a sinner, or take him back all at once, when he has been disobeying him for so many years."

Wouldn't you do it? Come, now, if you were to find your long-lost prodigal son in the kitchen when you got home—in the kitchen because he didn't feel worthy to go into the parlor—wouldn't you forgive him, after he began to see what a sinner he had been?

I can tell you something about this out of my own experience. My father died when we were little children, and my good mother had a hard time with her large family of boys and girls. After a while one of the older boys took it into his head that he could make his fortune all alone by himself, and so he ran away.

For years and years we heard nothing of him. Sometimes it seemed as if my mother's heart would break. "O, if I could only know he was dead," she would sometimes say, "it would be better than this. Maybe he is sick and in need, or maybe he has fallen in with wicked men, who will make him as bad as themselves."

We used to sit around the fire on the stormy winter nights and listen to the stories that mother used to tell us about our father, about what he said, how he looked, how he was kind to a friend, and lost a great deal of money by him, and so our little home was mortgaged, and we were poor; but if any body happened to speak the name of that lost boy a great silence would fall upon us, the tears would come into my mother's eyes, and then we would all steal away softly to bed, whispering our good-nights, because we felt that the mention of that name was like a sword thrust to the heart of our mother.

After we got to bed we would lie awake and listen to the roaring of the wind among the mountains, thinking perhaps *he* was out in the cold somewhere. Maybe he had gone to sea, and while we were snug in bed he might be keeping watch on the wave-beaten deck; perhaps climbing the mast in just such darkness and storm. Now and then, between the gusts, a sound would be heard like the wail of the summer wind when it used to make harp-strings of the leaves and branches of the great maple-trees in the door-yard: now, soft and gentle; then, rising louder and louder. How we would hold our breath and listen! Mother was sitting up to pray for her lost boy. Next morning, perhaps, she would send one of us down to the post-office to ask for a letter—a letter from *him*, though she never said so. But no letter ever came.

Long years afterward, when our mother was growing old, and her hair was turning gray, one summer afternoon a dark sunburned man, with heavy black beard, was seen coming in at the gate.

He came up under the window first, and looked in as if

he were afraid there might be strangers living in the house. He had stopped at the church-yard, on his way through the village, to see whether there were two graves instead of one where our father had been laid so many years ago, but there was only one grave there: surely his mother was not dead. But still she might have moved away. Then he went around and knocked at the door, and his mother came to open it.

Years of hardship and exposure to sun and storm had made him strange even to his mother. She invited him to come in, but he did not move or speak; he stood there humbly and penitently; and, as a sense of his ingratitude began to overwhelm him, the big tears found their way over his weather-beaten cheeks. By those tears the mother recognized her long-lost son. He had come at last. There was so much of the old home in him that he couldn't always stay away. But he would not cross its threshold until he confessed his sin against it, and heard from the same lips which had prayed so often and so long for him the sweet assurance that he was forgiven. "No, no," said he, "I cannot come in until you forgive me."

Do you suppose that mother kept her boy out there in the porch until he had gone through with a long list of apologies, done a long list of penances, and said ever so many prayers? Not a bit of it. She took him to her heart at once; she made him come right in; she forgave him all, and rejoiced over his coming more than over all the other children that hadn't ran away.

And that is just the way God forgives all the prodigal souls who come back to him. O wanderer, come home! come home!

NOAH.

I WANT to call your attention to Genesis vii, 1: "And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

We meet that little word "come" very often in the Scriptures. This is the first time it is used as an invitation; it is the voice of grace, mercy, and love.

One hundred and twenty years before the time of the text Noah received the most awful communication that ever came from heaven to earth. God told him that he was going to destroy the world on account of the great increase of wickedness.

Sin came into the world full grown; the first man born of woman was a murderer. The fact is, man has always been bad; there is nothing good in him—he is bad by nature. We don't need to go to the Bible to prove that. You can look around you and find plenty of proofs. Leave man alone and see how quick he will go to ruin! See how the nations of the earth have gone to ruin when they have been left alone. It was their own sin that drove them to ruin, and it is just the same with individuals. But wickedness had increased in those days; if possible men were worse then than they are now; and so God told Noah to build an ark for the saving of his house, for he was about to destroy the world by a flood: and Noah, having faith in God, obeyed the command.

Noah was instructed to warn the people of their coming doom: but they didn't pay any attention to him. They asked where was the sign that the world was to be destroyed, and scoffed, just as men now do, at the idea. When Noah was told to build the ark he knew he would be the laughing-stock of the city; but the old man toiled on despite the jeers of his fellows. Thank God! there was one man in that age who dared to go against public sentiment and obey the voice of the Lord. It was one of the wonders of the world; but he worked away on his ark, and what was more, he got his children to believe and help him.

While the ark was building perhaps the people came to look at it, and considered its builder a lunatic for wasting his time and money on this apparently useless undertaking. Men undoubtedly talked then as they do now. You talk with the scoffers of Chicago and you will see that men put up their little puny reason against the Almighty.

I have heard some men say that God cannot destroy this world, and others declare that there is no God. Undoubtedly the antediluvians thought in the same way, and some would probably say, if there was a God he couldn't destroy the world.

I can imagine that business was brisk, and that the warning gave them little trouble. Their saloons and billiard-halls were full every night, and Noah and his ark was the standing joke among them. One hundred years rolled away, and yet no sign of a flood. There were probably astronomers in those days, who tried to read the heavens, but who could see no change; there were geologists, no doubt, who dug down into the bowels of the earth

to bring up some dead carcass to prove that there was no God. I don't know but some of them believed that men were descended from the monkeys, and some subscribed to the evolution theory we hear so much about. At any rate, whatever notions they had, none of them believed in the coming of the flood.

There were Noah's carpenters; you might see them, a gang of men going into the saloons of a night, loafing and drinking and making sport of the foolish old fellow, as they called their master, and excusing themselves for working for him on the ground that his money was as good as any one else's. Poor Noah, what a discouraging time he must have had!

I remember once when I felt very much discouraged. I suppose I got under the juniper-tree, where Elijah went. It seemed to me as if I was not accomplishing any thing, and all my work went for nothing. While I was feeling very glum and sorrowful, one of the Sunday-school teachers came in and asked me how the work had been on the Sunday previous.

"O, very poor, very dull," said I. "How was it with you?"

"Very good, indeed," said he; "we had a very profitable time studying the character of Noah."

I thought I knew all about Noah, but I inquired what new thing they had found out about him.

"O, nothing new; but just study him, and you will find very much that will help you."

So when he was gone away I took down the Bible and began to study Noah; and I found, among other things, that he had preached a hundred and twenty years without

making a single convert; but still he kept at it, preaching, and working on the ark, and holding on to his faith for a hundred years together.

We might suppose Noah would get discouraged after working at the ark a hundred years. I suppose by that time some of the timbers had got rotten that were put in at first, and had to be replaced with new ones. Still he worked away. God had said a flood was coming, and told him to prepare the ark, and it didn't make any difference about the time; it was his business to preach and to build.

That day I went down to the Farwell Hall prayer-meeting, and a man rose up and asked us to pray for the salvation of his soul.

Well, thought I, how much good that would have done Noah, to have had somebody rise for prayers; but there wasn't any body who wanted to be saved. How ashamed I ought to be to complain of my want of success!

I would like to have you ask yourselves the question now, before I go on any further—just ask yourselves this question, "Am I in the ark?" and if you cannot answer the question—if you are not able to say you are in the ark—wont you just lift up your hearts in prayer, if you never prayed before, and ask the Lord to give you light on the question to-day?

Now if these scriptures are true, and I have no doubt about it, it is an awful thing for a man or woman to die outside of the ark.

One hundred and twenty years before God had come to Noah and told him to build this ark, and now he called him into it. It was a great building. If you should put it into one story and one floor, it would be fifteen hundred

feet long and two hundred and forty feet wide. This room is about two hundred feet wide, and the ark was seven times as long as this building and a great deal wider, and about sixteen feet high.

Some infidels and skeptics have tried to make out that the ark was not large enough to hold all that is said to have gone into it, but there is no trouble about that. Undoubtedly in those days they thought it was too large. I can imagine that they complained of Noah for building such a large ark when there was nobody who agreed with him, and none to go into it but his own family. He certainly did not confer with flesh and blood, or he would never have undertaken to build the ark at all. The people jeered and scoffed at him, called him a lunatic, and if they had had insane asylums I have no doubt they would have shut him up in one of them.

But Noah, in the face of all obstacles, still goes on with the work which has been assigned him. I can imagine that after one hundred years have rolled away the people become more skeptical. They laugh, and mock, and say, "We don't believe there is any danger. There is no sign of a flood. The light shines the same; the sun is as bright as it has been the last thousand years. It is a very strange thing if this world is to be destroyed, for we are getting on so well and are so prosperous." And so they went on scoffing, drinking, marrying, and giving in marriage, feeling perfectly safe.

Some people excuse them because their consciences were not touched and awakened. So it may be said of you: but that only made their fate worse. It is a good deal better for you to heed the voice of God.

Well, twenty years more have rolled away, and that is the time God has set. The people had been looking into the heavens but could see no sign. The geologists scoffed, and the astronomers predicted fine weather. The philosophers, and the astrologers, and the scientific men, and the wise men, and the great men, all united to testify that Noah was wrong—that God could not drown the world. Just as some men say now that God cannot burn the world. But God, who created this world out of nothing, certainly can destroy it. Don't flatter yourselves, my friends, that God cannot destroy the world. Don't go on thinking that God isn't going to call this world to judgment. He is a God of mercy, but there is one thing we must keep in mind, he is also a God of justice. We are taught that if a man wont have grace he shall have judgment. You can have grace, mercy, love, or you can have judgment and the curse of God.

I can imagine that Noah's contract is finished, and every thing is ready. It is spring, and all the people are busy planting their crops. But Noah plants nothing. "Look," they say, "he plants nothing; he will surely want." They are very much startled at his course.

At length God tells Noah to occupy the ark he had built. When he moves in they all say, "Why don't he wait till a storm comes? The sun is shining brightly, without any sign of rain—the flocks and herds are grazing on the hillsides—and every thing moves on as it has for the last two thousand years. But Noah goes into the ark. The people who had ridiculed the old man are alarmed as they see the beasts coming up from the fields and forests: the tiger out of its den, and the bear out of its cave, and the

lion and the lamb going in together. All kinds of birds are flying to the ark, and even the little insects are creeping toward it.

After they had all gone in, we are told that God shut the door; and in another place in the Scriptures, we are told that what God shuts no man opens. Still the flood didn't come. There were seven days grace, as it were. If those people had cried for mercy then I believe God would have saved them. They didn't believe that he would destroy the world—but did that change the decrees of Heaven?

At last the storm began, and we are told that the fountains of the great deep were broken up. Not only did the waters come out of the heavens and pour upon them, but it seems that they burst up from the earth; and the ocean broke from its banks. After the storm had raged for perhaps forty-eight hours the scoffers began to change their tune. They pray to God for mercy. They go to the door of the ark and cry, "Noah, let us in! Noah, let us in!" But there comes a voice from within, "I cannot; God has shut the door." So, my friends, the door that shuts God's people in will shut the scoffer out.

So, to-day, God has provided an ark for every soul in this house. He says he doesn't want any of us to perish; he doesn't want any of us to die outside of the ark; he wants us all to come to Christ. O hear his loving call to-day, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark!"

O you who are parents—I am speaking to a good many parents here to-day—come you in first. Noah went in first, and his wife and children followed him. He had lived such a life as to give his children confidence in him.

If you, parents, do not go into the ark yourselves, how can you expect your children to go in? God calls you to-day. Will you come?

But one more thought. Men cavil now and say, "We don't believe in the deluge at all; we believe in the teachings of the New Testament, but not in the Old. We cannot believe that God would destroy so many people at once." My dear friends, do you know that every thirty years more people die now than were destroyed then? The deluge was simply their destruction a few years sooner—that was all. Not only that, but the Son of God has said, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man." Don't let the devil make you think God is not coming to destroy the world by fire, for he is going to do it. The first two or three hours of the Chicago fire men were on the streets laughing, and saying it would soon be over. But the fire continued to rage until nearly the whole city was destroyed, and their laughing was soon turned to weeping. It seemed to me that on that memorable night I got a glimpse of what the judgment-day will be.

What is your refuge? Is it some false hope? May the God of mercy sweep it away to-day! Thank God, we have not to wait a hundred and twenty years for the building of the ark! God has brought it right to the door of every man's heart. All we have to do is to hide in Jesus, and we are saved for time and eternity.

ABRAHAM.

MR. MOODY commenced his word-picture of the Patriarch Abraham with these words:—

WE find that the Lord had called Abraham out of Ur of the Chaldees, to leave all his idols and his kindred, and to go to the land of Canaan; and in the ninth chapter of Genesis we are told that he went forth to go into the land of Canaan, but when he had got about half way he stopped at Haran; and it seems that he stayed there about five years.

That is just the way with a great many people. They are called of God to go out of their sins and go into the Promised Land. They make a start, and get about half way, and there they stop. O how many people there are who are dwelling at Haran instead of pushing on to Canaan!

Now, how did God get Abraham out of Haran? If you will turn to the thirty-second verse of the eleventh chapter of Genesis you will find out. "And the days of Terah [Abraham's father] were two hundred and five years: and Terah died in Haran." That is just the way God has to do with a great many other people besides Abraham. They are settled in the wrong place; they are doing the wrong work; they are not pushing on to the land the Lord has said he will give them for an inheritance, and, in order to start them on the way to Canaan, God is obliged to send them some affliction.

The very thing we think is the greatest calamity is just what God uses to awaken us and send us forward on the way of our duty.

I have been thinking this morning about this city of Chicago for the past sixteen years. We were getting rich and looking for great things, and the war came on. That woke up the Church a good deal, but after it was over they settled down at Haran again. Then came the Chicago fire; and I said to myself, Surely this will bring the Church out of Haran—but it didn't. We were crying unto God for awhile, but presently the city was as much given up to money-making as ever. It kept on getting worse and worse; opened the theaters on Sunday, and then along came the panic, and it isn't over yet.

There are a great many men and women out of work these hard times, and people say, "What is to become of these gamblers, and rumsellers, and fallen women, who come to Christ and give up their old ways of life?" Some of them say, "If I could only see how to live, I would forsake my sins and turn to God." Why, my friends, it don't take any faith at all if we can see how the thing is coming out. You must be willing to leave every thing to God and follow him where you can't see, and he will deliver you soul and body. But he will not have a man whom he can't try, or one that will not walk by faith.

Abraham found Canaan full of kings and cities, and he didn't know how he was ever to get possession of the land; but he took it by faith. He was seventy-five years old when he got there, and God kept him there twenty-five years more before he gave him the promised son.

Yet he staggered not through unbelief; he believed the promise of God, who had told him he would make his seed as the stars of heaven for multitude, and as the sand which is on the sea-shore. Stars stand for heavenly people—sands for earthly people; so the promise included both this world and the next.

We do not find that Abraham had any altar in Haran, but when he got to Bethel he built an altar the very first thing. You remember that when Lot and some other Sodomites were taken captive Abraham sent out a little army of his servants and retook them, and also the spoil which they had carried off, and brought them and it back to the king of Sodom, who said to him, "Give me the persons, and take the goods to thyself." But Abraham had made the acquaintance of Melchizedek, the king of Salem, and priest of the most high God. And now we hear him saying, "I will not take from a thread even to a shoe latchet . . . lest thou shouldest say, I have made Abraham rich."

Ah, he had gotten the world under his feet. He had met the King of Peace, and with his blessing he was rich enough and strong enough, without any help from Sodom.

The very next thing, we find God saying to him: "Fear not, Abraham: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." And Abraham said, "What wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless?" Then God renewed the covenant with him, and he believed God, and we are told it was counted unto him for righteousness. As Paul has it in the Corinthians, in that little parenthesis—"for we walk by faith, not by sight,"—that is the way Abraham walked, and that is the way for us to walk. Let

us not be troubled about how he is going to take care of us.

Some of these fallen women say: "Just give us a place where we can get our living first, and then we will come to Christ." I wouldn't turn my hand over to get a thousand of them that way; they would all go back again. Let them first get out of Haran; out of Babylon; out of Sodom; let them seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and then all other things will be added unto them.

There was a young man here some years ago whom I was trying to lead to Christ. He was out of work, and I had found a situation for him, though I didn't let him know it, for he was saying to me: "Just let me get a place to work, and then I'll attend to religion." "No," said I, "that is the wrong place to begin. Seek the kingdom of God first, and get the work afterward," and I held him to it, and didn't let him know I had a place for him till after he had given his heart to Christ.

But let us get back to Abraham. He is an old man now, and the Lord is going to put his faith to one last trial.

And the Lord said, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of."

That must have been a terrible time for Abraham. Probably he lay awake most of the night, thinking of this strange command of God; but I am sure he didn't tell his wife any thing about it for fear she would try to make him disobey. God had given him a son in his old age, and

now it seems as if he were going to take him away again. But then Abraham knew that God was wiser than he, and if he took away his son he was just as able to give him another. So he does not delay, but rises up early in the morning, and saddles his ass, and takes two young men with him, and Isaac his son, and some wood for a burnt-offering, and starts on his journey.

His wife wants to know where he is going. He tells her he is going away to a mountain to offer up sacrifice to God, but he doesn't tell her that he is going to offer up Isaac as that sacrifice.

I can see them going along together—the old man and his son. They are very silent, and Isaac imagines there is something weighing heavy on his father's mind. They travel all that day, and lie down to sleep at night, but I fancy Abraham doesn't sleep much. He thinks of his son who was given him in his old age, and of the strange journey he is making to offer up this sacrifice. We don't hear that he prayed to the Lord to spare Isaac. Probably he left that all with the Lord.

On the third day Abraham lifts up his eyes and sees the place afar off, and when they come near, he says to the servants, "Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you." So Abraham takes the wood and puts it on the back of his son, and takes the fire and the knife, and they go up the mountain together.

The young man doesn't know what to make of it. Here are all the preparations for a burnt-offering except the offering itself. "Where is the lamb?" says Isaac; and Abraham answers, "My son, God will provide him-

self a lamb." So they come together to the top of the mountain, and the old man, with trembling hands, builds an altar, and takes the wood, and puts it in order on the top of it.

When every thing is ready, he says to his son, "Isaac, sit down here a little while, I want to talk with you." So they sit down together, and the old man, his voice trembling with emotion, tells his son how the Lord called him out of Ur of the Chaldees a great many years ago, when he was a heathen and an idolater, and promised to make him the father of a great nation. He tells Isaac also about his life—how the Lord has sent his angels to him, and how they promised that he should have a son in his old age. "And now, Isaac, it seems strange—I cannot understand it—but three nights ago the Lord stood by me, and told me to bring you to the top of this mountain and offer you up as a burnt-offering. I don't know what Jehovah means. But there is nothing else to do but to obey. You must suffer, and I must sacrifice you. It is a great deal harder for me, Isaac, than it will be for you."

The young man is entirely overwhelmed, but he doesn't make any resistance—doesn't run away. He just gives himself up to God according to the word of his father, and takes his place on the top of the wood that has been placed upon the altar, just as he has seen the sacrifice laid to be offered to Jehovah.

And now the old man takes the knife, and raises it high in the air, and, looking up with one heart-broken cry to God, he is about to plunge it into the heart of his son, when he hears a voice——

"Abraham! Abraham! lay not thine hand upon the lad," says the Lord, "for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me."

O! my friends, God was a great deal more tender with Abraham than he was with himself. When his own Son was dying upon a cross on that very same mountain he didn't send a victim to take his place, but left him there to die, the just for the unjust, that he might redeem us and bring us back to God.

What about your faith, my friend? Abraham is called the father of the faithful: are you a child of Abraham? Do you believe in God so much that you are willing to obey?

ELIJAH.

"DID you ever see such a sight?" said a gentleman on the platform of the great Tabernacle, pointing to the crowd of young men which entirely filled the first floor. A severe snow-storm was raging, but this did not prevent the attendance of an immense congregation of young men, to whom Mr. Moody had announced a special sermon. There were many ladies in the galleries, and on the platform a large number of the leading business men of Chicago with their families. Whenever Mr. Moody announces a sermon to young men it is well understood that he is to speak to a class of people with whose needs he is intimately acquainted, hence the desire on the part of all classes to hear the good advice he gives them.

Unlike many who preach to the young, Mr. Moody does not forget the time when he was a young man himself. It is partly on this account, and partly on account of the manly, Christian wisdom which has accumulated in him, that the young men respond by thousands to his invitation to come and hear what he has to say. On this occasion he chose for his text these words from II. Kings xviii, 21: "And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him."

ALEXANDER THE GREAT was once asked how he had been able to conquer the world. "By not delaying," was his reply.

Now, here is a matter which I want you all to decide without delay; "If the Lord be God, follow him." A man that is undecided cannot have any peace. He may intend some day to settle the question of his duty to God, and to make his arrangements to reach heaven at last, but Satan is all the while tempting him to put it off. There is nothing that Satan hates in a man worse than prompt decision.

What was it that made Moses so great? It was, that he decided for God. What was it that made Daniel not only a prince in Babylon, but a prince of God's people for all time? It was because he "purposed in his heart to serve his God." What made the poor prodigal son so happy? It was his decision, "I will arise and go to my father."

O how many a man is lost for want of decision! How was it with Agrippa? He hesitated: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Look at Pilate—lost for want of moral courage and decision; and thousands upon thousands of men and women have gone down to the same ruin for want of prompt decision in matters of duty to God.

Now, young man, if there is any thing in this religion there is every thing in it. If it is false let us find it out, and the sooner the better. If Christianity is a myth, let us denounce it; if it is a divine revelation, let us accept it. If the Bible is not true, let us burn it. What is the use of publishing so many millions of copies, and sending them out over the wide world? If Christianity is a sham, then let us build its tomb and shout over it, "There is no heaven, there is no hell! man dies like the dog!" But if the Bible *is* true, let us take our stand upon it; if Christ *is* the son of God, let us believe on him.

If bad men had written this Bible they wouldn't have said so much about God; and if good men wrote it without any help from God they wouldn't have ventured to tell a lie, and to claim that God inspired them. So, then, the question comes to you which Elijah put to those men on Mount Carmel.

Now let us look at the surroundings of this case.

King Ahab had forsaken the God of Israel, and all the court people and "upper ten" had followed his example. But there was an old prophet out in the mountains to whom God said: "Go to Ahab, and tell him the heavens shall be shut up, and there shall be no rain."

Away he goes to the wicked king: bursts in upon him like a clap of thunder, gives his message, and hurries away.

I suppose Ahab laughed at the old prophet. "What! no more rain? Why, the fellow must be crazy!"

Pretty soon the weather gets very dry. The earth is parched, and begins to crack open. The rivers have but little water in them, and the brooks dry up altogether. The trees die; all the grass perishes, and the cattle die, too. Famine; starvation; death! If rain doesn't come pretty soon there wont be a live man or woman left in all the kingdom.

One day the king is talking with the prophet Obadiah. You see he did have one good man near him, along with all the prophets of the false gods. Almost every one likes to have some good man within reach, even if he is ever so bad himself. He may be wanted in a hurry some time.

"See here, Obadiah," says King Ahab, "you go one way and I'll go another, and we'll see if we can't find some water somewhere."

So Obadiah started off to find water, but he hadn't got a great way before Elijah bursts out upon him.

"O, Elijah! is that you? Ahab has been hunting for you every-where, and couldn't find you."

"Yes; I'm here," says Elijah. "You go and tell Ahab I want to see him."

"I dare not do that," says Obadiah; "for just as soon as I tell him you are here the Spirit will catch you away and take you off somewhere else; and then the king will be very angry, and maybe he'll kill me."

"No," says Elijah. "As the Lord liveth, I will meet Ahab face to face this day."

So Obadiah hurries off to find Ahab, and tells him he has seen the prophet.

"What! Elijah?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you bring him along?"

"He wouldn't come. He says you must come to him."

Ahab wasn't used to have people talk that way to him; but he was anxious to see the prophet, so he went.

When he sees him he is very angry, and cries, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?"

"Not at all," says Elijah. "You are the man that is troubling Israel—going off after Baal, and leading ever so many of the people with you. Now, we have had enough of this sort of thing. Some are praying to Jehovah, and some are praying to Baal, and we must have this question settled. You just bring all your prophets and all the priests of Baal up to Mount Carmel, and I also will come. We will make us each an altar, and offer sacrifice on it; and the God that answereth by fire let him be God."

"Agreed," says Ahab; and off he goes to tell his priests to get ready for the trial.

I fancy that was a great day when that question was to be decided. All the places of business were closed, and every body started for Mount Carmel. There were

eight hundred and fifty of the prophets and priests of Baal altogether. I fancy I can see them going up in a grand procession, with the king in his chariot at their head.

"Fine-looking men, aint they?" says one man to another as they go by. "They'll be able to do great things up there on the mountain."

But there Elijah marched, all alone: a rough man, clad in the skins of beasts, with a staff in his hand. No banners, no procession, no great men in his train! But the man who could hold the keys of heaven for three years and six months wasn't afraid to be alone.

Then says Elijah to the people, "How long halt ye between two opinions? Let the priests of Baal build them an altar and offer sacrifice, but put no fire under; and I will do the same: and the God that answereth by fire let him be God." So the priests of Baal built their altar, and offered their sacrifice.

I am sure, if God hadn't held him back, Satan would have brought up a little spark out of hell to set that sacrifice on fire. But God wouldn't let him.

Then the priests begin to pray: "O Baal, hear us! O Baal, hear us!"

Elijah might have said: "Why haven't you prayed to Baal for water this dry weather? You might just as well ask him for water as for fire."

After a long time they begin to get hoarse.

"You must pray louder than that if you expect Baal to hear you," says the old prophet. "Maybe he is asleep: pray louder, so as to wake him up."

Poor fellows! they haven't any voice left; so they begin

to pray in blood. They cut themselves with knives, and lift their streaming hands and arms to Baal. But no fire comes down.

It is getting toward sundown. The prophet of the Lord builds an altar. Mind, he doesn't have any thing to do with the altar of Baal, but builds an entirely different one, on the ruins of the altar of Jehovah which had been broken down. "We wont have any body saying there is any trick about this thing," says the prophet. So they bring twelve barrels of water and pour over the altar. I don't know how they managed to get so much water; but they did it.

Then Elijah prays: "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel." He didn't have to pray very long. God heard him at once, and *down came the fire!* It burnt up the sacrifice, burnt up the wood, licked up the water, and burnt up the very stones of the altar.

Nobody could halt any longer. The people cried, "The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God."

O, young man, I'll take you to another mountain, Mount Calvary. It is more wonderful than Carmel. The story of the cross is the great wonder of the world.

A man once tried to sell me a book of wonders. I looked it over, and then asked him if it had any thing about the cross of Calvary in it. He said, "No."

"What," said I, "a book of wonders, and the greatest of all wonders left out!"

There the sun refused to shine, the rocks were rent, the earth shook, the graves were opened, and the dead came forth. How wonderful!

So now there are wonders here. The Son of God stoops down and gives these inquirers victory; drunkards are converted, and publicans and harlots are coming into the kingdom of God.

Now hundreds and thousands are convinced, but they are holding on to some darling sin. A man could not decide to give his heart to Christ the other day because he had a bet. Now, suppose that man dies, what will become of his soul?

O why not come out now? Why not come out tonight? Just ask yourselves: "What stands in the way?"

"O," you say, "I can't stand those jeers." But can't you set your face like a flint against Satan and decide tonight? You cannot find a man who has decided for Christ who ever regretted it. I have stood at the bedside of many who were dying, and I never saw one that regretted that he had decided for Christ.

O decide now. "Now is the accepted time." The last night I preached in the second Farwell Hall I made the greatest mistake of my life. I told the people to take this text home with them and pray over it. But as we went out the fire-bells were ringing, and I never saw that audience again. The fire had come. The city was in ashes; and perhaps some of those very people were burned up in it. There is no other time to be saved but NOW.

JACOB.

AT one of his Bible readings in Farwell Hall Mr. Moody delivered a lecture on the "Life and Character of Jacob."

The freedom with which he points out the faults in Bible characters may be somewhat surprising to those who have been accustomed to think that all the men and women whose history God narrates in his book must necessarily be good men and women. Mr. Moody said that this was formerly his view of the Bible characters, but that he afterward discovered his error. The men and women of the Bible were just such men and women as were to be found outside of it. Their virtues were of the same kind, and their faults of the same kind, as characterize persons we find in the Church to-day, and there was as much use, in the way of warning, to be made of such characters as Jacob, as there was in the way of emulation in the study of the character of Joseph. On this occasion Mr. Moody read, by way of introduction, the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, recorded in the twentieth chapter of the Gospel by Matthew. He then spoke as follows:—

THE key to all Jacob's difficulties may be found in this story of the laborers in the vineyard. In the second verse we are told that the first man who was hired made an agreement to work for a penny a day, while the men who came afterward made no bargain, but accepted the word of the lord of the vineyard that he would pay them what was right. When the lord of the vineyard came to pay the laborers for their day's work he gave them all a penny, though some had worked only half a day, or a quarter of a day, and one had worked only an hour. When those who had been hired first came to get their money they thought they should have received more; but

they only got a penny, according to their bargain. They received only their legal wages. I can see them scowling when they receive the penny.

"Is that all you are going to give me?" says one. "There is that man over there who only worked an hour, and you have paid him as much as you have us who have borne the burden and heat of the day."

"That is true," says the lord of the vineyard; "I am paying that man according to my views of the case, and I am paying you according to the bargain you made."

You see, my friends, it doesn't pay to make bargains with the Lord.

Jacob is a twin brother to the most of us. You will find a hundred Jacobs where you will find one Joseph or one Daniel. Joseph was willing to trust every thing to God, but Jacob wasn't willing to trust him any further than he could see him.

There is always trouble in a family where there are any favorites. Petting one child and finding fault with another is sure to bring out the old Adam. It looks as if Esau was the favorite son of his father, while Jacob was the favorite of his mother. By nature Esau was the better man of the two; and if such a mean, contemptible person as Jacob can be saved, then there is hope for all of us. Sometimes when a man has a marked peculiarity we say he got it from his father or his mother. I think Jacob took after his mother. She wasn't willing to wait on the Lord, but wanted to arrange every thing connected with her children's future herself, and in this she was like a good many parents in these days. You remember that Rebecca formed a plan to get Jacob into the good

graces of his father, and to obtain for him the birthright of his brother; but you will notice that it got him into great trouble. Jacob had to leave home, and the mother died before he returned. Rebecca tried to get something for Jacob by fraud, and he acted out the lie.

Up to the time of Jacob's departure from home there was little that was lovely in his character. He had a mean, miserable nature, but God gave him grace to subdue it. The Lord, from the top of the ladder which he saw reaching up to heaven, promised him what he should have, and then Jacob gets up and begins to make a bargain with God, and says, "If you will do so and so with me—if you will be with me, and keep me, and clothe me—then you shall be my God." What a contemptible speech! God had promised him all from Dan to Beersheba, but he is not satisfied without making some special terms of his own. That is just the way with a great many of us. If God will bless us in our basket and our store we will have him for our God; but the minute we fail to get something we want, we begin to find fault with him.

Now look at Jacob down there in Haran. He is driving bargains all the time, and always gets the worst of it. He works seven years for his wife, and then gets another woman in her place. He had started out wrong with a lie on his lips, and now he gets paid back in his own coin. But we do not hear that he made any confession. One would have thought that when God met him at Bethel he would have confessed his sins, but he did not.

Some people seem to think, that because God chose Jacob instead of Esau Jacob must have been a very good man and Esau a very bad one; but we must not forget

that some of God's promises are conditional and others unconditional. The promise which he made to Jacob was of the latter class. God was dealing in sovereign grace with him, for God is a sovereign and has the right to do what he pleases. The Bible says that Jacob was chosen before he was born. That was the election in his case, but it doesn't say that his soul was saved or that Esau's soul was lost. It was a question of an entirely different kind.

After Jacob has been in Haran for some years God says to him, "I am the God of Bethel, arise and dwell there." And now we find him stealing away from Haran like a thief, pursued by his father-in-law and uncle.

Then, again, when he hears that Esau is coming to meet him he makes another cowardly exhibition of himself. I suppose he had got out of communion with God. A man out of communion with God is always a coward.

In the midst of his trouble, while he is trembling with fear at the thought of meeting his brother whom he has wronged, he meets an angel, who wrestles with him until the break of day, and who at length touches his thigh and puts it out of joint. By this miracle Jacob understands that this is the angel of the Lord. I suppose it was the Jesus Christ of the Old Testament.

There is this to be noticed, that as long as Jacob was able to wrestle in his own strength he did not prevail; but when his thigh was out of joint, and all he could do was to hold on to the Lord, he got the blessing. It is the man who is lowest down that God is most willing to lift up. The man that has the greatest humility is the one to be most exalted.

Some people tell us that after this Jacob was a very different man, but not long after he has escaped the danger he feared from his brother, we find him going down to Shechem and building an altar and calling it by a high-sounding name, El-Elohe-Israel; that is, the God of Israel. But Jacob in Shechem, with his high altar, was no better than Jacob in Haran without any altar. The Lord did not tell him to go to Shechem.

I think the trouble with a great many people is, that they have gone down to Shechem instead of going to Bethel. We find Jacob's children getting into trouble here, and that is where the children of the members of the Church are very apt to get into trouble. They stay away from the place of the Lord's appointment and choose out places for themselves. But just the moment Jacob came to Bethel the Lord met him. And just as soon as the Church leaves Shechem and comes to Bethel the Lord will meet it.

The next thing we hear is the death of his favorite wife, Rachel, and not long afterward comes the famine, when he is obliged to send down to Egypt for corn. You remember how his sons sold Joseph into slavery, and came back to their father and said they had found his torn and bloody coat, and the old man mourned him as dead for twenty long years. He had deceived his own father, and now his sons deceive him. Surely he might say to Pharaoh, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been."

Poor man! he started out with a lie in his mouth, and after a life of trouble and mourning he dies an exile in Egypt instead of in the land that God had promised him.

He would not let God choose for him, and that is the cause of the failure of his life. I suppose Jacob was saved so as by fire, or, as Job says, by the skin of his teeth; but his life ought to be a warning to us to show us that it is best to let God do the choosing and planning for us, and to be satisfied and wait upon him, saying, "Thy will, not ours, be done." We gain nothing by trying to drive sharp bargains with God, and we gain just as little by doing the same thing with men.

JOSHUA.

THE character of Joshua, as depicted by Mr. Moody, is a lesson of godly courage. Mr. Moody himself professes to have been blessed with "a forehead of brass," and it is natural to expect in him a great admiration of this quality in other men similarly endowed. Joshua is one of Mr. Moody's favorite Bible characters, as may appear from the manner in which he speaks of him. The address containing this Bible portrait was given at eight o'clock one Sabbath morning at the Tabernacle in Chicago, where, in spite of a severe snow-storm, there were about three thousand Christian workers assembled. The singing on this occasion was "Hold the Fort," the chorus by the whole congregation, and "Who's on the Lord's Side," a solo by Mr. Sankey.

I WANT to call your attention this morning to one word, "courage." In this first chapter of Joshua which we have been reading God is telling him to arise and go over Jordan, and lead his people into the Promised Land, and he gives him a promise in these words: "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses. . . . There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee. . . . Be strong and of a good courage: for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land, which I sware unto their fathers to give them. Only be thou strong and very courageous. . . . This book of the law shalt not depart out of thy mouth. . . . Then thou shalt make thy way prosperous."

Four times over in this chapter God tells Joshua to

be courageous. He doesn't tell him how to use a sword, or show him how to lay out his campaigns, or set his battles in array; but he tells him to meditate on the word of God. That was to be his power.

Courage is necessary to success in Christian work. I have yet to find a man who is easily discouraged that amounts to any thing anywhere. If a minister is easily discouraged his people soon find it out, and lose their courage, also. If a Sunday-school teacher hasn't any courage, his class find it out and leave him. About the most worthless set of people you can find is a lot of faint-hearted Sunday-school teachers. If we are to have any success we must be of good courage, and we must also meditate upon, and believe in, and obey the word of God. God hasn't any use for a man who is all the time looking on the dark side. What he wants is a man who isn't afraid. "Be of a good courage," says he, "fear nothing; believe that I am willing to use you, and then I will use you."

We hear a great deal in these days about "development," but where can you find a man, with all the advantages of culture and learning, who is equal to this Joshua, brought up among the brick-kilns of Egypt?

The first thing we hear of him he is fighting against Amalek, and prevailing against him. He is victorious to begin with, because God is with him.

It appears that Joshua didn't like lay preachers. On a certain occasion he finds two men, named Eldad and Medad, who were prophesying in the camp, but who had never been ordained. They didn't even belong to the

company of the seventy elders; so he goes and reports the thing to Moses, and wants him to stop them.

The people of that class are not all dead yet. We find a good many who are opposed to having the laymen preach; but the word of the Lord is, "Let him that heareth say, Come;" and a layman can hear as well as if he had been ordained. If I saw a man fall into a river do you think I should go off and get somebody to lay hands on me before I should try to pull him out? Would you have the good Samaritan, on his way to Jericho, when he finds the man wounded and half dead by the way-side, leave the poor fellow there while he goes away to get some of his priests to ordain him? By the time he would come back to the wounded man it might be too late to do him any good.

We find that Moses hadn't any such prejudice against lay preachers as Joshua had. He rebukes him, and says he wishes that every body in the camp was able to prophesy, as well as Eldad and Medad; so that is the last we hear of Joshua's complaints about lay preachers.

It looks as if God meant to have his people go over Jordan at Kadesh-barnea, and enter at once into the Promised Land, instead of wandering about in the desert for forty years. But instead of going straight over, when they come to the Jordan they stop on the wilderness side, and Moses sends out an investigating committee to spy out the country.

This committee consisted of twelve men, one from each tribe, who were to go through the land and inspect it. When they got back they brought in what we should call a majority and a minority report. Ten of

them were discouraged. Like many people nowadays, they had been looking on the dark side. They said it was a good land, a rich land, a land flowing with milk and honey; but they had been looking at the strong cities, with their walls reaching up to heaven, and they had seen some of the sons of Anak, those tall giants, and they were terribly frightened at them. "When one of those giants looked down upon us," said they, "we felt as if we were but grasshoppers; their swords and spears are so big we could hardly lift them; one of those Anakims is equal to a score of us, who haven't any weapons to defend ourselves. We are not used to war, and it is folly for us to try to capture this Canaan from the hands of these giants who have been fighting and conquering all their lives. We are not able to go up and possess this land.

But this man Joshua and his friend Caleb, who were members of this investigating committee, had been looking at the subject in a different light. They had seen the giants and the cities, but they had also remembered the God of Israel. They called to mind how he had brought them up out of Egypt in spite of Pharaoh; how he had brought them through the Red Sea, which had opened its waters to let them pass; how he had rained down bread from heaven, and made the waters to flow out of the rock for them. This was the land which Jehovah had promised to give them for an inheritance; therefore the giants were nothing but grasshoppers to them. So they brought in a minority report, and said, "We are well able to go up and possess the land."

I thank God for Caleb and Joshua! Whenever a man

is walking with God he looks down on the giants as if they were grasshoppers, but just as quick as he loses sight of the Lord and begins to think of himself, he becomes a grasshopper in his own eyes, and the giants look terribly large. I would to God that every Christian in Chicago were like Caleb and Joshua! and then, instead of being discouraged at these saloons, and theaters, and gambling dens, we should all be ready to move forward in the name of God, and gloriously beat back these hosts of hell.

How many people do you suppose there were in Chicago who thought it was foolish to put up this great Tabernacle? One man said to me, "There is no use in building such a great place; it will never be full; if you get Farwell Hall full you will do better than I think you will." That man had been looking at the giants, you see. Some people say we cannot have successful meetings, because the public mind is so much taken up with politics; and there is the Exposition besides. They do not believe we can do any thing in the way of revival till politics and the Exposition are out of the way. These people are looking at the giants, and that is all wrong. If God is with us we shall succeed, and a wave of salvation will roll over this city that will bring a great many of its worst sinners to Christ.

But Israel did not believe in God, so they accepted the majority report, and were so angry with Caleb and Joshua that they were going to stone them to death; but the Lord preserved them, for he had great use for them by and by.

So Israel was turned back into the wilderness, and

wandered there for forty years, till every man who came up out of Egypt, except these two, had laid his bones in the desert.

And now we see Israel coming up again to the Jordan. It is in time of harvest, when the Jordan overflows its banks. God was going to test their faith before he took them into Canaan. Some of them might have said, "This is a pretty time to bring us up to cross this river! We haven't any boats, or pontoons, or rafts, and how are we to cross the swift and swollen stream?" But, though God keeps them there for three days looking at that great rushing river, we do not hear a word of complaint. God told them to sanctify themselves, and then, on the fourth day, the priests went down to the edge of the water bearing the ark of the Lord, and the water divided and stood up in great heaps on one side and the other, so that the people passed through the river dry-shod. There wasn't even a sign of dampness on their shoes.

The ark of God was placed in the bed of the river Jordan. God went down into death—for that is what Jordan means—and held back the waters till the people were all passed over. Then with twelve stones out of the bed of the stream Joshua built a monument to mark the spot where God had brought his people through the river. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

As soon as they struck the other shore they kept the law of their God, and circumcised the people, thus putting blood between themselves and their past life in the wilderness. Here is more of blood, you see.

A few days after Joshua was taking a look at Jericho, when a man with a drawn sword stood suddenly before him. "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?" asks Joshua. "Nay; but as captain of the host of the Lord am I come." I have no doubt but this was the Son of God himself, and that they planned the battle together for the capture of that great city. But what a plan! It was the most absurd battle any one could imagine. Seven priests with seven trumpets of rams' horns were to march round the city and blow the trumpets, while the ark of the Lord followed, the army going ahead. Now what an absurd thing that seems to be! Suppose Dr. Gibson and Dr. Goodwin, and Bishop Foley and Bishop M'Laren, and some more of our dignitaries, were to march round Chicago in that fashion, wouldn't they look rather green? Some people would say they ought at least to have silver or golden trumpets instead of those rough-looking rams' horns. Round they go, looking at the walls of the great city. "Ha! did you see that giant lifting his head and shaking his finger at us?"

The next day they go round again, and the next day, and the next, till the people of Jericho began to laugh, and make all manner of sport of them. They have appointed a committee to watch these strange people, and see that they don't undermine the walls; but they seem to be doing nothing but marching round and round and blowing the rams' horns. They haven't any battering-rams; there are no cracks in the walls where they can make a rush and get in; there is nothing they can do but to go round. But when God says, "Go round," that is the thing to do. On the seventh day they make

the circuit of the city once, and then start to go round again. The Jericho people don't know what to make of it; they watch them as they go round again and again; silent—not a sound of a human voice. But at the seventh round they gave a great shout, and, behold! the walls of the city fell down before them, and they entered in and took it! It was all of God. No one might say that he had helped to take that great city. The glory of it was all to be the Lord's.

God was as good as his promise. No one was able to stand before Joshua all the days of his life. All the kings of the Canaanites, with all their great armies, their giants, their chariots, and their horsemen, were all as grasshoppers before the face of this courageous servant of God. He subdued thirty-one kings; conquered the land of Canaan, and divided it among the tribes of Israel; but for himself he chose only one mountain, which was dear to him because it was near to Shiloh.

We do, indeed, read of one instance in which an army sent out by Joshua failed to stand before its enemies; but Joshua was not with them.

After the walls of Jericho had fallen down before them the next place they went to was Ai. Joshua felt so confident that he sent only three thousand men against it; but for some reason or other his little army fled before the men of Ai.

"Then Joshua rent his clothes, and fell to the earth upon his face before the ark of the Lord until the eventide, he and the elders of Israel, and put dust upon their heads. And Joshua said, Alas, O Lord God, wherefore hast thou at all brought this people over Jordan, to de-

liver us into the hands of the Amorites, to destroy us? Would to God we had been content, and dwelt on the other side Jordan! O Lord, what shall I say, when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round, and cut off our name from the earth: and what wilt thou do unto thy great name? And the Lord said unto Joshua, Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face? Israel hath sinned, and they have also transgressed my covenant which I commanded them: for they have even taken of the accursed thing, and have also stolen, and dissembled also, and they have put it even among their own stuff. Therefore the children of Israel could not stand before their enemies, but turned their backs before their enemies, because they were accursed: neither will I be with you any more, except ye destroy the accursed from among you."

That was why they were unsuccessful, that was why they were defeated; and now if there is going to be a defeat in this city, it will be because of the sins of God's people. It is easy enough to talk about unconverted men confessing their sins and turning to God; but if the Church does not confess its sins, we cannot expect sinners to do it. Some one says, "A sin unconfessed is like a bullet in a man's body." We cannot expect to be healthy while there is sin in us.

I like to think of Joshua after his fighting days were over, and he had brought the Lord's people into the land which had been promised to them; calling the elders of Israel together, and making a solemn covenant with them that they should not forsake the Lord that

had brought them up out of the land of Egypt. And when he comes to his death he leaves this dying testimony: "Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you."

We read that "Israel served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that overlived Joshua, and which had known all the works of the Lord that he had done for Israel." That is a glorious record. There was courage enough in him to supply a whole nation; and even after he was dead the power of his godly example continued for a generation. May the Lord help us all to be of good courage! We are now at Kadesh-barnea; the Promised Land is before us. Let us go over and possess it, and may the Lord give us the desire of our hearts in the salvation of multitudes of souls!

Be of good courage; fear nothing. Believe that God is willing to use you, and then he will use you in such a way that, like Joshua, nothing shall be able to stand before you. People have been asking me if I don't feel very much encouraged by the great congregations. Well, I will tell you what encourages me a great deal more than the crowds. At the Noon Prayer-meeting in Farwell Hall to-day the Lord was with us. There were a great many who felt their hearts growing tender, and when people begin to have broken hearts before the Lord I always feel greatly encouraged. It is very gratifying to see so many people here, but we must not depend on numbers. If the people of God are brimful of faith and courage, one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. If we only had a few hundred people full of the Holy Ghost and of courage, and

who meditate upon the word of God, we could lift up the standard of Jesus Christ in this dark city, and the Lord himself would arise and shake terribly the earth. A great many people are always seeing lions in the way. They are always looking for failure. I think that such people hinder the cause of God more than any other. They are in the way. They are of no use themselves, and they take away the power and courage of others. Look at Elijah at Mount Carmel standing up as bold as a lion in the face of all the priests of Baal. He did a great day's work that day. But the very next thing we hear is that a woman sent him a message threatening to kill him, and the poor man was so scared that he fled for his life into the wilderness, and sat down beneath a juniper-tree, and began to pray the Lord to take away his life.

O, my friends, it is a very bad place for God's people under the juniper-tree. What they should do is to come up boldly and face their duty, and not be afraid of men, women, or devils.

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

HERE are two representative men; and I suppose you might divide this audience into the two classes they stand for. One of them trusts in his own righteousness; the other doesn't have any righteousness to trust in, and so he goes to the Lord.

I think this whole community might be divided into Pharisees and Publicans.

Now let us take a look at this Pharisee, whose picture Christ has painted for us. His spirit is very common among certain classes of people. He is all the time measuring himself by his neighbors. He is proud and conceited—thinks he is "not as other men." Ah, my friends, pride is a plant which grows in all sorts of climates and all sorts of soils. It is one of the greatest enemies to the kingdom of Christ. Nebuchadnezzar lost his throne and reason by it; by it Lucifer fell from heaven, for even up among the angels he raised the flag of revolt close by the throne of God. How many people there are who, like this Pharisee, are just living on the forms of religion! If you will only give them the show, they don't care any thing for the substance; just give them the husk, and they don't care for the wheat.

We read that this man stood and prayed "with himself." That is a queer way to pray. He stood up there and stretched himself, and said, "God, I thank thee that

I am not as other men;" and this, too, while the angels in heaven were vailing their faces, and crying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!" But this man is full of himself. He goes on to tell God all about his goodness, as if God didn't know him better than he knew himself. Just listen to him. "I fast twice in the week." His Church only told him to fast once, so, you see, he is laying God under obligation to him by fasting twice as much as is necessary. "I give tithes of all that I possess." O yes, he thought a great deal of himself for that! just as some people think a great deal of themselves for their gifts to the cause of religion in these days. I have no doubt there are some people who say, "O yes, I will give something toward that Tabernacle and those meetings. They are very good things for common people, but then, of course, they are not of any use to me."

"O yes, I will give you fifty dollars for your Church if you will be sure to put my name in the newspapers."

Many a man gives his money patronizingly, and thinks he is doing something for God; but God doesn't know any thing about such gifts; he never writes down any such credits in the book of life.

There is another curious thing about this man's prayer. There isn't any confession of sin in it, because the man doesn't think he has any sins to confess. Still more, the man doesn't ask for any thing; he is so well satisfied with himself that he is wholly taken up with talking to the Lord about his righteousness. He has every thing he wants.

It seems to me that was a very prayerless prayer. He said a prayer, but he didn't pray any.

Now take a good look at this Pharisee, and see who he is like. His prayer has thirty-four words in it, and there are nine great capital I's. If he prayed as long as some people do, and put in "I's" in proportion, the printer would have to go and borrow some capital "I's" if he wanted to set it up. If you have such a man in your Churches you find him always ready to pray when the minister asks him, but it is always a cold prayerless prayer, that puts every body to sleep. There is many a man in your Churches who, if they got a look at themselves in God's looking-glass, would find themselves very much like this Pharisee.

Now take a look at the other man. His prayer is short; there isn't a capital "I" in it. "God be merciful to"——some other sinner? "God be merciful to" ——that Church member who has wronged me? "God be merciful to"——that hypocrite over there? *No*, "God be merciful to ME, *a sinner!*" He wouldn't so much as lift up his eyes to heaven, but that didn't hinder his lifting up his heart to God. He smites his breast, and says he is a sinner. Mr. Spurgeon says that the Publican was the soundest theologian of the two. He was like David, who prayed, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity." If God washes away our iniquities the devil cannot find one spot in us.

A great many people are trying to wash away their own iniquities, but it never does any good. Take the case of Elijah. He was in great trouble there under the juniper-tree, and the Lord comes to him, and says, "Elijah, what's the matter?" "O," says he, "I have been

very jealous for thy name; now every thing is going wrong, and I wish I might die." Now you can see he was not so jealous for his God's name as he was for his own name, for, when the Lord asks him what is the matter, he goes right to talking about himself. Ah, my friends, what we want is to get these capital "I's" out of the way. We have been praying that God will search us and try us and see if there be any wicked way in us. Now let us be honest. Are we willing to know the sin that is in us, and when God shows it to us are we ready to put it away? These are solemn times. We begin to see the secret things in our hearts. The Holy Spirit reveals them, and we begin to have a conscience on matters that were out of sight before.

You remember the Temple of Jerusalem. There was the outer court, the court of the Gentiles. Any one might go there, but if he wished to go further he must go as one of God's people. There were sacrifices and sin-offerings to be made, and purifyings with water, and white robes; and then there was the holy of holies, into which only the high-priest might enter, and he but once a year. We are praying God to take us into the holy place, but first we have need to be purified by the sin-offering which Christ has made for us.

This heart-searching is a tender thing. The flesh shrinks from it. If there is covetousness in us, or pride, or if we have evil habits; if we are guilty of light and trifling conduct or foolish conversation and jesting; if there be *any* evil way in us, let the Holy Spirit show it to us, even though it prostrates us in the dust before him.

There is a leaky ship at sea. The captain finds her settling down deeper in the water and laboring heavily, and he sends a man down into the hold to look for the leak; but he doesn't find it, and reports that every thing is all right. But it isn't all right, and if the leak cannot be found there is nothing to be done but to take her into port, put her into the dry-dock, and give her a thorough overhauling. So with men. You who have secret sins, who are worldly-minded, who neglect family and secret prayer, who are settling down deeper and deeper into the life of sin, whose family and business partners do not recognize your Christian character, and who dare not speak of Christ to your neighbors for fear of being called a hypocrite, you want a thorough overhauling by the power of the Holy Spirit.

We read that our God is a consuming fire. This day is the anniversary of the great fire. Five years ago to-night the fire swept across the river at the place where this Tabernacle stands, and burned up the wood and the stone, and melted the iron of these rows of great buildings—burned every thing that could be burned. So let the fire of God sweep across our souls and burn up all the dross of our natures and cleanse us from all our sins!

In one of our meetings a man got up to speak whom I didn't know at first. When I lived here he used to be a rumseller, but he afterward broke up his business and went to the mountains and I lost track of him. He and his partners opened a grand billiard hall, and, of course, there was a bar in it. It was one of the most magnificent billiard halls on the West Side, all elegantly gilded and

frescoed. When they got ready to open it they sent me an invitation to be present. So the day before they opened I went around and saw them, and asked them if they were willing to allow me to bring a friend with me. They inquired who it was. I told them it was the friend who always went with me every-where. Then they began to mistrust me, and tried to make me tell who my friend was, and I told them it was the Lord; and that if I saw any thing wrong on that occasion I should want to speak to him of it.

"See here now, Moody," said they, "we aint going to have any praying."

"But," said I, "you gave me an invitation to your opening, and I am coming, and am going to bring my friend with me."

"But we don't want you to come now, anyhow."

"Ah! but I am coming," said I.

Well, after I found we couldn't agree upon it, I said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. We will compromise this matter, if you will kneel down here now while I pray for both of you." So I kneeled down, with a rum-seller on each side of me, and prayed for them. It turned out that one of them had a praying mother, and the prayer touched his heart. I asked God to bless the souls of these men, and to spoil their business; and in a few months, sure enough, their business failed, and one of these men went away to the Rocky Mountains.

When he came back he stood up in that meeting and gave me an account of himself something like this. Life had become a burden to him out there in the mountains. He had lost all his money, and made up his mind to

kill himself. With this terrible thought in view he went to a lonely place in the mountains, took out his knife, and was just going to plunge it into his heart, when he heard a voice—it seemed to him it was the voice of his dead mother—saying to him over again the words which he had heard her say when she was dying, "John, if ever you get into trouble, pray to God."

The knife dropped from his hand. He didn't know how to pray, but this Publican's prayer came into his head: so he kneeled there upon the ground, with his heart broken over his sin and sorrow, and cried out in the bitterness of his soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

The Lord heard his prayer, and blessed him. Just the moment he cried for mercy he got it.

What a glorious thing it would be if every soul here would lift up this Publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

THERE had been a great many prophets and wonderful men under the Old Testament dispensation, but John was the last.

He dressed like Elijah, his preaching was very much in Elijah's style; he was, in fact, in a great many respects, very much like that prophet. A great many people talk about sensational preaching, but there never was such a sensational preacher as John the Baptist. He shook the whole world. He got hold of the Pharisees, those people who live on church forms, denying the power, and I tell you those are the hardest people to reach—harlots and drunkards are much more easily converted.

I used to think I should have liked to live in the days of the prophets, but I have gotten over that. Whenever a prophet bursts out on a nation you must know that every thing is in the worst condition that it can be; every thing is chaos and confusion, and the people have turned away from God. So I would rather live when there are no prophets, because many of those men who were sent from God to bring the nation back to him were stern men, men of iron will and resolution. Jesus and John, in comparison with all the great men that have gone before, are like the sun and moon in comparison with the stars. There never was such a man as John the Baptist, except the Lord Jesus himself.

It is evident that the people believed in him. He prac-

ticed what he preached, and they believed what he said. Whenever you find a man doing that, casting out self and believing in Jesus down in his own heart, the people will believe him, and flock to hear him. The great trouble with many of us is, we say a great deal that we don't mean. John didn't want, and wouldn't receive, honor from men; he simply delivered his message. The result was, that the Spirit of God rested upon him, and God used him to do a great work.

I notice one thing about his preaching. Up to the time that Christ came he was all the time crying, "Repent! Repent!" In view of his power and influence, there was a splendid chance for John to become an antichrist; but he was true to his mission. He never sought great things for himself, but simply performed the work that God gave him to do. The reason there are so few to-day that God can use is, because men are seeking great things for themselves. This man was emptied of self. Ambition was out of sight with him; but he proclaimed the message as God had given it: he didn't care what people said, but just told the Pharisees plainly what he thought of them.

But not only did he cry "repent;" he told of the coming of Messiah. You may preach repentance as long as you like, but if you don't preach a deliverance—if you do not preach Christ as coming to set men free—you will do very little good. The nation is now crying "reform." I don't know how long they are going to continue that cry; they have kept it up ever since I remember; but there will be no true reform until Christ gets into our politics. Men are all naturally bad, and cannot reform

until the Reformer gets into their hearts. John preached Christ to come, and I suppose that was the reason why he drew such immense crowds. He preached himself down and preached Christ up; and that is what every minister ought to do. He said to the people, "I am nothing." The great trouble with most of us is, that we think ourselves something; we have got so much dignity and position to keep up that the God of heaven cannot use us.

[Mr. Moody then gave a vivid description of the baptism of our Lord, and proceeded:] John said twice that he knew him not, and I suppose it was the Spirit of God that revealed the fact that his Master was before him. As they came out of the water after the baptism, there came a voice from the throne saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

So you see God the Father believed in the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Some Bible students tell us that that was the first time that God the Father had spoken since Eden. For four thousand years he could not look down and say he was well pleased, because the sons of Adam were sinful and disobedient; but there was One to come who would prove obedient, and of him God said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." And shall not we be pleased with him? If God owned him as his Son, shall we be ashamed to own him as our Saviour?

After this remarkable event John's preaching was entirely changed. He preached all his sermons from one text, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." And that is the way to bring about repentance—get sinners to look to Christ.

I should judge from John iii, 26, that some of the Baptist's disciples got a little jealous of Jesus; but there was no room in John's heart for jealousy. Thank God for such a man! Thank God the world has had one man so full of the Holy Spirit that there was no room in him for jealousy, ambition, or self!

In the seventh of Luke we find John sending his disciples to learn if Jesus was the true Christ. I think John is misrepresented here. It may be that he had wavered because he was shut up in prison, and Christ had not come to see him; but it seems to me that his disciples could not understand the two men, there was so much difference between John and Jesus. John was given to fasting; he wouldn't be seen at a Publican's feast. He denounced them; he was the representative of the law, and that was what the law always did; but Jesus Christ came to bring grace and truth. The disciples, however, couldn't understand this; but, if John wavered, it was quite unlike him. Some think that Christ did not treat John right in leaving him in the prison; but the fact was, John's work was finished. He belonged to the old dispensation; the new one was to commence, and he might as well be in heaven as down here. But we find that, although Christ did not visit John in prison, he paid him the highest tribute that was ever paid to mortal man. He said of him, "Among those that are born of women, there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist." Luke vii, 28.

BARABBAS.

I HAVE often thought what a night Barabbas must have spent just before the day when Christ was crucified

As the sun goes down, he says to himself, "To-morrow — only to-morrow — and I must die on the cross! They will hang me up before a crowd of people; they will drive nails through my hands and feet; they will break my legs with bars of iron; and in that awful torture I shall die, and go up to the judgment with all my crimes upon me."

Maybe they let his mother come to see him once more before dark. Perhaps he had a wife and children, and they came to see him for the last time. He couldn't sleep at all that night. He could hear somebody hammering in the prison-yard, and knew they must be making the cross. He would start up every now and then, thinking he heard the footsteps of the officers coming for him. At last the light of the morning looks in through the bars of his prison. "To-day—this very day—they will open that door and lead me away to be crucified!"

Pretty soon he hears them coming. No mistake this time. They are unbarring the iron door. He hears them turning the key in the rusty lock. The door swings open; there are the soldiers. Good-by to life and hope! Death, horrible death, now—and, after death—what will there be then?

The officer of the guard speaks to him: "Barabbas, you

are free!" He hears the strange words, but they make no impression on him. He is so nearly dead with fear and horror that the good news doesn't reach him. He hears it, but thinks it is a foolish fancy, or that he is asleep and dreaming. He stands gazing a moment at the soldiers, and then he comes to himself. "Don't laugh at me! Don't make sport of me! Take me away and crucify me; but don't tear my soul to pieces!"

Again the officer speaks: "*You are free!* Here, the door is open; go out, go home!"

Now he begins to take in the truth; but it is so wonderful a thing to get out of the clutches of the Roman law that he is afraid to believe the good news. And so he begins to doubt, and ask how it can be. They tell him that Pilate promised the Jews the release of one prisoner that day, and that the Jews have chosen him instead of one Jesus of Nazareth, who was condemned to be crucified.

Now the poor man begins to weep. This breaks his heart. He knows this Jesus. He was in the crowd picking pockets when Jesus fed the five thousand hungry people.

"What! that just man to die, and I, a thief, a highwayman, a murderer, go free!" In the midst of his joy his heart breaks at the thought of being saved at such a cost.

Sinner, that is the Gospel. Christ died for you, "the just for the unjust." Come out of your prisons; throw away the chains of sin. You were justly condemned, but Jesus died to save you. Let your heart break in penitence: weep tears of love and joy.

THE WORLDLY WISE MAN.

MR. MOODY, having been requested by some members of the Board of Trade to preach a sermon to the business men, took for his subject the life and death of the rich man mentioned by the Saviour in the twelfth chapter of Luke. In spite of a severe storm, with the thermometer four degrees below zero, an audience of about four thousand people assembled at the Tabernacle, in which the business men of Chicago were very largely represented. After reading the Scripture lesson from Luke xii, Mr. Moody said:—

I WANT to call your attention for a few minutes this evening to the man we have been reading about.

You will see that he was what we would call a successful business man; one whom worldly fathers and mothers might hold up to their sons as a model. He seems also to have been a moral man. I don't think he was a drunkard. There is nothing in the story that leads us to suppose he was dishonest. He didn't make his money by getting up "corners" on grain, or by letting out money at twenty or thirty per cent. interest. He didn't operate in stocks, and ruin ever so many people on some "Black Friday," or make money by bets on the elections. He didn't go into bankruptcy, and compromise with his creditors by paying them fifty cents on the dollar; but, so far as we learn, he got his money honestly. There is nothing whatever in the Bible against his business character. I don't suppose he rented buildings for billiard halls, or saloons, or brothels, or took advantage of any body in trade. He made his money by farming, and that is about the most honest way of doing it.

People called him a shrewd, long-headed man. I have no doubt his neighbors held him in high esteem, and perhaps they were thinking of sending him to Congress.

If you had spoken to this man about his soul he would have told you he was overwhelmed with business, and had no time to think of such things. Maybe he would have quoted Scripture to you and said, "Not slothful in business;" but probably he would have left out the rest of that verse, as people so often do, namely, "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

A man came out here once from the East, and one of our Chicago ministers asked him to preach in his pulpit: which he did, from this text, "Not slothful in business," but he went no further. After he had got through with his sermon, the minister said to him, "Chicago doesn't need any of that kind of preaching; we have all got that doctrine deep down in our souls: what we want is to be taught how we may become "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Undoubtedly this man moved in the best society. He had the best farm in all that section of country, and the best horses and cattle. If he had lived in Illinois he would have had all the fine Short-horn and Alderney stock, and all the best kinds of farming machinery. No doubt he lived in a very good house, and had large and convenient barns and other out-buildings: so that, altogether, he would be regarded as a very successful man.

It may be there were revival meetings in his neighborhood, but he was always too busy to go. One of the greatest revivals that ever took place occurred in those days under John the Baptist, and, perhaps, this great

revivalist preached not far from his farm, but he couldn't leave his business to attend. He saw the crowds of people going by, on their way to the banks of the Jordan to hear this great preacher; but perhaps he thought they were fanatics.

No doubt he belonged to the synagogue, and believed in the doctrines of his sect; but he didn't believe in innovations. He had no faith in any of these irregular means of grace, and didn't care any thing about hearing that wilderness preacher. It is quite possible that he heard about the Galilean prophet healing the sick, raising the dead, and casting out devils; just as he is doing now for these poor drunkards in Chicago; but I can seem to hear him say, like a great many of our business men here, "O, it is only a nine days' wonder; only an excitement; it will all be over pretty soon."

There is no doubt he lived in fine style; had the best wines on his table; used to send down to Egypt for the clothes for himself and family; drove a fine four-in-hand, and was pointed out as a most popular and prosperous gentleman.

If any one owed him a debt he looked sharp after him and made him pay it up; but all the while, though he thought himself so sharp, the devil was cheating him out of his soul.

If a friend came to see him he would take him around his farm, show him his land, his barns, and his storehouses; point out this one and that one which he was going to pull down and make larger; tell him how he was once a poor boy, and how his father died, and how the creditors came and took every thing, and how he com-

menced life with nothing, and had worked his own way up to this respectable position; and his friend would go away almost envying him, and saying he was a most remarkable man. But the trouble with him was, he was only living for this world; life with him reached only just from the cradle to the grave. He didn't take death and eternity into his plans.

There is a proverb which says, "In every man's garden there is a sepulcher," but he didn't remember death or judgment. All his schemes and plans were for this side the grave; the future was a mystery to him, and so he lived for the present.

I can see him there in the parlor of his elegant mansion. It is midnight; the architect has been there, and he has been discussing plans for his new barns. He is going to have the finest barns in all Palestine. But while he is looking over the plans, all alone, his family all gone to bed, the doors all locked, a stranger lays his hand on the latch. In spite of the double locks, and bolts, and bars, he enters, walks up to the man, lays his hand on him, and says, "Come, I must take you away."

"Who are you? what is your name?" asks the rich man, in great terror.

"Death."

Ah, Death ought not to have been a stranger to him. He had seen funerals enough; perhaps he had acted as pall-bearer, and had heard many funeral sermons. He is fifty years old, and he ought to have known and been prepared to meet death by that time.

The man tries to bribe Death to let him stay a little longer. He wants to carry out his plans; he wants at

least to arrange his will. But no: Death cannot be bribed. You may bribe politicians and officers of the law, but you can't bribe Death.

The next morning he is found dead in his chair. Then there is great surprise and sorrow. Two days after there is a fine, imposing funeral; and some minister, like some of the ministers in these days, comes and pronounces a eulogy over him, and hopes he has gone to a better world. O these lying funeral sermons! How men try to make out that a godless life can be followed by a death in the Lord, and a free admittance into the kingdom of heaven!

His friends and relations try to make out that he has been a wise and successful man, but just see what the Son of God says about him:—

"Thou fool!"

That was his true epitaph, and it has been handed down to us for a warning.

I can imagine some of you saying, "If I had known that Moody would have talked about death to-night I wouldn't have come out to hear him. Why don't he talk about life, about happiness? Why don't he tell us how to get on in business? how to get through with the battle of life?"

I will tell you why I talk about death. It is because nine out of every ten die unexpectedly. We are all of us pretty well acquainted with Death. He comes into all our homes, and yet when he comes again we are always unprepared for him. I am speaking here to-night to some who may be in eternity to-morrow. I come to tell you to be prepared for death. Is it not downright

folly to spend your lives in piling up wealth, and then to die as this man died, and have this same epitaph written against you?

Let me call your attention to the fact that the sin of this man was simply neglect. There is no evidence that his business was wrong, but he neglected his soul for the sake of his business. Some of you may say to yourselves, "Am I not kind to the poor? Am I not honorable in all my transactions? Don't I always pay a hundred cents on the dollar?" Yes, but you are dishonest to your own soul. You fold your arms and depend upon your own good deeds, and don't come to Jesus Christ for salvation.

My friends, there are only three steps down the hill to perdition; they are, first: *to neglect;* second, *to refuse;* third, *to despise.* All of you who are out of Christ in this audience are standing on some one of these three steps of the ladder. You can all of you see that if a man neglects his business, and leaves it to itself, he will soon become a bankrupt. If a man neglects his health, he will become an invalid. It is just as true that if a man neglects his soul he will be lost.

A sailor was telling a man that his father, and his grandfather, and his great grandfather, were all drowned at sea.

"Why don't you prepare to die, then?" was the answer. "You may be drowned, too, any day."

"Where did your father die?" inquired the sailor.

"He died on the land."

"And your grandfather?"

"On the land."

"And your great grandfather?"

"On the land, too."

"And are you prepared to die?" asked the sailor.

"Well, no; I cannot say I am."

"Then why don't you get prepared?" said the sailor: "it seems that people die on land just as well as on the sea."

I can imagine some of you saying, "I have got time enough. I don't propose to settle this question just yet. I have a good many years before me." My friend, let us imagine that we go to the cemetery in Graceland and summon up the dead; or let us bring them into this hall in the midst of this audience, with their ghastly winding-sheets. You would find that most of them died young. Whole generations, whole populations, are swept into eternity before they reach the allotted age of man. Instead of threescore years and ten, the average age is only about thirty years.

Dear friends, you may not hear my voice again. I may be speaking to you for the last time. You may never come into the Tabernacle again, and I beg of you, as a friend and a brother, don't go out without salvation. May God wake up every soul here to-night, and when death comes to summon you, may you go to triumph over the grave, and so enter into a glorious immortality!

THE INCURABLES.

THE first of these "Incurables" was that wild man who lived among the tombs. He was the terror of all the women and children for ten miles round, and a good many of the men besides. They had tried to bind him even with chains, but he tore off the bands as Samson did the green withes and new ropes. He was absolutely *full* of devils; but when Christ comes to him he has only to speak the word and the legion of devils is cast out.

The cure of this maniac made a great excitement all over that country, not so much because the poor man was freed from Satanic influence and made sane, as because of the loss of that great herd of swine that the devils got into and drowned.

It seems to me that is just the case with a great many people in Chicago—they are more interested in swine than in salvation. You let the price of pork go up tomorrow, and there would be a much greater excitement over it than there is over all the sinners who are getting converted at the Tabernacle.

After the man is cured he wants to follow Christ—wants to be with him—is ready to follow him to the end of the earth; but Christ sends him home.

I can imagine the children see him coming, and they run to tell their mother, "O, mother, mother, father is coming!"

"Is he? Run and fasten all the doors and windows! Quick!"

They are all afraid of him. When he has been there before he has acted like a madman; broken the chairs, tipped over the tables, dashed the furniture about, driven his wife out of doors, and nearly frightened the children to death. Now they fasten him out, and the children hide behind their mother's dress and listen.

Hark! he knocks at the door; but they dare not let him in. He tries the door and finds it fastened. Then he calls, "Mary! Mary!"

"Why," says his wife, "that sounds as his voice used to when I first married him! What can have happened to him?" Then she goes to the door, and says softly, "James, is that you?"

"Yes, Mary. I have come home; you needn't be afraid of me any more. I am in my right mind now."

The woman opens the door just a little; looks into his eyes; sees that he is gentle and kind. Then she throws it wide open, and springs into his arms, weeping for joy, and saying, "O James! James! what has happened to you?"

"Jesus of Nazareth cast all the devils out of me, and then sent me home to you all safe and well," answers the man.

"Who is this Jesus that you say has cured you?" asked his wife.

"Jesus—did you never hear of him? He is the great Galilean prophet; the people think he is the Christ. He goes all about healing sick folks, and casting out devils from people just like me. Only the other day he opened

the eyes of a man who was born blind. You must go and see him, Mary, and take the children, and hear the wonderful words he speaks. Maybe he would take up Johnny and Sarah in his arms, and bless them, as he did some other little children."

I see them talking together of the great joy that has come to them through this Jesus of Nazareth, and I am sure they love him very much in that household for what he has done for them. Pretty soon the children begin to get confidence in their father, and one after another they steal up to him and climb up into his arms; and now all that broken-hearted family are united once more. He kisses them all, hugs them, and tells them how glad he is to get back to them.

Then after a little they run out to see their playmates, shouting—

"Papa is come! Papa is come! And he is good and gentle like your papa. Jesus did it! Jesus did it!"

Ah, my friends, Jesus is the great deliverer.

I like to think of him as a physician who can cure every thing. He never lost a patient, and that is more than the most skilled doctors in Chicago can say.

The next case is of a poor woman who has spent all her living on physicians, and none of them have done her any good. She has been up to the Jerusalem doctors, and, perhaps, she has been down to Memphis, in Egypt, to see the doctors there. They have got all her money, and they haven't done her any good, but rather have made her worse. She has given up all hope long ago.

But one day a neighbor comes in to see her, and says, "Have you heard of Jesus of Nazareth, who is curing so many sick people just with a word?"

"No," says the sick woman, "I haven't."

"Why, they say he cured a man at the pool of Bethesda the other day who had been sick for thirty-eight years. Another man was sick of the palsy at Capernaum, and they let him down through the roof into the midst of the crowd, right before Jesus; and as soon as he saw it he told the man to rise, and sure enough he got right up, slung his bed over his shoulder and started off for home, sound and well. He is the greatest physician that ever was seen in this country."

"What does he charge?" asks the woman. That is an important point with her, for she has spent all her money long ago.

"Nothing at all. He cures for nothing; the poor as well as the rich."

"Well," says the sick woman, "if he ever comes into these parts, I will try to go and see him."

A few days after she hears that he is in the neighborhood, and she puts on her old shawl and an old sunbonnet—she is so poor that she hasn't any good clothes—and starts to go and see Jesus.

"Now, mother, don't be going off after any more doctors," says one of her daughters. "You know you have tried ever so many and they only made you worse." But she turns a deaf ear to them. A new hope has sprung up in her heart, and she wants to be cured.

But there is one difficulty she has not thought of—the crowd. There is an immense crowd round the Master,

and she has hard work to get at him at all. Great strong men elbow her back, and people say to her, "Don't crowd so. Don't you think other people want to be near him as well as you?"

But she doesn't seem to hear them. Maybe they think she is deaf. She pushes on till she is within reach of the Saviour's garment, and then out comes that thin hand from under that shawl, and — O joy! joy! she is healed.

There was more medicine in the hem of Christ's garment than in all the apothecary shops in Jerusalem.

In the first chapter of Mark there is an account of Christ healing a leper. I can see that man coming home one day, and saying to his wife, "I feel very strange; there is something on my body which looks like leprosy."

This is terrible news. His wife looks at him carefully, and says, "My dear, I am afraid it is leprosy!"

Ah, what a cloud comes over that home. His wife and children are heart-broken all at once. They know very well what the leprosy means. He who is once pronounced a leper becomes a wanderer forever. It is worse than going down to the grave. It is like living in a sepulcher. Banished from home and from society, compelled whenever any one approaches to cry, "Unclean! unclean!" with nothing to occupy himself except his own misery. Ah! indeed, it is a terrible thing to be a leper!

The poor man takes his little son in his arms, kisses

his wife, and all the rest of his heart-broken family, and then he goes to the high-priest, who pronounces him a leper, and banishes him from amongst mankind. Perhaps some one goes to tell him that his child is sick, or dying, but he cannot go to him; he hears that he is dead, but he cannot go to the funeral; all he can do is to go to the grave when nobody else is near.

By and by the Son of God comes along the road by which the miserable man is begging. He has heard of this Jesus of Nazareth, and when he comes within earshot he cries out to him, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean!"

And Jesus says, "I will; be thou clean!"

All at once a thrill of health and joy goes through the man's body and nerves; he feels himself a new creature. The old leprosy has passed away, and all his life has become new. He can hardly believe it is himself for joy. His flesh is like the flesh of a little child.

I can see him starting at a full run to show himself to the priest, and be pronounced clean, and be permitted to go to his home and his kindred again.

O what joy there is in that house when he comes and tells them he has met the Lord, and the Lord has cleansed him! Very much such kind of joy as there is in many homes these days, when wild and wicked sons who were lost in sin, and full of vice and degradation, and have met the Lord at some of these inquiry meetings, have gone to tell their mothers that they have been saved by believing in Jesus.

Ah, my friends, the leprosy of sin is worse than any other leprosy that ever was in this world. It spoiled

Lucifer, one of the brightest of the angels in heaven, and yet there are those who cling to their sins, and refuse to let the Saviour cleanse them away.

Look at that maniac boy; his father and mother have brought him to the disciples, and asked them to cast the devil out of him. The poor fellow has been tormented with devils all his life: they have tortured and twisted him out of all shape; they have plagued his mind worse than his body; they have wrought all manner of terrible mischief with him—thrown him into the fire, and into the water, so that his father and mother are utterly broken-hearted over him.

But they have heard that Jesus of Nazareth has power to heal the sick and cast out devils, and some of their friends have told them about the man who was in the tombs whom he had saved from his madness. So they bring the boy where they suppose they will find the Saviour, but when they come Jesus is not there: he is away on the Mount of Transfiguration.

"Well," says the father, "since the Master is away, I think we might try some of the disciples; maybe they can do something for him."

So they bring him to Thomas, and ask him if he thinks he can do any thing for the poor fellow. Thomas is not quite certain about it. It seems to be a bad case, and he doesn't quite like to undertake it; his faith is not quite up to the point of taking hold of such a devil as that. He has cured some easy cases, but whether he will be able to do any good now is more than he can tell.

He watches the boy in a fit of his terrible agony, and then he musters all the faith and courage he has, and tells the devils to come out.

The devils only laugh at him, and torment the boy worse than ever. Then he calls Matthew, and Bartholomew, and some of the rest of them, and they all try their hands on him, but the devils are stronger than all of them when the Master is away. So the poor boy lies there, wallowing and foaming, all the worse because of the efforts these men are making to drive the devils out.

Pretty soon the Master himself comes back, along with Peter, James, and John, and when he hears about it, he looks sorrowfully at those disciples who had failed to cure the lad, and he says, "Bring him to me."

The devils know their time has come now, and they torture the poor boy, and throw him down, and put him into agony; but the moment the Lord lays eyes upon him, he tells them to depart.

The devils always obey when Christ speaks to them. The father thinks the boy is dead, but the Saviour lifts him up, and gives him to him alive, and he goes home happier than words can tell, because Christ has saved his afflicted boy.

My friends, you who are fathers and mothers, you ought to be encouraged by this to bring your children to Christ. Some of your sons are breaking your hearts and rushing down to death and hell. They have not yet lost their reason, but if they were to die as they are now they certainly would lose their souls. Many a father has a worse son than that boy the disciples couldn't cure. I would rather have my son deaf and dumb, and suffer-

ing all manner of tortures, than that he should go down to a drunkard's grave!

The parents of this boy carry their son to the disciples, but they can do nothing for him. There is no use of your depending upon any man, or any Church, to save the souls of your children. What you must do with them is to bring them to the Master himself.

There is one point in this story that I want you especially to notice. The father, when he came to Christ, said, "*If* thou canst do any thing, have compassion on us and help us." Jesus immediately replies by putting the "if" where it belongs, and says, "*If* thou canst believe; all things are possible to him that believeth."

There is no lack of power in Christ, but there is a terrible lack of faith in us, and the thing for us to do is just what the father of this boy did. We feel that our faith is too little, but we can pray as he prayed, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief!" And when the Lord helps our faith, so that we are able to take hold upon him for ourselves and for our children, then comes life, and health, and grace.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

THINK of that poor widow at Nain! She is an old woman now; and her only son, who is the staff of her life, is sick. How she watches him! sits up all night to see that he has his medicine at the right time; sits by his bedside all day, fanning him, keeping away the flies, and moistening his parched lips with water! Every thing he asks for she brings. The very best doctor in Nain is sent for, and when he comes and feels the pulse of the young man, and looks at his tongue, he shakes his head; and then the poor woman knows there is no hope.

I can hear her say, "My son, my only son, must die! What will become of me, then?"

Sure enough, the doctor is right; in a little while the fever comes to its crisis, and the poor boy dies, with his head upon his mother's bosom. The people come in to try to comfort the poor woman, but it is of no use. Her heart is broken. She wishes she were dead too.

They make him ready for burial, and when the time comes they celebrate the funeral service, and then put him on the bier to carry him away to the grave.

Just as they come out of the city gates they see a little company of thirteen dusty-looking travelers coming up the road. There is One among them tall and fair; fairer than the sons of men.

He is moved with compassion when he sees this little funeral procession, and it doesn't take him long to find

out that that woman who walks next the bier is a poor widow, whose only son she is following to his grave. So he tells the bearers to put down the bier; and while the mother wonders what is to be done he bends tenderly over the dead man and speaks to him in a low, sweet voice,—"Arise!"

The dead man hears him.

He is struggling with his grave-clothes! They unbind them and set him free. He leaps off the bier, remembers that he had been dead; catches a sight of his mother; takes her in his arms, kisses her again and again; and then he turns to look at the stranger who has wrought this miracle upon him. He is ready to do any thing for that man—ready to follow him to the death. But Jesus does not ask that of him. He knows his mother needs him, and so he doesn't take him away to be one of his disciples, but gives him back to his old mother.

I would have liked to see that young man re-entering the city of Nain arm-in-arm with his mother. What do you suppose he said to the people who looked at him with wonder? Wouldn't he confess that Jesus of Nazareth had raised him from the dead? Wouldn't he go every-where declaring what the Lord had done for his dead body?

O how I love to preach Christ, who can stand over all the graves, and say to all the dead bodies, "Arise!" How I pity the poor infidel who has no Christ, and so goes down to a hopeless grave!

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

THE following sketch of the Good Samaritan is taken from Mr. Moody's sermon on the text, "Who is my neighbor?" It forms a part of his list of what may be called Preparatory Discourses—sermons with which he opens his revival campaigns. Their purpose is to awaken the Church to a sense of its privilege and duty, and to prepare Christian workers for the service of the inquiry room. Christian helpfulness and sympathy are themes very precious to Mr. Moody, because so large a portion of his own life and labor has been in this direction.

WE are taught in this chapter that a lawyer once stood up and asked the Lord what he should do to inherit eternal life. Christ answered his question by asking him another, "What is written in the law?" He answered and said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

It would seem that the lawyer wasn't very well satisfied with the Lord's answer, so he asks another question, "Who is my neighbor?" Then Christ tells him this little story of a man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves.

Who our neighbor is is something we have got to find out before we can accomplish much for Christ. The Church has been nearly nineteen hundred years finding out the answer to that question, and very few have found out yet who is their neighbor.

Jerusalem was called the city of peace, God's city; Jer-

icho stood not far from ancient Jericho, the city that Joshua cursed. It was about twenty miles from Jerusalem, and all the way down hill.

This man started from Jerusalem to go down to Jericho, and on his way down he fell among thieves.

A great many have traveled from Jerusalem to Jericho. I think there are some in this audience that will understand what I mean when I say, that this poor fellow fell among thieves. I don't think Jericho is a great ways from here. I think you will find a good many that have been stripped, and wounded, and then left for dead right here in the streets of Boston.

Not less than eight or ten Christians have been to me today and wanted me to set them to work. I looked at them in perfect amazement. People that have been living in Boston for ten or fifteen years want me, a stranger, to set them to work! Why, you will find enough to do without my telling you if you just keep your eyes open. There are a great many men that are waiting for some one to come and help them up. Satan has tripped them. They have fallen among thieves, and they are not only half dead, but many of them are altogether dead in trespasses and sins.

Now, the cases of these three men that Christ mentions here are cited for our profit, so let us take a look at them. The first man was a priest. He belonged to the temple up there in Jerusalem. He was on his way down to Jericho, perhaps on some very important business; maybe they were going to dedicate a new synagogue, and he was on his way down to open the service.

When he gets about ten miles from Jerusalem, as

he is passing along thinking about his sermon, he hears somebody groan. He is in a great hurry, but he turns and looks to see who it is. It was a Jew, not a Samaritan; and I don't doubt but he feels very sorry for him. No doubt he said to himself: "Poor fellow: it was a pity he took this way. He ought to have gone some other way down to Jericho:" or, "He ought not to have been out late at night." Perhaps he's been drinking too much.

Poor fellow, I pity him! thought the man, and then passed along down to Jericho. If he did pity him, he didn't have compassion enough to give him even one kind word. He might have just given him something to rest his dying head upon, or brought him just one drop of water. In that hot country no doubt the man was crying for water: perhaps that was the first cry that fell upon his ears, "Water! water!" for that is usually the first cry of a wounded man; but he was too busy. He couldn't stop even to give him a drop of water. He must attend to his professional duties: so on he went.

The next man who came along was a Levite. He was a deacon, and he did more than the priest, for he did stoop to look at the poor fellow. He gave him a good look; saw he was a Jew; saw he couldn't help himself; saw he was wounded; heard his groans. But his business was also very important, and very pressing. Perhaps he was going down to Jericho to help the priest. Or, maybe, he was going the other way, up to Jerusalem, to attend to some very important duties at the temple. The wounded man might have been his next-door neighbor. He may have said, "I saw him in the temple last Sunday. He has always done all he could to keep up the temple service.

I wish I had time to help him; but I have not. My business is pressing. If I see a policeman on the way I will send him back to look after him; and I think when I get to Jerusalem we will start some society to look after this sort of unfortunates."

There are a great many of that class now. They are willing, if they have a great deal of money, to give a few dollars, but how few are ready to take off their coats and go right into the vineyard and go to work themselves!

He follows in the footsteps of the priest. Perhaps for some ways on he can hear the groans of the dying man, and then he begins to reason with himself what he shall say to that man's wife. If he should see her at the temple on Sabbath she might ask him if he had seen her husband. And those two boys of his. "I know Johnny and Jimmy. They have been watching and waiting for their father to come home, and what will they say if I tell them I met him on the way down to Jericho, wounded and dying."

But he goes on. I don't know how he eased his conscience, but on he went.

Perhaps he hadn't gone but a short distance before he met the Samaritan. He wouldn't speak to that Samaritan: he wouldn't bow to him: he wouldn't look at him: he wouldn't even allow his dog to follow him. He would be cast out of the synagogue if he did.

Now look at that Samaritan. He has got a good face; he is a benevolent-looking man. I can see him coming along, perhaps whistling, or singing, for men who like to do good deeds are generally cheerful. I will guarantee there were not many wrinkles on his brow, even if the Jew did despise him.

All at once he hears the groans of this poor, wounded man. He reins up his horse and stops to listen. He says: "Yes, I hear the groans of a man; that is a human voice." He dismounts, and seeks the man till he finds him, for we are told he came to where he was. We are told the priest and Levite came upon him by chance; but the good Samaritan *came on purpose;* he represents your Master and mine. The Son of God didn't come into this world by chance; God sent him into this world: he came where we sinners were.

Some people tell us—I heard some one not long ago—that if a man was willing to meet God half way God would meet him there, and he would be blessed. Suppose that this is true, how was this poor wounded, dying man going to be saved? Supposing that the good Samaritan had rode up on his horse and said: "Now come, my good friend, jump up here and I will take you to an inn. Come, give me your hand, and I will help you." That wouldn't have helped him any.

"*He came to where he was.*" Now, if there are a hundred steps to be taken before the sinner can meet God, and God should take ninety-nine, and say, "Sinner, take one, and I will save you," he couldn't be saved. Christ comes to where the sinner is. The first thing this good Samaritan did was not to scold him, not to condemn him for coming that way. He didn't begin to appeal to his prejudice and say: "Here, you are a Jew; you are a man who hates us Samaritans; I have a chance now to heap coals of fire on your head, and I will do it." He didn't go at him that way; never said any thing about that old quarrel between the Jews and the Samaritans. He first

poured oil into his wounds. That is what the Gospel does. Then he gave him water, and then a little wine, emblem of joy,) to revive him, and I can imagine he tears off one of the sleeves of his garment to bind up a wound; and then, after he has made him comfortable, he takes him) up in his own strong arms and puts him on his own beast. That is our Gospel, that is what Christ does. He takes him to an inn, leaves some money, and says if the charge is more he will pay it.

Then Christ puts the question to the lawyer: "Which one is neighbor to the man that fell among the thieves?"

The man was convicted right there. He had his eyes opened, and he had to tell the truth, and reply: "He that showed mercy."

Now, my friends, have we got the spirit of the good Samaritan? Are we ready to go out and lift those men out of the gutter? Have we found out who our neighbor is? I don't know but I overdraw the picture when I say this seems to be a good deal like the spirit of the present day. Suppose a Methodist had been down there trying to get that poor fellow on to his beast, and wasn't quite strong enough to lift him up, and a Presbyterian had come along, and the Methodist says, "Help me get him on the beast."

"What are you going to do with him? What Church is he going to join?" asks the Presbyterian.

"I haven't thought of that," says the Methodist. "I am going to save him first."

"I wont do it. I shan't help him till I know what Church he is going to join."

An Episcopal brother comes along and wants to know if he has been confirmed.

"We haven't time to talk about that," says the good Samaritan, "let us save him."

"What inn are you going to take him to?" asks another: "a Congregationalist, Methodist, Baptist, or Episcopal inn?"

Isn't that the spirit of our age? Haven't we a good deal of that spirit in the Church—not ready to help a poor man out of the gutter, because we are not sure he will join our sect? O that God would lift us above that party feeling! It wont take us long to find out who our neighbor is if we read the Gospel aright. We shall find that these men who feel bitter against us and talk against us are our neighbors; and let us go and try to do them good. Satan has deceived them, sin has blinded them, and they don't know the Gospel of Jesus Christ, they don't know the love of God, and if we don't tell them who will? Now, my friends, sha'n't we ask God from the very depths of our hearts to show us who our neighbor is, and then go and try to bring him to God, that he may walk in newness of life?

I am coming to the conclusion, the longer I live, that what this poor perishing world wants is Christians who have sympathy for their fellow-men. Men want compassion more than sermons. As I said the other night, there have been sermons enough preached to convert them. But it is not some fine-written essay, it is not some oratorical effort, that is going to save these men; we want to get out of the pulpit and off these high platforms, and go down among them, and show them we love them, and speak to them a kind word here and there; show them some act of kindness, and convince them that we have a love for

their souls. What we want is a gospel of acts, and not a gospel of resolves and creeds and dogmas. We have had too many of them. We want men who are going to carry out the principles that Christ taught, hunting out the fallen and degraded, and trying to lift them up in the name of our Master. But if we haven't sympathy with them we can't do it. A sermon may be keen, it may be very logical, it may be full of real intellectual power, it may be as sharp and beautiful as an icicle, and just as cold, and if it is, it never will reach the hearts of the people. What we have got to have in our own hearts is sympathy with the Master, and with the people that we want to reach: if we have it, it wont be long before they find it out. You can't reach a man if you have no sympathy with him.

When I was a boy and left home for the first time, and went thirteen miles away—I often think that I never was so far away from home since—I was very lonesome. I had gone into a neighboring town to spend the winter, and to do chores, as we call it in New England, for my board. My older brother had gone to that same town a year before, and as we were walking down the street I was crying, and my brother was trying to cheer me up. Presently we saw an old man coming down the street, and my brother said: "There, there, that man will give you a cent."

"How do you know he will?"

"He gives every new boy that comes to town a cent. He gave me one when I came."

I looked at him and thought he was the best looking man I ever saw. He had long white hair, and he looked

so good as he came along. But I thought he was going by me without saying a word. I think it would have broken my heart if he had, for my brother had raised my hopes so high. When he got right opposite he said: "You are a new boy in town, aren't you?"

My brother was afraid I would lose the cent, so he straightened up, and said: "Yes; came here to-day."

The old man knew my brother and I were fatherless, and so he took my hat off and put his trembling hand on my head, and said I had a Father in heaven who would care for me: and then he gave me a bran new cent.

I don't know what has become of the cent, but I can feel the pressure of the old man's hand on my head to-night. It has followed me all through life. Those kind words didn't cost him much, but they have been a life-long blessing to me. Let us go to those who are fallen, those that have been taken captive by Satan, those that have fallen among thieves and have been stripped and wounded, and let us tell them that the Son of God will have compassion on them, and that he will save them if they will only trust him.

May the God of heaven give us the Spirit of his Son!

SAUL OF TARSUS.

THE next Sunday morning after that on which Mr. Moody gave the portrait of the Prodigal Son there was a very large attendance at the Tabernacle. The revival meeting, which had now been going on for several weeks, had begun to attract much notice throughout the North-west. On this occasion an excursion from Joliet was present, and a similar excursion from Elgin arrived on the following day. Up to this time the average attendance at the meetings was estimated in the "Chicago Tribune" at forty-five thousand people per week. Mr. Moody read a Scripture lesson from the twenty-fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles; and after a solo by Mr. Sankey, entitled "Almost Persuaded," he commenced his sermon as follows:—

YOU remember that last Sunday I had a man for my text; to-night we have another, the man of whom I have been reading.

To my mind the case of Saul of Tarsus is a great deal harder than that of the prodigal son. It didn't take long to convince the prodigal of his duty after he had spent all and began to be in want. Down there among the swine he was at the bottom of the ladder, but up among the Pharisees in Jerusalem Saul of Tarsus was at the top. There couldn't be a more hopeless case. Even Caiaphas, or Pilate, might be converted to Christ easier than Saul. He was a mad persecutor of the Christians, he helped in the murder of Stephen, he was full of zeal and fury, and also full of religion. If any one had told him that he would become a Christian at Damascus how he would have raved about it!

One reason why he was so mad was, that when the dis-

ciples had been scattered from Jerusalem they went everywhere preaching the Gospel of the Son of God, and now the news had come up that some of them had gone down to Damascus and were preaching the Gospel there; and then Saul, breathing out threatenings and slaughter, goes to the chief priests and gets the necessary documents, so that he may bring these heretics, bound, to Jerusalem.

Now this Saul of Tarsus was an upright man. He prayed as long as any other man; he knew all about the law, and kept it; he was blameless as touching the law; and, according to some people in Chicago, he didn't need to be converted at all: he was good enough already. True, he hated Jesus Christ, but so do a great many other men who are honest and pay their debts, and are thought to be good enough without conversion.

I do not think he was a stranger to Christ. It was but three years since Christ's ascension, and Saul must have seen him and known all about his miracles, his death, and his resurrection. He was probably well acquainted with Nicodemus, a member of the Sanhedrin, and with Joseph of Arimathea, who was a prominent man; both of whom were friends of Christ. But he hates Christ, and all who believe in him.

I can see him as he rides out of the city starting for Damascus, one hundred and thirty-six miles distant. He rides through Samaria, but the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans, and so he doesn't speak a word to one of them. Now he comes in sight of the beautiful city, so beautiful, it is said, that Mohammed, when he saw it, would not look at it a second time, lest it should win his heart from the city of the prophet. It is noon; the sun

shines in meridian splendor; but just then there is a blinding light above the brightness of the sun, and the whole company, in amazement, fall from their frightened horses and lie with their faces to the dust.

The Son of God just drew back the cloud and gave one look, and the brightness of his face was so dazzling that they could not bear the sight for an instant. Saul caught one glimpse of it and it made him blind.

Then a voice: "Saul, Saul!" The Son of God knew him by name. He knows every sinner by name; knows where he lives just as well as he knew where Saul was when he sent Ananias to his lodging in Damascus. I hope the Son of God will call sinners here by their names, and that they will hear his voice and be converted, like Saul.

And now this question, "Why persecutest thou me?" What reason could Paul give for persecuting the Son of God?

Some people may think it was hard for the Christians in Damascus to have Saul come down to arrest them, and to bring them bound to Jerusalem, but it was a great deal harder for Saul than for any one else. Christ says to him, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

In that country they used a long stick, with a bit of steel in the end of it, for driving cattle; and sometimes, when the ox was contrary, he would kick back against the piece of steel, striking it into himself. This was the illustration which Christ used to show this stubborn Pharisee that his way was a hard one.

A lady in the inquiry room, the other night, said to me, "It is so easy to sin, and so hard to do right." Now that

is the same as saying that the service of the devil is an easy service, and that God's service is a hard one; but Christ says, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." It is "the way of the transgressor" that "is hard."

Let us take some of the different classes of the devil's servants. Take a harlot: is her life an easy one? It is a short one; only an average of seven years; with shame and sorrow all the time. What memories of the old home, and of mother and sisters, come up to haunt the poor fallen one! Those who flatter her do not love her, and at last she dies in loneliness, and perhaps in want, and is laid in a nameless grave.

Take the drunkard: is his life an easy one? I have a man in my mind whom I tried to warn from the beginning of his evil ways before I went to England. He was only a moderate drinker then, but now he is a sot; his wife has died of a broken heart, his children have been taken from him and placed where he may never see them again, and he is wandering about the streets of Chicago a lost and ruined man.

Take the rumseller. He laughs at these meetings, laughs at the Bible; says there is no hell. I have a man in my mind whose place of business was the curse of a whole community. Fathers and mothers used to beg of him not to sell liquor to their sons, but he only laughed at them. He had a son of his own, of whom he fairly made an idol, and that wretched young man, after coming to be a miserable drunkard, at last found life so hateful that he took a pistol and blew out his own brains. O, rumseller, you who ruin other men's sons, there is a time coming when you will reap what you have sowed! You think

you are safe from the law of man, but God, the God of equity, has a law from which you cannot escape. You ruin the sons of other men, and your sons will be ruined, and you, like this rumseller, will have a miserable end.

Take the fashionable smooth-tongued libertine; your time is coming by and by. If a woman falls she is thrust out of society, while these oily-tongued villainous men are praised and flattered. But there is a God who will judge you, and you will find out soon enough that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

The other night I read a letter from a broken-hearted woman asking me to pray for her husband, who had committed a forgery, and had fled from his home for fear of the penalty of the law. Up in the gallery he sat while I read that sorrowful letter, and after the meeting was over he came to me and confessed his sin. I never pitied a man so in all my life. We prayed together, and the next night he came again, saying, "I feel as if Jesus had forgiven my sin; but I am not my own; I belong to the law. I have made up my mind to go home and give myself up to the officers of justice, and I suppose they will send me to prison for ten years. And now wont you pray for my poor family whose hearts I have broken, and from whom I must be separated by my punishment and disgrace?"

Ah, my friends, that man didn't find it easy to fight against God. It is a thousand times harder to serve the devil than to serve the Lord.

Now all at once we find a great change coming over this man Saul. A few minutes before he was breathing out threatenings and slaughter, and pushing on to Damascus to hunt out and punish the followers of the Galilean prophet;

but now, after this great light has shined round about him, he falls down to the ground, and with a very humble voice he says, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Any of you who don't believe in sudden conversions had better read this ninth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles and find out how long it took to convert Saul of Tarsus.

Now he rises from the earth and goes on his journey, but for an altogether different purpose. I suppose that Ananias was one of the very men whom he was going to hunt out and bring to punishment; now, by the commandment of the Lord, whom he had so terribly hated but half an hour ago, he pushes on for Damascus, and that same Ananias is sent to open his eyes. It may be Ananias was rather doubtful about going to this man—perhaps he didn't believe in sudden conversions either—but the Lord had told him to go, and when he went he found Saul had become an inquirer.

What a curious experience it must have been for that raging persecutor, Saul of Tarsus, to go staggering along in his blindness, led like a little child to Damascus. Now Ananias speaks to this terrible man and says, "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost," and immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales, and he received sight forthwith; and *straightway*, the account goes on to tell us, he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God.

How amazed those Damascus Christians must have been to hear this man preaching the Gospel of Christ, and

confounding the Jews who did not believe in Jesus. I suppose they had received letters from their brethren in Jerusalem telling them to look out, for the terrible Saul of Tarsus was coming down to make trouble for them. Perhaps they had some prayer-meetings while he was on the road, to ask the Lord to save them from the hands of this terrible persecutor of the Church, and when he comes, behold he is on their side!

Some time afterward Saul goes up to Jerusalem. At first the brethren there didn't have any faith in him, but after awhile Barnabas takes him and introduces him, and tells them all about how he has been converted; and after awhile they receive him as one of their company, and from this time he is one of the very foremost men in defending the Church he used to despise. Before long we hear of him suffering persecution for the sake of the Lord Jesus. He starts out on a preaching tour, and pretty soon we hear of him in the Philippian jail.

Now what a terrible commotion there would be if some one of the Christians of these days should be scourged and thrust into prison for being a disciple of the Lord Jesus!

O, Saul, you don't find it so easy to preach the Gospel after all. Now see the trouble you are in. What are you going to do about it?

"Do? This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, . . . I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

They take him and stone him, and leave him for dead; but after the mob has all gone away, I seem to see this Paul coming to himself, sitting up and rubbing his eyes;

after a little he realizes the situation, and stands up and leans against the city wall, and looks about him.

Now, Paul, haven't you had enough of it? This preaching the Gospel is no easy matter; what are you going to do now?

"Do?" says the man, with the blood running down all over his face, "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, . . . I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Not long afterward the Jews get hold of him and scourge him.

Do you know what that Roman scourge was? Well, I will tell you. The Roman scourge was made by braiding little pieces of sharp steel in the lash of a whip, and this they used on the bare back.

Poor man! I seem to see him standing there bending over to receive the terrible scourge. A stout Roman soldier stands over him, and swings the steel-braided lash, bringing it down on his quivering flesh.

What an outcry there would be if any of us received one such stroke as that; but Paul receives forty such stripes, save one, and when they lead him away the little man is nearly dead with pain and loss of blood.

Ah, Paul, this is hard work, preaching the Gospel! What are you going to do now?

"Do?" "This one thing I do: forgetting those things which are behind, . . . I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

There is a man for you! Stoning, and scourgings, and prisons, were all the same to him, so that he might win Christ.

The last we see of him is in that prison at Rome. In a few days he is to be led out to execution. Nero has condemned him to death. So he takes a piece of paper and writes a letter to his son Timothy:—

"Good-bye, Timothy. Keep on preaching; preach the word; hold fast that whereunto thou hast attained. As for me, I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord shall give me in that day."

In a few days afterward they take him out to the place of execution; the ax falls on his neck, and his head rolls down into the dust. But there is one of the Lord's chariots waiting for his soul; and now that he is delivered from his poor little aching body, he leaps into it and sweeps upward through the sky, and into the gates of the New Jerusalem.

There are a great many people who know him there, and through all these eighteen hundred years there are souls coming up to glory and giving him new joy over the work which he did for Christ.

"Paul, I thank you for that Epistle to the Romans," says one; "it was the means of bringing me to Christ."

"Paul, I thank you for that sermon on Mars' Hill," says another; "that saved me from my worship of the unknown God."

"Paul, I thank you for that Epistle to the Corinthians; it gave me victory over the grave."

"Paul, I thank you for that Epistle to the Thessalonians; it showed me that the Lord who was gone away would sometime come back again."

Ah, this Saul of Tarsus, this preacher of righteousness,

so often rejected, is a great man in heaven now. Talk about Alexander shaking the world with his armies: this little tent-maker of Tarsus shook the world without any armies.

It was a wise thing for him to count all things but loss for the excellency of Christ Jesus his Lord. Didn't he say that chastening afterward yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby? Didn't he tell us to rejoice evermore, and, like David, do you not think he was *satisfied* when he awoke in the likeness of his Lord?

SOME BLIND MEN.

IN the eighteenth chapter of Luke we have this story: As Christ was coming into Jericho, there was a poor blind man sitting by the way-side begging. I don't know how long he had been blind, but he is poor enough, and miserable enough. He has come to be a beggar, and I suppose he had a pretty hard time of it.

One morning one of his neighbors comes along and says, "Good morning, Bartimeus; I have good news for you."

"What is it?" says the beggar.

"There is a man of Israel who can give you sight."

"O no!" says the blind beggar; "there is no chance of my ever receiving my sight. I shall never see. In fact, I never saw the mother who gave me birth; I never saw the wife of my bosom; I never saw my own children. I never saw in this world, but I expect to see in the world to come."

"Let me tell you," says the neighbor, "I have just come down from Jerusalem, where I saw that carpenter, Jesus of Nazareth, who had opened the eyes of a man that was born blind, and I never saw a man with better sight. He doesn't even have to use glasses."

Then hope rises for the first time in this poor man's heart, and he says,

"Tell me how the man got his sight."

"O," says the other, "Jesus first spat on the ground

and made clay, and put it on his eyes, and then he told him to wash his eyes in the pool of Siloam, and he would receive his sight; and sure enough, he came back with two good eyes. More than that, Bartimeus, he doesn't charge any thing; you have no fee to pay! You just tell him what you want, and you get it without money and without price."

Just then he hears the footsteps of a coming multitude, and inquires who is passing. Somebody tells him it is Jesus of Nazareth passing by. The moment he hears that it is Jesus of Nazareth he begins to cry out at the top of his voice,—

"Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!"

Some of those who went before—perhaps Peter was one of them—rebuked him, thinking the Master was going up to Jerusalem to be crowned King, and didn't want to be distracted. They never knew the Son of God when he was here. He would hush every harp in heaven to hear a sinner pray; no music would delight him so much.

But the blind man still lifted up his voice, and cried louder, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" and the prayer reached the ears of the Son of God, as prayer always will.

When Jesus heard the blind beggar he commanded him to be brought. So they ran to him, and said, "Be of good comfort; rise, he calleth thee."

When Jesus saw him he said, "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?"

"Lord, that I may receive my sight."

"Receive thy sight."

And now the beggar follows with the crowd, glorifying

God. I can imagine he sang as sweetly as Mr. Sankey; no one sang sweeter than he when he shouted, "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

I can imagine when he gets into the city he says to himself, "I will go down and see Mrs. Bartimeus." After all these years of blindness what a joy it must have been to be able to see his wife and children!

We do not hear any thing about Bartimeus afterward; but here is another blind man who was not afraid to confess Christ when it was very dangerous to do so. Christ had given him his sight, and he had given Christ his heart. This man was born blind; but what I want to call your attention to is his confession. They were having a controversy over him, and some people said, "This is the very man who was born blind, whose eyes the Prophet of Nazareth has opened." Others said, "This is not the same man at all, only somebody who looks like him."

But he said, "I am he."

Now if he had been like a good many people he would have said to himself: "There is a great storm brewing. The chief men of the city are divided about this man. Some of them think he is a prophet, and some say he is an impostor; so I guess I had better keep still. I have got my sight, anyhow; now I think I'll go off home and keep out of this excitement." But he didn't talk that way at all. He says right out, "I am he."

In the first place, with his heart he had believed unto righteousness, and now with his mouth he makes con-

fession unto salvation. He was not going to hold his peace. His eyes had been opened, and he now begins to tell his experience.

Experience: that is what makes our Friday noon meetings so interesting. Ah! my friends, the world can't get over the facts of experience. All the unbelievers in the world can't get over such a fact as the conversion of Saul.

Some one once wrote an article against the work of a certain revivalist, and one of his friends said to him, "What are you going to do about it? That is a strong argument against you."

"I shall do nothing at all," was his reply. "Let the work speak for itself."

Notice now that this man at once obeyed the Master, who had anointed his eyes with clay—enough to spoil his sight if it had been good—and then told him to go and wash. The man might have made a great many objections. But no; he goes right away and does just as he is bid, and when he has done it he gets his sight.

Somebody might say, "Why couldn't Christ have saved him all that trouble, and have spoken the word, and opened his eyes on the spot?" Well, he could. He did in another place. But, my friends, God never repeats himself. He never made two men just alike, or converted two men just alike. That is where a great many people blunder, looking for God to give them somebody else's experience.

Here in the twelfth verse they ask, "Where is he?" "I don't know," answers the man. You see he don't try to tell more than he knows. So, young convérts, don't

you try to tell more than you know. Don't get puffed up with conceit and spiritual pride over what the Lord has done for you.

Again, they ask him how he got his sight, and he tells his experience over again. Don't be afraid to tell your experience so long as God blesses any body by it.

When they ask him what he thinks of Jesus,

"He is a prophet," he answers.

Here are the three degrees of this man's progress. First, he confesses himself a saved man. Second, he tells what Christ has done for him; and, third, having got done talking about himself, he begins to talk about the Master, and to preach him as a prophet. So with you. Get done talking about yourselves as quick as you can, and begin to talk about Christ.

I don't like the parents of this man. They knew well enough who had opened the blind eyes of their son; he had told them himself; but they were moral cowards. They were afraid they would be put out of the synagogue if they confessed who it was that had brought them so great a blessing, and it was a terrible thing to be put out of the synagogue. In these days, if a man is put out of the Presbyterian Church they may take him into the Methodist Church, and when the Methodists turn him out he can go and join the Episcopalians; but they didn't have any Presbyterians, and Methodists, and Episcopalians, and Congregationalists, and Baptists in those days. There was only one Church, and it was a terrible thing to be put out of that. So his parents compromised the matter by turning it all over to their son.

"He is of age; ask him."

Again they came back to the man himself, and he is ready to repeat the story, if they will only believe in Christ. Don't you see? He has taken another step, and is trying to persuade these scribes and Pharisees to believe on the prophet who has given him his sight.

He is full of faith. I like to have some young converts round me. They are so full of faith, they believe in all sorts of things which other people think are almost impossible. Their faith leaps over all mountains.

He presses those proud Pharisees a little too hard, and they get mad at him, just as people do now when the word of God is pushed home a little too sharply, and they say, "We know that God spake by Moses, but as for this fellow, we know not whence he is.'

The man answered, "Why herein is a marvelous thing, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes. Now we know that God heareth not sinners: but if any man be a worshiper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth." No professor in a theological seminary could have made a better argument.

This was a kind of argument that the Pharisees couldn't answer, but there was one thing they could do, they could cast him out of the synagogue; and where did they cast him? Why, right into the arms of the Lord Jesus himself. It was not long before Christ heard that they had cast him out of the synagogue, and he searched him out, and spoke so kindly to him that I am sure his words must have been a comfort to him all the days of his life; he could afford to be cast out of that synagogue if he were only in favor with the Lord Jesus Christ, and had two good eyes into the bargain.

O may God help us to confess the Lord Jesus Christ, who has opened our blind eyes and made us to see his face, and to read the mystery of his word; and who has opened up to the eyes of our faith the glories of eternal life!

HOW TO CURE A BLIND MAN.

[The following charming picture is from an address at the Tabernacle, by the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, on a Monday evening when Mr. Moody was absent. The lesson, and the pleasant manner of teaching it, entitle the doctor to a place in this record. After referring to certain sectarian divisions which divide the people of God, and prevent some of them from enjoying, or even believing in, the great work of revival which was then going on under the labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the doctor read the account of the blind beggar, Bartimeus, to whom Jesus gave sight, closing with these words: "And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way."]

Now, let us go with him in imagination as he joins the crowd which is following Jesus, till he meets with a man whom he somehow recognizes as one of those mentioned in the ninth of Matthew, of whom it is said, "Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you. And their eyes were opened."

He salutes him and says, "Are you not one of those blind men I used to know down there in Galilee?"

"Yes," says the man, "but I am not blind any more."

"Why, how did you get your sight?"

"O, a man that is called Jesus opened my eyes!"

"How did he do it?"

So the man relates his experience; but Bartimeus

doesn't quite like it, for it does not agree with his own; and there is danger of quite a controversy arising between them, because Christ touched the eyes of one man and cured the other with a word. By and by they fall in with another blind man, the one mentioned in the eighth chapter of Mark, and they ask him how it was that he received his sight.

"He took me by the hand——"

"That's right," says the second blind man; "the proper way to be cured is to have Christ touch you; that is the way he cured me. I don't think much of a cure that is done with nothing but a word."

——"And he spit on my eyes, and put his hands upon me, and asked me if I saw aught, and I told him I could see men as trees, walking. Then he put his hands on my eyes again, and I saw every man clearly."

"Well, well," says Bartimeus, "that is a curious way to cure a blind man. I could see all at once. There must be some mistake about your case. I am afraid your sight wont last very long."

They argue and contend over the proper way to be cured, till at last they come up with the man who was born blind, and agree to leave it to him. So he begins to relate his experience:—

"Jesus, the great prophet of Nazareth, was passing by one day and saw me. His disciples pointed me out to him, and he stopped and said—"

"There, I told you that was the way to be cured," says Bartimeus. "He only needs to say the word."

"Now what did he say?"

"He said, 'Neither hath this man sinned, nor his

parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.' And then, when he had thus spoken, he spat——"

"There, I knew it," says the third blind man. "To be sure that is the proper way to be cured of blindness."

——"On the ground," continues the fourth blind man, "and made clay of the spittle, and told me to go wash in the pool of Siloam."

"O, that is all wrong!" the three cry out together. "There oughtn't to be any washing in the business;" and they are further from an agreement than ever.

Now, I have seen Christians engaged in just as sensible disputes as that we have imagined among these four blind men, every one of whom was cured in a different way. What we want is sight, no matter how we get it. What we want is to come to Christ, no matter how we come. He who has the light that Christ gives, so that he knows a child of God when he sees him, and can see to work the works of Christ—he who has the new life in his own consciousness, and gives it out to others—he is the man who can go on his way through the world rejoicing.

I trust no Christian will be so unwise as to find fault with any means by which sinners are really saved, and that nothing in the methods of this revival will keep any one from seeking Christ.

And as for us, who have the sight which Jesus gives, let us rejoice that we have met him, and that, in his own way, he has made himself the joy of our hearts and the light of our eyes.

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

AT one of the Noonday Meetings the Scripture lesson was the fifth chapter of the Gospel by John, in his exposition of which Mr. Moody gave the following account of the healing of the lame man at the pool of Bethesda.

I WAS going to call this fifth chapter of John the wonderful chapter, but all the chapters of this Gospel are wonderful. Here was a poor lame man, down by the pool of Bethesda, who had suffered an infirmity for thirty-eight years. We think it is bad enough to be sick thirty-eight hours, and if any body is sick thirty-eight days, that is a terrible thing.

His friends used to carry him about at first, but by and by they got tired of it, and left him to get along the best way he could. There he is down by the pool, among a great number of impotent folks, helpless and friendless; he can't get into the pool himself, and there is no one to put him in. He has got done trying, he has got to the end of himself; and this is the very man that Christ is most interested in.

That is always the way with him; you'll always find him where he is the most needed; but that isn't the way with us. If we were only like the Master we should oftener be found in hospitals, prisons, and at the bedside of the sick and dying.

One of the Lord's servants once carried a bouquet to a man in a hospital. He took the flowers in his hand,

smelt of them, and seemed to be quite delighted with their beauty and fragrance. Then he said to the lady who brought them, "If I had only known how much good a bunch of flowers would do a poor sick man I would have carried a good many to the hospitals myself."

I remember reading a story about a man who broke his leg, but was laid up in his own house. One day they brought him the first cluster of grapes that had ripened in his own garden. He took them with great delight, looked at them, smelled them, and then said: "It seems too bad for me to eat these, they are so nice; I guess you had better take them over to my neighbor, who is sick with the fever; they will do him more good than they will me." When his neighbor got them he was greatly pleased, but he happened to think of a third man who was sicker than he was, so he sent them over to him. The third man was very grateful, took a good look and a good smell of them, and then said to one of the servants, "Here, take these grapes, with my compliments, and carry them to Neighbor So-and-so. Poor fellow, he has broken his leg, and is shut up in his house; I think he needs the grapes more than I." So the grapes came back to the first man again, and I have no doubt they tasted a great deal sweeter for all the love and gladness they had called forth as they passed round the neighborhood.

There is an old tradition about two great mountains, one of Sorrow, the other of Joy; and if any body wants to sleep well at night he has only to dig away a little of the mountain of Sorrow, or add a little to the mountain of Joy.

Now, to come back to this chapter. There were three classes of people in this multitude: there were the blind, and the halt, and the withered. I remember down in the army after a battle the surgeons used to take care of the worst cases first; just so it was with Christ. I suppose this man was the very worst case among them, so the Lord picks him out from all the rest, and says to him "Wilt thou be made whole?"

"Yes," says the man, "I would like to be made whole, but I have nobody to help me into the pool; nobody takes notice of me any more, and I have about given up all hope of ever being cured. Every body pushes me back, and gets down before me, and I suppose I shall have to be a poor, withered-up man all the days of my life."

Jesus saith unto him, "Rise! take up thy bed, and walk." He don't tell him to do so and so, and he will get well by degrees, but speaks the word that is to cure him all at once.

It doesn't take God a great while to save a man when he sets about it. But there are a good many people yet who can't believe in sudden conversions.

Now, if he had been a Chicago man he would have argued this way: "What is the use of telling me to rise? I couldn't stand up a minute if I should try. He tells me to walk, and I haven't walked a step for thirty-eight years. What folly to tell me to walk, to say nothing about carrying my bed." But the man doesn't talk that way. When the Lord tells him to rise he starts to rise, and up he comes. Then he seizes that old couch that he has lain upon so long, swings it over his shoulder—and walks.

My friends, God don't tell a man to do a thing that is impossible, and then punish him to all eternity because he didn't do it. With the command always comes the help to obey.

[Mr. Moody concluded his comments on this portion of Scripture as follows:]

Now I want to read to you what is to me the sweetest verse in the whole Bible. I sometimes call it my platform. I got both feet on it twenty-one years ago, and I have been standing on it ever since. It is in this fifth chapter of John and the twenty-fourth verse: "Verily, verily, I say unto you,"—whenever the Lord begins that way you may know something is coming,—"He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

In the verse before it we read about honoring the Son as we do the Father. Don't you know that the best way to please a father is to speak well of his son? Just so the way to please God is to speak well of his Son.

I like that little word "hath." In my Bible it is right in the middle of the verse. There are two lines above it, and two lines below it, and it is right in the middle of the middle line. It don't say you shall have everlasting life after awhile, or that God will give it to you when you die; but if ye hear the word of the Lord and believe on him that sent him, you *have* the everlasting life in you at this very moment. My friends, get on this text and stand on it. It is a rock. You may tremble sometimes when you stand upon it, but the rock will never tremble.

In the twenty-eighth verse it says: "For the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." I don't know as this refers to the resurrection of the last day. Perhaps it means that souls are to be raised from the death of sin by hearing and believing the voice of Christ. At any rate it is a greater miracle to convert a soul than it was to raise dead Lazarus.

Now Christ sometimes gives us specimens of his work. When he healed Jairus's daughter, some of those skeptics said, "The girl never was dead, anyhow. So a little while after he raises the widow's son from the bier on which they were carrying him out to bury him. Still some don't believe, and so, after awhile, he comes to the grave of Lazarus, who had been dead so long that the body had begun to decay, and calls to him, "Lazarus, come forth!" Some one says, there was so much power in the voice of the Lord that if he had not called Lazarus by name all the dead in the grave-yard would have come forth to meet him. My friends, you have heard the word of the Lord, accept it, believe it now, and before you leave the hall you may pass from death unto life.

SIMON PETER.

ONE of the first glimpses we have of this man Simon, whom Jesus surnamed Cephas, or Peter, that is, a stone, was when he and his brother Andrew, who were two poor men making their living by fishing in the Sea of Galilee, were called by Christ to follow him.

At another time Christ was walking by the sea-shore when these two men were out in their boat fishing. They hadn't had very good luck, and when Jesus told them to pull out a little further, where the water was deep, and let down their nets for a draught, Peter was of the opinion that it wouldn't be of any use, for they had been fishing all night without catching any thing; still he said he would do it, and when they came to draw in their nets they made such a very remarkable haul that their boat was filled till it began to sink. After they got ashore, Jesus says to them, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

I want you all to notice that Peter was first called to be a disciple and then to be an apostle. He did not leave his work until he was called the second time. I think it is well for us to notice this, because there are a good many young converts these days who are looking to the work of the ministry, and it is a question whether they have ever been called to the ministry. It is one thing to be called to be a disciple, and quite another to be called to be an apostle. John Wesley used to say to the

young candidates for the ministry, after they had preached their trial sermons, "Did you make any one mad? Did you convert any body?" And if to both of these questions they answered, "No," he would say, "Then that is very good evidence you are not called to the ministry."

We find in another place that Peter says to the Lord, "We have left all and followed thee;" but the "all" was not a great deal—a few old boats and broken nets and one great haul of fish; and what was all that in comparison to what he gained by becoming a disciple of the Lord? He left his boats and his nets and his fish, and he gained the friendship of Christ, which was worth more than all the world.

The next time we get a glimpse of Peter is in the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, where the Lord called him to walk to him on the water. Here we find Peter in doubt. He got on well enough so long as he kept his eye on Christ, but we find by the account that he turned away his eyes from the Lord and began to look at the water, and when he saw the waves, and heard the boisterous wind, he began to be afraid. Ah, my friends, that is the way it is with all of us; when we get our eye off from Christ, the troubles and dangers of this life look very terrible.

Now let me call your attention to Peter's prayer on this occasion. It was a short prayer, and right to the point: "Lord, save me." It didn't begin with a long preamble, as a great many prayers do. If it had taken him as long to come to what he wanted to say as it does some people in our prayer-meetings, he would

have been forty feet under water before he would have reached it.

"Lord, save me." That was a good prayer, and the Lord immediately answered it.

Again, in the sixteenth chapter of Matthew we find that Christ is asking his disciples, "Whom do men say that I am?" and when they answer, "Some say, John the Baptist, and some say, Elias, and some say, one of the old prophets," he turns to Peter, and says, "Whom say ye that I am?"

And Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." So, you see, Peter was a Trinitarian. He believed in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and made his confession accordingly.

When Jesus goes up to the mountain of transfiguration Peter is one of the men he takes with him. On this occasion Peter seems to have been confused in his ideas of worship, and proposes to make three tabernacles, one for Moses, and another for Elias, and another for the Son of God. But God is not pleased with this idea, so he just snatches away Moses and Elias, and leaves them Jesus only.

It seems to me there is a great deal too much minister-worship and church-worship in the present day. What we want is the worship of Jesus only.

In the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew we find an account of Peter's fall. He became self-confident and proud, and the Lord couldn't use him any more till he had been humbled.

I want you to notice the fact that some of the greatest characters in the Bible failed at that point in their

character where they seemed to be the strongest. Peter had said, "I will never be offended because of thee;" but Christ, who could see the future as well as the present, said, "This night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." Here was the beginning of Peter's downfall. He was too self-confident. The Christian who begins to boast is on the very brink of destruction.

But, in spite of the words of Christ, Peter did not take warning. "What! I deny the Lord? Impossible! Though all should deny thee, yet will not I."

It is not very long before we find Peter guilty of disobedience. When Christ took him with him into the garden of Gethsemane he told him to watch and pray; but instead of that Peter fell asleep. Some people say this sleep was supernatural, but that is all nonsense. There are plenty of sleepy Christians and sleepy Churches to be found in all ages of the world; and wherever a Church goes to sleep something always goes wrong. It is the sleepy Church members who go to the theater and to the ball-room, and in that condition they are always an easy prey for the devil. You never find card-playing, tobacco-chewing, horse-racing, dancing Christians, but they are half asleep already. Those who expect to follow Christ must keep awake.

The next downward step of Peter was, when the crowd came out to arrest his Master, and he drew his sword and cut off the ear of the high-priest's servant. That wasn't the way to confess his Lord. If Jesus Christ was indeed the Son of God, as he had professed to believe him, he needed no help from Peter's sword. We find that Christ rebuked him, and told him to put

up his sword again into its place, and afterward he replaced the servant's ear, and made it as good as ever. Perhaps Peter was mortified at this. At any rate, he seems to have gone down very rapidly from this point to the time—a few hours later—when we find him denying his Master.

Poor Peter! This man, who is so strong and zealous; who is going to stand by the Lord when every body else forsakes him; this man, who slashes about with his sword in order to defend him—is frightened almost out of his wits by a servant girl!

Peter is now guilty of lying. He has told one lie, and that always needs a hundred to keep it up. Again and again he declares that he doesn't know the Saviour, and the last time he adds the terrible sins of cursing and swearing.

"Thy speech bewrayeth thee," said one of those who recognized Peter as one of Christ's disciples.

It is a good thing for us to be known as Christians by our speech. I suppose Peter's speech was simply a dialect spoken by the people among whom he lived. Perhaps the dialect of Galilee was different from that of Judea, and so the servants in the hall of the high-priest knew him for one of Christ's disciples, because he spoke in the Galilean dialect There is a lesson for us here: if by any sign in our words people can know that we are the disciples of the Lord Jesus, it is nothing for us to be ashamed of, and it is something that is very helpful to the world.

But, in spite of his wicked denial, Christ did not cast him off. He just gave him one look, and that won him

back forever. O! how ready the Saviour is to forgive those who wander away from him if they will only come back as Peter did. I suppose poor Peter would have been altogether heart-broken, and so ashamed of himself that he never would have ventured to appear among the disciples again, if it hadn't been for that token of Christ's continued love.

We read in the account of the resurrection that Jesus sent a special message to Peter, "Go and tell my disciples, and Peter." Don't leave out Peter, though he was the one who denied me. But when he appeared unto them at the Sea of Galilee, he reminded Peter of the boast he had made, and said unto him, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?"

Peter was the only man who had boasted that he was better than his brethren, and he was the only man, except Judas, who denied his Lord. And now, instead of repeating that boastful speech, "Though all should forsake thee, yet will not I," he does not venture to compare himself any more with his brethren, but modestly answers: "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee."

Peter has learned a lesson of humility, and now, though not before, Christ can make him his chief apostle.

ZACCHEUS.

TAKE the case of Zaccheus. He was looking for the Saviour, and the Saviour was looking for him, and what a delightful time it was when they met!

This man was small of stature, and had a poor chance in a crowd. I can imagine the little man trying to get one glimpse at Jesus, and you can see him standing on tiptoe, but he can't see him, the crowd is so great. Then he runs on ahead and climbs a sycamore-tree, where he thinks he can hide, for he don't like to be seen looking after Christ. By and by the crowd came along. They thought Christ would sometime be crowned king, and so he had a great many followers.

If men are going to get some high office they usually have a great many admirers; but when it is Gethsemane, humiliation, and a cross, O how few want to follow Him then! I can see he looks at one man and says, "That is not him." Then he runs his eye along, and at last it rests on him who was fairer than the sons of men. He didn't need any one to tell him.

I can see the Son of God come to the place and stop. Every eye was centered upon him, some one was going to be blessed. He looks up into the tree. There is one of Adam's degenerate sons up there.

Then he calls, "Zaccheus!"

I can imagine the first thing that flashed through Zaccheus's mind was, "Who told him my name? He knows

all about me." Yes, sinner, God knows all about you; your name, the street you live on, in fact, he has got the very hairs of your head numbered.

"Zaccheus, make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house."

It was a strange scene. Zaccheus was the chief publican of Jericho; the Jews wouldn't recognize him, wouldn't speak to him, and now Christ is going to be his guest!

Then we read, "He made haste, and came down, and received him joyfully." That is a good sign of conversion when a man receives Christ joyfully.

We have a good many people who write and talk against sudden conversions. But how long did it take to convert Zaccheus? When he went up the tree, nobody in Jericho would have told you he was a converted man, and yet he was a converted man when he came down, for he received the Lord joyfully. He must have been converted somewhere between the limb and the ground. You don't believe in these sudden conversions. You say they are not genuine. I wish we had a few more Zaccheuses in Boston.

What did he do? He said: "I give half of my goods to feed the poor." The poor in Jericho believed in Zaccheus's conversion.

But he did better than that: "If I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore to him fourfold." There is restitution. I do hope we shall get back to those days when men make restitution, for when men begin to make restitution, the world will have confidence in the religion we preach. I can see him go back

to Jericho into his office, and saying to his chief clerk: "I wish you would make out that man's account, I want to find out how much I have taxed him."

He looks over the account, and says: "We have taxed him $100 too much."

Zaccheus replies, "Make out a check for $400 and send it to him."

Don't you believe all Jericho had confidence in Zaccheus's conversion as these checks went flying round? That was the most powerful way to prove it. If there is a man here that has defrauded some one, don't let him think he can get into heaven till he makes restitution. If you have taken that which don't belong to you, don't think that God is going to hear your prayer. You needn't come to these meetings, and sing and pray, and think you are going to cover it up. God's eyes look down and see it. If you want the blessing of God to come upon you and your family, do all in your power to make restitution; then Christ will come into your home as he did into the home of Zaccheus. He not only blessed Zaccheus himself, but Zaccheus's wife, Mrs. Zaccheus, and all the little Zaccheuses too.

While Christ was a guest with Zaccheus, the Pharisees were grumbling and finding fault that he had gone to be a guest of a publican, and it was on this memorable occasion Christ uttered the text I have read to-night: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

MARY OF BETHANY.

IN the closing chapters of John's Gospel we have many of the last words and acts of our Lord and Saviour, and they ought to be very precious to us.

You know when we lose a friend how much we think of his last words. When I went East a few weeks ago, to lay my brother in the grave, the very first thing I wanted to know was, what were his last words, and then I went all over the farm to see the last works he had done.

I want to call your attention to these words: "Then Jesus, six days before the passover, came to Bethany."

He knew that the chief priests had been searching every-where for him, and had given orders that if any knew where he was they should show it; but no one was able to take him until he gave himself up of his own accord. The officers sent to arrest him went back without him; and when the chief priests asked, "Why have ye not brought him?" they said, "Never man spake like this man." Nobody could take him till he gave himself up, and here is another proof of our Lord's divinity.

When he came to Bethany they made him a supper; and while they sat at the table Mary took a pound of ointment of spikenard, very precious, worth forty or fifty dollars, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair. Judas Iscariot complained of the

waste of the ointment; but Jesus said, "Let her alone: against the day of my burying hath she kept this."

There was a feast at this time in Jerusalem, and people were very much excited over the raising of Lazarus. There is no reason to suppose that any body, not even the Jews, who were his bitterest enemies, ever disputed that Lazarus had been raised from the dead; but there are a good many people here in Chicago who say they doubt it.

Now let us look at what Mary did. There are a good many rich men who try to do something to hand down their name to posterity. They give large sums of money to have a library or a town named after them, and in fifty years' time nobody knows whether the town was named after a man or a mountain. But of this act of Mary Jesus says, "Wherever this Gospel shall be preached, this that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." As some one has said, "He chained her name to the Gospel chariot, and it has rolled down the ages."

My friends, if you want to be immortal go and do something for Christ.

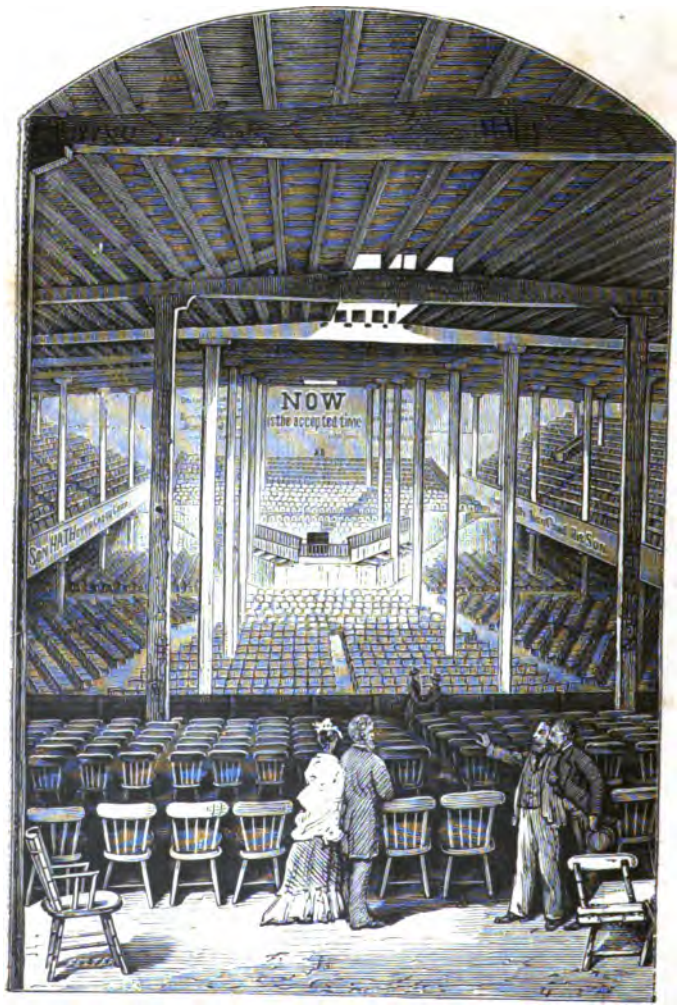
There was a poor widow one day came up to the temple, (perhaps she had two or three children clinging to her dress,) and put into the contribution-box two mites, which make a farthing. I suppose the Jerusalem papers, if they had any, came out the next morning with brilliant accounts of the great collection up at the temple, for there were a good many rich men who gave, some a hundred and some a thousand dollars; but the Saviour said that the poor widow had given more

than they all. There isn't any thing on record of what the rich men gave, but the gift of the widow will never be forgotten.

Now I suppose that Mary did this out of gratitude to the Saviour, who had raised her brother from the dead. Her heart was full of thanksgiving; nothing was too good to show it. Has not the Lord raised up some one of your brothers, a son, or a husband, or a friend, and what have you ever done to prove your gratitude to him on account of it?

Here is another thing I want to call your attention to: it was his feet and not his head that Mary anointed.

There are a great many people who are willing to get to the head of Christ, but are not willing to be at his feet. Young men go to Princeton, and Yale, and Harvard, and to the theological seminaries; but I tell you if a minister don't go to the feet of Jesus he can't preach. We have got to do just as Mary did—sit at the feet of Jesus, and learn of him. That is God's college, and all the other learning in the world will never do you any good unless you learn in that school.



INTERIOR OF CHICAGO TABERNACLE.

PART III.

OUTLINES OF DOCTRINE.

MR. MOODY'S THEOLOGY—INTRODUCTION.

DURING the progress of the great revivals in London under the labors of the American evangelists, Rev. Dr. Cumming, the famous millenarian prophet, preached a sermon on "Mr. Moody's Place in Prophecy;" a theme somewhat difficult of treatment

Mr. Moody's place in theology is a topic of more general interest, and one which admits of a more definite treatment.

The question is often asked, How comes it that this man, with none of the traditional preparation for the work of the Christian ministry, so far surpasses all the men of his time in those very lines of work for which they have had a life-long training and experience? Why do leading clergymen of all evangelical orders accept him as a spiritual autocrat, and, for the time being, make it a point of duty to do what he directs, and to believe what he teaches? Why do people by hundreds and thousands go to inquire of him, and of those whom he designates, concerning those things which are plainly written down in books, and which are supposed to be constantly preached in all orthodox pulpits? What and why are those wonderful results called conversions? and how is it that Mr. Moody is so much more successful in reaching those results than others who are his equals in purity of life, and his superiors in knowledge and culture?

The fact which, more than any other, accounts for the wonderful going out of the community to this Chicago John the

Baptist is, that he professes to deal with supernatural things. For human power and wisdom in spiritual things he has but little respect. What doth it profit a minister to read the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers, if he does not know how to bring sinners to Christ? What difference does it make with a lost sinner whether he was well up in classical literature, or was a man of elegance and taste? He has read in the Bible that the things which are seen are temporal, or temporary, but the things which are not seen are eternal, and he believes it and acts upon it. The harmonies of law amount to nothing with him. He only inquires of a man whether he is in harmony with God. With him development means growth in grace. No matter what else he does or does not believe, if a sinner does not believe in Jesus Christ as his personal Redeemer and Saviour he is lost: the moment he comes to believe he is saved.

If any one asks him how he knows this, he has only one answer—"God says so:" and that, with him, is the end of all questions.

His familiarity with the supernatural world appears in his habits of life. He asks for divine direction at every step of his plans and of their execution; the concurrent voices of good men and women are only useful as indications of what is the will of God in any given case. He has absolute faith in every thing he finds promised in the Bible. He trusts the supply of all his wants, as well as those of his family, on a text in Matthew, or especially in John, as readily as he would on a written contract signed by Messrs. Farwell, Dodge, and Stewart; nay, more readily. These men might break or die, but God can never do either. It used to be one of Mr. Moody's favorite sayings, in reference to his temporal needs, "God is rich, and I am working for him."

This question once settled, money becomes his servant, while to most men it is the master. A man in London offered him a thousand pounds sterling just to sit for his photograph, which he indignantly refused: the thing did not seem right, and money was of no possible consequence.

When once a man becomes superior to money he has become superior to the mass of mankind.

Mr. Moody believes in inspiration, that is, in his own inspiration. He knows that God spoke unto the fathers by the apostles and prophets, and he thinks he is speaking unto their children by the evangelists, of whom he is one. When he speaks what he feels that God has told him, not Pius himself could be more dogmatic. It is refreshing and reassuring, in these days of religious liberalism, to find a man believing in God and the Bible *with all his might.* Such a believer readily finds a calling, and a follower as a teacher. He is confessed by eminent biblical scholars to have prayed his way further into the divine mysteries of the word than they have even been able to dig with lexicon and grammar. He has learned to laugh at the idea of trying to understand spiritual things by natural means. If a text troubles him he asks some other text to explain it, and if that will not do he takes it straight to God and asks him about it. The result of all this is a kind and extent of biblical learning which is both a surprise and a revelation to the Church and the ministry.

People sit at his feet and learn of him because they feel sure that he has been learning of God. This accounts for his vast congregations; for the multitudes are believers, and really want to know the truth of the Gospel. They have been discouraged and disgusted, it may be, with the inferential and degenerate theology of the sects, and so do not go to church; but here is a man who cares no more for sects and creeds than for the trade-mark on a spoon. A doctrine that feeds him suits him; and what is good for him he presumes to be good for his congregations.

He is all the time aiming at supernatural results. No repairs of the old nature for him; nothing short of regeneration is worth thinking of, for nothing short of that will save a soul. He proposes to bring sinners into immediate contact with almighty power and infinite grace; hence any conceivable difference in their degree of sinfulness makes no

difference at all. He has not studied mathematical infinities to find out that "if any appreciable quantity be added to or subtracted from infinity the result is infinity," but he practices by that rule all the time. A drunkard, or a harlot, or an infidel, or a vagabond, or a gambler, or a liquor-seller, can be saved if he will believe, just as easily as a good boy or a nice young lady of religious proclivities. Grace is infinite, and any human amount of sin, more or less, makes no difference with Christ's ability and willingness to save. In a word, Mr. Moody offers a divine and infinite remedy for sin and all its penalties, no wonder, then, that a class of persons who have felt the curse of sin upon them should come in crowds to this man, with whom is the secret of the Lord.

Perhaps it never entered into Mr. Moody's mind to arrange his theology into a system, but its exceeding simplicity renders the task an easy one.

He is accustomed to say, "There are three R's in the Bible: Ruin by sin, Redemption by Christ, and Regeneration by the Holy Ghost. According to this triad of topics, he lays out all his campaigns. Outside of them, in the region of speculative, historic, or inferential theology, he does not go; not even into the realm of the Church, its institution, orders, and sacraments.

His system of theology is bounded by his work as an evangelist.

"I have in all about seven hundred sermons," said he; "but there are only about three hundred of them that are fit to convert sinners with."

By this rule of fitness he tests all the ideas which present themselves to his mind. If there be salvation in them he adopts and uses them; if not, he casts them aside.

But the chief feature of his theology is its rigid following of the written words of the Holy Scriptures. With him there is no other authority.

He insists that sinners shall come into the kingdom of God intelligently, along the path marked out, and through the "Door" held open in the Gospel. He will not have the

faith of believers to stand on the wisdom of men, but on the revelation of God.

In the earlier years of Mr. Moody's work for Christ his sermons and addresses, though often founded upon a text of Scripture, were largely made up of personal incidents; arguments drawn from surrounding scenes and circumstances; fervid personal appeals to Christians, inciting them to greater activity; and earnest calls to sinners, urging them at once to repent and believe the Gospel.

He reckoned all sermons and addresses which he heard or read as so much lawful plunder, and of this he made no secret. He would sometimes say to a minister, "I heard you preach from such a text at such a time, and I went home and preached that same sermon to my people."

The Rev. Dr. Savage mentions a discourse which Mr. Moody found in a little tract entitled "Quench not the Spirit," and which he preached with such telling effect that twenty persons were converted by it. But it is doubtful whether the author himself would have recognized it in Mr. Moody's version.

If he met any one from whom it seemed probable he might obtain an idea for use in his pulpit he would salute him with—

"Give me something out of your heart. Tell me something about Christ."

At table in the Farwell Hall *restaurant*, where he and his *confrères* dined together, he would ask one and another around the table, "What has been your best thought today?"

But God had some better thing for his servant than the results of his own observation, even the hidden mystery of his truth.

Mr. Harry Moorehouse, an English Bible reader, while on an evangelistic tour in America some years ago, said to him,

"Mr. Moody, you are sailing on the wrong tack. If you will change your course, and learn to preach God's word instead of your own, he will make you a great power for good;" at

the same time quoting the exhortation of Paul to Timothy, "I charge thee therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom; PREACH THE WORD."

But the great question was how to acquire such a knowledge of the word as should enable him to preach it.

Mr. Moorehouse said, "You need only one book for the study of the Bible."

Mr. Moody responded, "You must have studied a great many books to come by your knowledge of it."

"No," was the reply. "Since I began to be an evangelist I have been a man of one book. If a text of Scripture troubles me, I ask another text to explain it; and if this will not answer, I carry it straight to the Lord."

Here was a new scheme of education for the pulpit: every man his own theological seminary; the only text-book the Bible; instead of Greek and Hebrew, the language of prayer; for professors and teachers, the apostles and prophets; with Christ and the Holy Spirit as head over all. In this school even he might become a scholar. But so great a revolution in his habits of study and preaching was not to be brought about all at once. His world was so full of wonderful and instructive scenes, that the stories of them seemed almost to tell themselves. It was hard for him to find time for a great deal of Bible in his hail-storm harangues; but he kept sturdily at it, trying to acquire the biblical method of preaching, in which was the hiding of the power that was to be revealed to him in days to come.

From that time he ceased to urge people to begin their religious life by finding something to do for Christ; but insisted that, first of all, they should let Christ do something for them. If they would only *believe*, Christ would help them to *do*.

He began to understand the duty and privilege of entire consecration and perfect love. He ceased to teach that a holy heart must be attained by a life-long struggle with self, the world, and the wicked one; but urged sinners to accept

it as a gift from the Lord himself. Conversion was instantaneous—the warfare was to come afterward. This, he discovered, was the doctrine preached by the prophet Ezekiel: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh."

He began to study the Bible on his knees. In this he made rapid progress. Some of the hard words did, indeed, continue to plague him; but he soon found out that the longest words in the Bible, as every-where else, were not apt to be of the most importance. There were very few practical and saving doctrines in the word of God through which he could not pray his way. Like his friend Moorehouse, he became a man of "one book:" that is, a Bagster Bible. This he carried about with him continually in order to use his leisure moments in studying it. His sermons began to be rich in the wealth of the Scripture, and, beyond all doubt, it was this new acquirement which, with God's blessing, opened out before him his career of almost boundless usefulness, and placed the keys of the kingdom of heaven in his hand.

The Rev. Dr. Roy, his former pastor at Plymouth Church, Chicago, mentions a sermon which he heard Mr. Moody preach on "The Compassion of Christ," in which he seemed like a man inspired, and under which the great audience was moved like a forest swept by the winds. When it was over the doctor inquired of him how he had prepared such a sermon. He answered, "I got to thinking the other day about the compassion of Christ; so I took the Bible and began to read it over to find out what it said on that subject. I prayed over the texts as I went along, until the thought of his infinite compassion overpowered me, and I could only lie on the floor of my study, with my face in the open Bible, and cry like a little child."

Desiring still deeper insight into the word of God Mr. Moody went to England, and joined himself to the little band of evangelists and Bible workers at the mission of Mr. Penne-

father in the north of London, and also at the orphanage of Mr. Müller, at Bristol.

Here, in company with those like-minded, he devoted the tireless energies of his nature to diligent study of the word of God, and after an absence of only a few months returned to Chicago, evidently endued with new power, where he at once became an acknowledged leader in Bible study and Bible work.

At one of the farewell meetings in Chicago, an old friend who used to be a co-worker with Mr. Moody in the Y. M. C. A. relates this incident, which was intended to recall his earlier methods of teaching, and show by contrast the excellence of the Bible method. He said: "I have been watching for thirty years for people who could preach so that sinners would be converted, and I have found such a man. The Lord Jesus Christ has been set forth, the Holy Spirit has been honored, and hearts have been melted by the love of our Father in heaven. Some years ago old Father Fife, as we called him, came into one of Mr. Moody's meetings; and afterward, when we were taking dinner together, Mr. Moody asked him how he enjoyed the meeting. With a roll of his eyes, which was his peculiar habit, he said, as he took up his great straw hat: 'I held this old hat to catch what I could, and I found a great deal of chaff and a little wheat.' But now if I had a speaking-tube up to Father Fife, who is gone to glory, I would say to him, 'It is running all wheat now.' Brother Moody used to preach his experience, and there wasn't much wheat in that; but now he preaches the word of God, and that is all wheat."

Mr. Moody continually insists that the Gospel is not a truth to be learned by exploration, but one to be taken as a revelation.

It is the Scripture, and the Scripture only, that is profitable for doctrine; hence in his system of theology, as it appears in his sermons and Bible interpretations, one looks in vain for any thing original. Nay, more, Mr. Moody has no faith even in logic; he accepts no human argument as sufficient to

establish a proposition relating to supernatural things. If the matter is treated of in the Bible, that is the place to find out about it; if not, it cannot possibly be of any consequence. The Bible is God's book of theology, and is not only profitable but sufficient. There may be other things in religion that are curious and pleasant; but it is a waste of time to think about them while there are so many things in the word of God that are so much better.

Solomon knew all the trees and plants, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, but what good did it do him? If he had spent his time the way his father did, in meditating on the law of the Lord, he would have been a great deal wiser, as well as better, man.

"Why do evangelists pay so little attention to the progress of science?" was one of the questions put to Mr. Moody at a Christian convention.

"Because they have something so much better," was his prompt reply.

If, then, in Mr. Moody's Doctrinal Discourses, any thing usually found in Systematic Theology be wanting, its absence may be accounted for on the theory that its place is taken by something else, which this great Bible evangelist thinks is more important.

MR. MOODY'S THEOLOGY.

GOD.

HIS LOVE.

MY text is on fire to-night, [pointing to the gas-light letters above the platform, "GOD IS LOVE,"] and I wish it might be burned into all your hearts. There is no text that the devil has tried so hard to blot out of men's minds as this.

We used to have that text in letters of light over in the North Side Church, and one night a poor wanderer caught a glimpse of it through the door, which was slightly open. "'God is love.' I don't believe that," he exclaimed. "I don't believe that God loves me." But he went along for a few blocks, with the text ringing in his ears, till at last he came back, stayed through the service, and at the close of it I found him weeping bitterly. The text had broken his heart, and it was not long before he was happily converted.

Some people wonder why God should love such sinners as we are. Well, I suppose it is on the same principle that the sun shines. The sun is light, and can't help shining; God is love, and he can't help loving.

Let us not think of God as we do of one another. If a man receives a wrong from another he casts him off; not so with God. He hates sin with a perfect hatred, but

he loves the sinner with a perfect love: and if you are finally lost in hell, it will be in spite of the infinite love of God. In John xiii, 1, it is said of Jesus, that "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." He loved Judas, who betrayed him; he loved Peter, who denied him; he loved all the disciples, though, in the trying moment, every one of them forsook him and fled.

In Isaiah xlix, 15, God asks the question, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." There is no love equal to that of a mother, except it be God's. A wife may forsake her husband, but a mother will cleave to her son, even though he is denounced as a criminal, tried for his life, and finally hanged. To the last she stands by him, and when they give his poor broken body over to her, she covers his dead face with tears. But God loves us better than that. A mother may forget, but God never does.

In Jeremiah xxxi, 3, God says to Israel, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

"Well," says one, "I believe that. That suits me a great deal better than the sermon of last night about the blood." Don't make a mistake, my friend. God loves sinners, but he cannot bring them into heaven unless they repent and give their hearts to him. If he was to do that they would raise the flag of revolt close beside his throne, and there would be war in heaven again.

A lady came to me in England, and told me of one of her sons who was an exile from his home. He had written to ask that he might come back, and yet his

parents did not dare to bring him back, for they thought he would be sure to turn their home into a hell, and ruin all the rest of the children.

An old gentleman in New York had a wicked son, who had already sent his gray-haired mother to the grave with a broken heart; and one night, when the boy was going out, the father begged him to stay with him, saying, "You have not spent one evening at home since your mother died. Will you not stay one night with me?"

"No," said the boy, "I will not."

Then the father threw himself down in the open door and said, "My son, you are stronger than I, but you shall not go out to-night, unless you go over my poor old body."

And that wicked son leaped over his father's body, and rushed away to his old companions in sin. Just so it is with a great many sinners, who rush to destruction in spite of all the tokens of the love and mercy of God.

In Isaiah xxxviii, 17, the prophet cries out, "Thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." I like that word "all." If all my sins were cast behind *my* back, the devil might find them and bring them up to ruin me; but when they are cast behind *His* back nobody can ever find them again. There are four expressions used for putting away sins. One is "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgression from us;" another is, that He puts them away "as a cloud;" another, He casts them into the sea of forgetfulness; and then this one, He casts them behind his back.

Do not try to put away your own sins. You cannot forgive yourself for robbing another man of a thousand

dollars. You may have nothing against him, but he has something against you. Come to God and ask him to put away your sins for the sake of the blood of his Son, and he will put them away so far that nobody shall ever be able to find them again.

In Isaiah lxiii, 9, we read, "In all their affliction he was afflicted." God pities us. Our lost condition moves his heart, so that just as he hastened down to Eden after Adam's sin, and dealt with him in grace, he will come to any sinner who will receive him, and share his sorrows, and take away his sins.

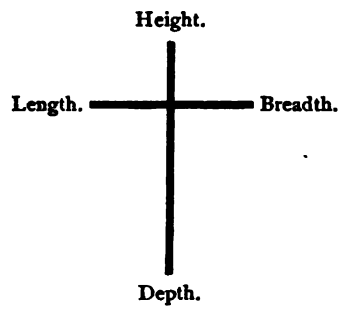
A gentleman from Manchester, England, visited Chicago just before the fire, and when he went home he tried to tell what a wonderful city it was, but nobody cared to listen to him. Pretty soon the news came over the wires that the city was on fire, and that a hundred thousand people were burned out of house and home, and were actually in danger of perishing out on the prairie, unless assistance should come at once. Then that city was full of interest about Chicago; men were in tears, and what was better, they were giving their money by thousands to send to the sufferers.

So with God. Our sorrows cry out for us louder than our sins cry out against us. He feels his heart going out to us, and sends his Son to redeem us. Here in Revelation i, 5, it speaks of Jesus Christ, who has "loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood;" not washed us and loved us, but loved us first and washed us afterward; loved us in spite of the defilement of our sins.

In Ephesians iii, 18, we are told about the height,

and depth, and length, and breadth of the love of God. My friends, if you want to know this, come to Calvary. Nothing will show you the love of God to sinners so well as the Cross of his Son, Jesus Christ.

When the French and Prussian war was going on, and the Commune was imprisoning people and putting them to death, they took a Roman Catholic archbishop and put him into a prison which had an opening in the door in the shape of a cross; and when they went to bring him out to die they found that he had written over the ends of the cross thus:—



Ah! that man had been to Calvary.

Some people say, "I don't see why I have so many troubles and afflictions, if the Lord loves me so much." Well, that is just the very proof that he does love you. That father who lets his son go on in the way to death and destruction without correcting him is the one who does not love him. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

In Romans viii, 28, we are told that "all things work together for good to them that love God." A member of my family was sick one night, so I got a prescription

from a doctór and went to the druggist to have it made up. He took a little out of one bottle, and a little out of another, and another, and another, putting them all into the same bottle, and gave it to me, saying it was all right. So you see these different medicines all "worked together" for the good of the patient. So with all things in God's providence and grace—bitter and sweet, pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow—all things work together for good to them that love God.

Paul understood this love of God. When they put the thirty-nine stripes on him, and stoned him, and cast him into prison, he would say to himself, "'All things' —and these are some of them—work together for my good." He knew he loved God; the devil couldn't make him doubt that, and so every thing was all right for him. If it hadn't been for those prisons we might not have had those epistles of his: we haven't any of his sermons, they have all been lost; but these epistles are ours, and I doubt not that thousands of people have gone up to heaven and met the grand old apostle, and said to him, "I thank God for that Epistle to the Corinthians;" "I thank God for the Epistle to the Ephesians."

Some one may say, "Of course God loves them that love him." Well, I used to preach that half-way doctrine once; but when I was over in Dublin, in 1867, a young man came to me—he didn't look as if he were more than seventeen years old—and asked if I wouldn't like to have him come to America and preach along with me. I did not want him, for he didn't look as if he could do much preaching, so I came off, and didn't let him know when I sailed. After awhile I got a letter from him, saying

he was in New York, and that he would come to Chicago and preach for me if I wished it. I wrote him in reply, telling him he must come and see me if he ever came to Chicago, and pretty soon, sure enough, he wrote to say that he would be with me on Thursday of that week. I was just going off to Iowa to be gone till Sunday, so I told my people they might let the young Englishman preach on a week night, and I went away feeling pretty anxious about it.

The first thing when I got home on Saturday night I asked about my young preacher. My wife said he spoke very well, but that he preached some different doctrines from me. Then, of course, I didn't like him. But we went to church on Sunday, and I noticed there was a large congregation, and that they were all bringing their Bibles. He had got them in that way in two evenings. When he gave out his text I noticed a smile running round the audience. It was the third chapter of John and the sixteenth verse: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The people were so much interested that a crowd filled the church in the evening, when he took the same text again; and so wonderfully did he explain it that we asked him to preach every night that week.

The week was a memorable one. Night after night Mr. Moorehouse preached to immense congregations, taking the same text every time, until he made the love of God appear the central truth of the whole Bible. At the close of the seventh sermon from the same words, he said:—

"If I were to die to-night, and go up to heaven, and there meet Gabriel, who stands in the presence of God; and if I were to ask him how much God loves sinners, this is what I think he would say: 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

He spoiled one or two of my sermons for me: I have never seen them since; but he showed me that God loved sinners in spite of their sins.

I pity the man who goes down to hell with that text hanging over him. My friends, don't forget that it was while we were yet sinners that Christ died for us. I have been into some homes in this city that were so vile and dirty that I couldn't stay there five minutes; but Jesus Christ waits to come into the heart of the vilest sinner and take up his residence there. It isn't because we are lovely, but because he is love, that Christ died for us, and offers to come and dwell with us. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love;" and again, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

Love always grows as it descends. The mother loves her child more than the child loves its mother. Just so God loves us more than we can ever love him.

The badge of discipleship which Christ himself ordained was their love to one another. Some people tell me they don't have any doubts about God's love to them, but they can't find out whether they love God; and I just tell them to test themselves by the fourth chapter of

St. John's First Epistle, and they can very easily find out. If you have any hard feelings in your heart against any man or woman, you may be sure the love of the Father is not in you.

I remember hearing, a few years ago, of a scholar in a Sunday-school who was conquered by love. It was a boy whom nobody could manage, and at last it was thought he would have to be turned out, when a young lady of wealth and position said, "I wish you would let me have that boy." The superintendent replied, "If none of the men can manage him I am quite sure you could not. If he talks so vulgar that the men can't have him in their classes, I am sure you cannot."

"Let me try him," she said.

The next Sunday he put the boy in her class, and for a few Sundays he heard of no trouble. Every thing went on well. But one Sunday he broke the rules of the class, and when she corrected him he spit in her face. She took her handkerchief and wiped it away, and said nothing. At the close of the school she said, "I wish you would walk along home with me, and have a talk with me."

"I wont. I wouldn't be seen on the street with you. I am not coming to this old Sunday-school any more."

"Well," she said, "wont you let me walk home with you? I don't want to scold you; I want to talk with you."

"I wont. I wont be seen with you."

So she tried another course; she tried the curiosity course, and said: "I wish you would come to my house

on Tuesday morning; I shall not be home on Tuesday, but you just come and ring the door-bell, and tell the servant there is a bundle for you on my bureau."

"I wont; you may keep your old bundle."

Still she felt pretty sure he would come. After he got over his mad fit he began to want to see what was in the bundle, and on Tuesday morning he was there. The servant understood the matter, and gave him the bundle. The little fellow opened it, and there was a little jacket, a little necktie, and a note from his teacher telling him how much she loved him, and that every morning since he had been in the class she had been praying for him that he might be a good boy and a good man.

The next morning, before she was up, the servant came and said a little boy was down stairs, who wanted to see her. When she came down she found him lying on the sofa, crying as if his heart would break.

"What is the trouble?" she asked.

"I have had no peace since I received your note. You have been so kind to me, and I have been so unkind to you! I hope you will forgive me."

The teacher said, "Certainly," and she knelt down and prayed for him. Love conquered him. There is nowhere a heart so hard but love can conquer it.

I used to think more of Christ than of God. It seemed to me that God was away off somewhere sitting on his great white throne, and not taking any interest in me. But that is all changed now, and it seems now to me that it took more love on the part of God the Father to give his Son to die for us, than it did on the part of the Son to suffer.

Some one may ask how it happens that God loves us. The answer seems easy—he cannot help it. "God is love;" and how can a being whose nature is love keep from loving, any more than the sun, whose nature is light, can keep from shining? But, my friends, we must not fail to keep in mind this fact, that while God loves us he hates our sins.

In the thirty-first chapter of Jeremiah, at the third verse, we have these words: "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee."

Here, then, are the three characteristics of the love of God. It is unchangeable, unfailing, everlasting.

God leaves no doubt about his love in any man's mind who will read his Book. He has given his only Son to prove it, but the world would not have him, though he came to take away its sins, and to purchase an eternal redemption for them.

There is a passage in the Songs of Solomon that is very precious to me. It is this: "His banner over me was love."

There was a man came from Europe to this country a year or two ago, and he became dissatisfied, and went to Cuba in 1867, when they had that great civil war there. Finally he was arrested for a spy, court-martialed, and condemned to be shot. He sent for the American consul and the English consul, and these two men were thoroughly convinced that the man was no spy, and they went to one of the Spanish officers and said, "This man you have condemned to be shot is an innocent man."

"Well," the Spanish officer says, "the man has been tried by our laws and condemned; the law must take its course; the man must die."

The next morning the man was led out; the grave was already dug for him; the black cap was put on him; the soldiers were there and in a few moments the man would be shot, when up comes a carriage just in time. Out leaped the American consul, took the American flag and wrapped it around the condemned man, and the English consul took the English flag and wrapped it around him, and then they said to those soldiers, "Fire on those flags if you dare!"

Not a man dared to fire; there were two great governments behind those flags. So God says to you, my friends—to every one of you—"Come under my banner, come under the banner of love, come under the banner of heaven." That banner covering you you are safe! That it may float over every soul here is the prayer of my heart. God don't will the death of any who will come under his banner of love.

HIS POWER.

NOW I want you to take special notice of the words written in Jeremiah xxxvi, 17: "Ah Lord God! behold, thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee."

I think the Lord was pleased with this prayer of Jeremiah, for he responds to him in the twenty-seventh verse, "Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there

any thing too hard for me?" God likes to have his people believe that there is nothing too hard for him. We talk about Frederick the Great, and Alexander the Great, but how very little are these mighty men when we come to compare them with God. If Tyndall, or Huxley, or Darwin had ever created any light, what a sound of trumpets there would have been about it! but we read in the Bible the very simple statement, "And God said, Let there be light: and there was light,"—and that is all there is said about it.

Here is this earth of ours, twenty-five thousand miles around, with its great oceans, and its great mountains, and its great rivers; and yet it is only a little ball that the Lord tosses out of his hand. The astronomers tell us that the sun is thirteen hundred thousand times larger than the earth. What seas, what mountains, what rivers there must be there! Besides this, there are eighty millions of other suns, and millions upon millions of other stars, that have been discovered; yet I suppose these are only like a few towns and villages on the outskirts of God's great empire. Now what folly to try to measure God with our little rule!

But I hear somebody saying, "If God is so great as that, he will not condescend to trouble himself about such an insignificant creature as I."

This is all wrong. If you study the Bible, you will find out that no sooner did the news come up to heaven that Adam had fallen, than God was right down in Eden after him. Men sometimes get to be so big that they don't care for little things, but God never does.

We are all the time limiting God's power by our own

ideas. There is a drunkard; the appetite for strong drink has overcome him; he has actually drunk up his will. Well, what of it? He who said, "Let there be light: and there was light," can just as easily say, "Let there be life: and there will be life." The man may be a gambler, a deist, an infidel; the woman may be a harlot, and her feet may begin to take hold on hell; but the Lord, who created the heavens and the earth, wont find it hard to save the chief of sinners if they will only give their wicked hearts to him. Let us get our eyes off one another and fix them upon God. There is nothing too hard for him.

Whenever we go to a new place the people say, "O, yes; you did so and so in that city, but this place is very peculiar; there are special difficulties here such as you have never met before."

Yes, I suppose there are special difficulties in every case, but these obstacles wont stand in the way very long when God rises up to carry on his work. When Mr. Sankey and I first started out, we took this seventh verse of the thirty-second chapter of Jeremiah for our motto, "Ah! Lord God, . . . there is nothing too hard for thee," and we always had great success. After awhile we thought we would take some other motto; but we couldn't get on at all until we came back to this seventeenth verse, "There is nothing too hard for thee."

"And of his fullness have all we received." It is a very common fault with Christians to forget the Lord's fullness. They are living on stale manna, and trying to get happy over their past experience. They were converted twenty years ago; and they seem to think that the Lord gave them a blessing which was to last

them all their lives. Not so; there is an infinite "fullness" in Christ, and they who believe in him may receive of it all the time. Ask Enoch—he received of the "fullness," and so was able to walk with God. Ask Noah—he was able to live and preach one hundred and twenty years, while he was about the only man in all the world who believed in God, and this he could do because he had received of the Lord's "fullness." Ask Abraham—he was able to offer up his only son at the command of God. Ask Joshua—he received the "fullness," and nobody was able to stand before him all the days of his life.

Now, some people think those old patriarchs and prophets were a different kind of men from what we have in these days. Not at all. They were men of like passions with us. You just let the ministers and Christian workers nowadays get filled with the Lord's "fullness," and they will be like giants filled with new wine.

There were the reformers Knox, Wesley, Whitefield, and Newton. Were they any greater men in intellect than a great many others in their time? By no means; but they had received of the Lord's "fullness." That was what made them so great and strong in his work. Take the twelve apostles, they were not men of learning and science; they were not great orators; they were not rich, had no social position. But just think of a Galilean fisherman writing such a book as the Gospel of John! There isn't a learned man in all the world who could make such a book, unless he had received the Lord's "fullness."

JESUS CHRIST:

HIS CHARACTER AND OFFICES.

PROPHECIES CONCERNING CHRIST.

IN Second Timothy, third chapter sixteenth verse, we read, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." That referred, of course, to the Old Testament, and is a text which ought to be preached on by ministers in these days who have their doubts about the inspiration of the Old Testament, while they profess to believe in that of the New.

When Christ was on earth he was constantly referring to the Scriptures; by which term, of course, he meant the Old Testament, as there were no other Scriptures then in existence.

There are two hundred prophecies in the Old Testament concerning Jesus Christ, every solitary one of which has been fulfilled; and yet there are some intelligent persons who say they really don't think that the Bible is inspired. Such people ought to remember that "the Scriptures cannot be broken."

Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms, all testify of Christ. If you turn to the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke and twenty-seventh verse, where Christ, after his resurrection, was talking with the two disciples as he walked with them to Emmaus, you will find these words: "And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." Then in the forty-fourth verse of the

same chapter: "And he said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me. Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures."

There was never so much said about the birth, life, death, and resurrection of any man as about that of Jesus. Mark and John say nothing about Christ's birth. We are indebted to Matthew and Luke for all we know about it. For four thousand years, from the time that God made the promise in Eden, men had been looking for this child. The mothers of Israel had been praying that they might be the mothers of this child, and now, as we come into the first chapter of Luke, we find the long, dark night had rolled away.

We are told that Zacharias, the priest, received a visit from the angel Gabriel, and that he was somewhat staggered by the message. If you turn to Daniel you will find that it was the same angel that visited that prophet while he was praying.

Gabriel is only recorded by name as having made three visits to this world, and every time he came it was on something connected with Christ.

In the first chapter of Luke we find this same Gabriel visiting Mary at Nazareth, and revealing to her the great event that was to befall her. I call your attention to what Gabriel said to her about her son: "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest." So we have the right to call him the Son of God, because the angel said he should be called the "Son of the Highest."

The birth of John was not a secret; and so you will find that, notwithstanding the claims of the infidels to the contrary, Christ's birth was not a secret.

The emperor of Rome issued a decree that the whole world should pay a tax, and that every one should repair to his native place and be registered. That is one of the most marvelous things in the whole word of God. I am told by very good Bible students that that impost was not collected for nine years afterward. The child Jesus would have been born at Nazareth had not the emperor sent out this decree. In consequence thereof Mary went to Bethlehem, and the child was born there; in other words, God set the whole world in motion to bring the virgin to Bethlehem, so that his word might be fulfilled. If that child had been born at Nazareth the Scriptures would not have been true, and if the Scriptures can be broken in one place, they may in another.

What are you going to do with the passover if you take Christ out of the Old Testament? What are you going to do with the atonement—the sacrifices—the brazen serpent—the sin-offering? What do they all mean?

The Old Testament is a sealed book if you take Christ out of it. He is the key of the word, and he unlocks the Old Testament just as he does the New.

Philip found Christ in the Old Testament at the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, (Acts viii, 30–35,) and you may find him in the same place, and in hundreds of other places in the writings of Moses and the prophets.

Study the Book of Genesis. You will find Christ there. "The Seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head."

Take Exodus. That may be called the book of redemption. Leviticus is the book of sacrifices. They both abound in typical references to Christ.

There is no other way of understanding the entire system of Old Testament worship except as types and prophecies of Christ.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CHRIST'S BIRTH.

THE angels came to the shepherds and announced the birth of Christ. I have an idea that they thought the whole world would rise as one man and receive him with open arms as the Messiah. I don't think they would have imagined men to be so blind and foolish as to not receive the Prince of heaven with joy. When a prince comes to this country every body wants to do him honor; but here was a Prince from heaven, and it would seem strange that He should not be received with joy and gladness.

The angels said to the shepherds, "We bring you glad tidings"—not bad tidings. Now I guarantee that nine-tenths of the people in Chicago think the Gospel bad tidings; they do not want it; that is the trouble with most people. They are afraid of good tidings, and that just shows the depravity of men's hearts. I never knew a person in my life who did not like to hear good news, and what better news can a man receive than that he has a Saviour?

There is no one in this audience but requires a Saviour. How many of those women here try to keep their temper, and cannot do it? How many men are trying to gain a

victory over their passions and lusts, and fail? The fact is, we all need a Saviour; and God, who knew just what the world needed, gave the very gift that meets our case. What folly, what madness, that all the world do not accept the gift with joy!

One word about Joseph. He just appears on the horizon, and then fades away, and we see no more of him. The last we hear of him is when he appears in the temple with Christ, when he is twelve years old.

Now about Christ's being born of a woman.

Some ask why he did not come from heaven in glory and grandeur.

I suppose he could have done so; he could have come from the throne in a golden chariot, and have gone through the world as an angel of light. But if a man wants to be a mediator he must be a friend of both parties, and how could Christ have been a mediator between us and God if he had not taken upon himself our nature? He had to take upon himself our nature in order to mediate between God and man. Some say it was a mystery that God ever permitted sin to come into the world, but it was a greater mystery that God ever sent his Son to bear the brunt of it.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

A MAN asked me the other day if there was any place in the Bible where Christ expressly said that he was any thing more than a man. It seems to me that the Gospel of John is full proof of the divinity of Christ. It was for that purpose chiefly that his Gospel was written.

When the Pharisees came to Christ with the question, "Which was the great commandment?" he turned upon them with the question, "What think ye of Christ? whose son is he?" They said, "The son of David."

"Well, then," said Christ, "how is it that David called him Lord?" And they were confounded, and asked him no more questions from that day. The fact is, the Jews did not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and I want to say right here, if men don't believe that the whole Bible is gone. If a man is wrong on the divinity of our Lord, he is wrong on every thing. We must get the foundation right before we attempt to build.

But let us go still further. I am willing to summons the very devils of hell. When Christ came near a man possessed with a devil, the devil cried out, "What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not." (Mark v, 7.) Even the very devils testified that he was the Son of God.

Next take the high priest, who, as president of the Sanhedrin, was there when the verdict of death was pronounced. What does he say? He put him under oath, and asked him if he was the Son of God, and Jesus answered, "Thou hast said;" that is, "I am." That is the very thing we glory in; we believe he is the Son of God.

In one sentence, I think, John has settled the question of the divinity of Christ. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Indeed, the whole object of this Gospel is to teach us to believe in Christ as the Son of God, and to receive him as our divine redeemer and God.

If Jesus Christ were not the Son of God we are guilty of the very worst sin, because the very first commandment is, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Look at the millions of people who would be guilty of idolatry if Christ were not God in the flesh. Think of those who have poured out their blood to establish and maintain this truth! What an impostor he was if he were not God in the flesh!

In the eleventh chapter Christ says, "I am the resurrection and the life;" and concerning his own life, he says, "I have power to lay it down and power to take it again." No one less than God can do that.

But again, if Christ were not divine what are we to do with such texts as:—

"I and my Father are one." John x, 30.

"Before Abraham was, I am." John viii, 58.

"My Father worketh hitherto and I work." John v, 17, 18.

"I am the Son of God." John x, 36–38.

"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." John xiv, 9.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst." Matt. xviii, 20.

"All things are delivered unto me of my Father." Matt. xi, 27.

"I [Jesus] am the root and the offspring of David." Rev. xxii, 16.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

THIS question is a legitimate, practical one, which every preacher has the right to ask, and one which, if I had time, I would like to put to every one here personally. What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he? Did he come from heaven, and was he with God when the morning stars sang together? Is it true that he was with God when the foundations of this world were laid? That is the question, and it is of the utmost importance. Men ought to make up their minds and decide who Christ is.

There is something remarkable about the sayings of Christ; they can be read over and over again, and every time you read them you see something new. Christ was a child's preacher. He preached so plain that little children like to read him; and yet his words are so deep that the greatest theologians cannot fathom their depths. I would like you to compare him with the preachers of the present day, and see how he taught the people. I am told by travelers in Palestine that you cannot see a thing in that country but what Jesus used to illustrate his sermons.

I would like to take him up as a preacher. Look at that wonderful sermon recorded in the fifth of Matthew. Infidels have tried to attack that sermon, but have failed. It has done more good than any sermon ever preached in this world.

I might ask what you think of him as a physician? We have some eminent physicians in Chicago, and

people are proud of them. Not long ago a lady suffering from diphtheria told me that her doctor had not lost a case, and she had great confidence in him. But I don't think you can find a doctor in Chicago who has not lost a case if he has had much practice. Jesus never lost a case, and he had some difficult ones. Some were dead even, and he brought them back to life. All the afflicted had to do was to press up to him and the virtue would come forth, and they would be healed. In some parts of the world we have what are called Hospitals for Incurables. They didn't need such institutions in Christ's day; there was nothing but what he could cure.

I would like to talk of him as a Comforter. Think how he comforted the wounded and broken hearts. But the point to-day is, "Was he God-man?" Was he in the bosom of the Father, and did he voluntarily leave heaven and come down to earth and suffer and die that we might live? The only way to find this out is to study the Scriptures.

If I was coming to Chicago to find out about a man, there are two classes of people I would like to meet—his friends and enemies, so that I could hear both sides. Now, I propose to bring up witnesses, and I want to make you a jury to decide this great question. I shall not be partial, but bring up both enemies and friends.

We will first call the Pharisees, who were Christ's bitterest enemies. One of the charges they preferred against him was, "This man receiveth sinners and eat-the with them." Thank God for that! The very thing they bring against him is just what you and I like.

Let us take Pilate; he is not a Jew, and is unbiased and unprejudiced. His testimony is, "I find no fault in this man." Then Pilate's wife sent a message to her husband saying, "Have thou nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered many things in a dream because of him."

Well, suppose we bring in Judas, the prince of traitors, and ask what fault he found in him. See his countenance fall, as remorse, despair, and agony come upon him, and he wrings his hands and throws down the thirty pieces of silver, saying, "I have betrayed innocent blood." A great many persons are crying out against Judas, but I tell you there are worse men than he in Chicago to-day.

It seems to me that I might rest the case here, and that you could render a verdict that Christ is the true Messiah. But this is only what his enemies said; I have a good many stronger witnesses among his friends. The testimony of John the Baptist, Peter, doubting Thomas, Paul, and the angels that appeared at his birth, is all to the same effect; and if I could just shout up to the throne and ask the angels there what they think of him, just imagine what would be the reply. It would be the voice that John heard—the voice of many angels—saying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" Would it not be a glorious thing for Chicago if its people would help swell that heavenly cry? Take God's own testimony, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." That is what God the Father thought. Sinner, what do you think of him?" If God was well pleased with him, wont you be pleased with him? If

God thought a good deal of him, wont you think a little of him? O that God may now tear the scales from your eyes, that you may behold him as "the lily of the valley," as the "rose of Sharon," as the "root and offspring of David," as "the bright and morning star," as God's beloved Son sent down to this dark world to save us.

Now, what do you think of him? Put the question to yourself. Do you think a good deal of him? What do you think of him, young man; what do you, you, and you [turning in different directions] think of him? Do you think enough of him to trust him? Let the question go up into the galleries. Dr. Thompson, what do you think of him—as much as ever? [Answer]—"More. He is my Lord and my God." Professor Fisk, what do you think of him? [Answer]—"Every thing."

Well, how many are going to think enough of him to trust him this afternoon? We must have a poor opinion of Christ if we wont trust him. Let all who are willing to trust him as their Saviour from this hour rise and sing, "Just as I am, without one plea," and let the rest keep their seats.

Almost the entire audience rose and joined in the hymn.

JESUS THE MESSIAH.

ON another occasion Mr. Moody read the lesson for the day from 1 Cor. i, 18, 22–24: "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved, it is the power of God. . . . For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God."

THE world in these days is divided into the same three classes. There are the Jews and all their class, who seek after something else than the Gospel as a sign of its truth. In the third chapter of John Christ takes up this class of people, and mentions four signs or proofs of his Messiahship. First, John the Baptist testified of it; second, his own miracles proved it; third, God the Father had spoken from heaven to declare it; and, fourth, Moses and the law made reference to him. From his birth of a virgin predicted by Isaiah, until his death on the cross of Calvary, signs had followed him and wonders had been done by him; but the greatest sign of all was his resurrection from the dead. Besides all these, look at the sign which has been in the world for nearly nineteen hundred years. Here is a man who died as a malefactor at the hands of Roman soldiers, whose doctrines have been preached for a religion, and whose name has been believed in as a Saviour. Now how can you account for it? Just try to preach some other name, as Moses or Elijah, and see how long you can make it the basis of a new religion! What power would there be in it? How many could you get to hear and believe

it? But look at the results of preaching and believing the name of Christ! Take these regenerated drunkards, who had tried every thing else and failed, and at last came to Christ and were saved. Take those three thousand who were converted at Pentecost at the preaching of the life, the death, and the resurrection of Christ.

Now do you suppose it would have been possible to deceive that number of shrewd, wise-headed Jews and Greeks? Right there in Jerusalem, in the midst of those who wanted to believe that His disciples had stolen his body away, was the resurrection preached by those who had seen him and heard him, and eaten with him. He was seen by about five hundred brethen at one time, and if there had been a fraud wouldn't somebody have found it out? This blessed truth has been attacked again and again, but it still lives. There was never a time when Jesus Christ had more friends than now.

We find in the prophecy of Isaiah that His name was to be called "Wonderful," and if we take notice we will find that every thing about Christ was wonderful—another proof of his being God manifest in the flesh. There is nothing to be compared with it.

In the fourth chapter of John's Gospel, in reply to the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well, Christ declares himself to be the Messiah: "I that speak unto thee am he."

The second class mentioned in the text are the Greeks, who wanted to find out Christ by wisdom. We have plenty of these Greeks among us. They say of these meetings, "O yes, they are good, very good, for a certain class of poor and ignorant people; for drunkards and harlots, and such, but they are of no use to us

strong-minded people. These simple ones are deluded, of course, but it does them no harm, and may do them some little good; but as for us there is a more excellent way. We believe in education and culture."

Well, now, let me ask one of these Greeks what he would do with a drunkard who has fallen into the gutter? Teach him astronomy? That would save him from getting drunk, wouldn't it?

Paul knew those old Greeks. When he was in Athens he found the city wholly given to idolatry. He found plenty of philosophers there, but of these the one class, the Epicureans, said there was no difference between good and evil, and the Stoics thought that God was no better than themselves. No wonder that society in Athens was as corrupt as hell.

Jews and Greeks are thick enough in Chicago; but then there is the third class of people, namely, those who are in Christ. They learn the power and wisdom of God in learning Christ; but how much do they find out about him when, in the pride of their own wisdom, they refuse to receive his Gospel?

Those old unbelievers called Paul a babbler because he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection; but there was more power and wisdom in him than in all those nations of heathen put together. The power and the wisdom of God was in him because he was one with Christ?

Now to which of these three classes do you belong?

THE TEMPTATIONS OF CHRIST.

THIS afternoon, I want to talk to you a little about the temptation of Christ. It is shown in the fourth chapter of Matthew that it was after God proclaimed Christ as his Son that Satan made his attack on him.

In the first chapter of Genesis we find this same enemy tempting Adam and Eve in Eden; and if you compare Matthew with the first book of the Bible you will see that Satan made the same attack on Christ as he did on Adam and Eve. He did not attack him as the Son of God, but as Jesus of Nazareth.

The first thing that Satan told him was to turn the stones into bread. He tempted him through the appetite, the same as Adam and Eve were tempted.

He was also tempted by ambition. You will remember that one of Satan's assertions when tempting Eve was, "Ye shall be as gods."

The difference between the first and second Adam is, that the first fell when he was tempted, but the second withstood temptation by the word of God. Every man that stands by the word cannot fall; it is those who begin to doubt that fall a prey to the devil. There is not a young convert here but will be tempted, and tempted, probably, as were the first and second Adam—through the appetite and ambition. But there is no need of his falling; it is the privilege of every child of God to live without falling. If we stand by our Bible we can defy the devil. But the trouble is, unbelief comes in. Men begin to doubt the word. The first

thing Satan did was to plant a doubt in Adam's heart, and just as soon as we get that far our fall will be accomplished. We are living in a day when we ought to be careful what we believe, and when we ought to measure every sermon by the word of God. A man may be as eloquent as Gabriel, but unless he can stand the touchstone of the word he will be of no use. If Jesus overcame Satan by the word, how much greater is our need for that powerful safeguard against sin and temptation. There are a good many unbelieving Churches at the present time; be careful you don't get into one. I would rather some one should poison my children with drugs from the drug store than teach them false doctrine which would lead them away from Christ.

MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

THE miracles of Christ have been often attacked. As soon as Christ began his ministry he began to perform miracles.

The first miracle that Moses wrought was to turn the water into blood—that is, into death. Christ's first miracle was to turn water into wine—which means joy and life.

A great many are claiming that miracles can be accounted for by natural causes. Let me give you a little advice. If you go into a church and hear a minister make such a remark, take your hat and get out as quick as possible. Go as Lot went out of Sodom, and do not look behind. He is the devil's own minister, and if he

had been sent from the very pit of hell into this world to preach he could not be more pernicious. It is just bringing the Son of God down to the level of one of the mediums of the present day, and degrading the miracle to a sleight-of-hand performance. The idea that any one should be guilty of such a thing in regard to our Lord and Saviour! A miracle is a supernatural event, and if a man will only admit one miracle, that settles the whole question; but the moment we doubt one we are doing just what the devil wants us to do—doubting God's word. Is there a man or woman in this audience to-day that believes that Jesus did not turn that water into wine? The idea that God had not the power to do it! The God that could create this world out of nothing!

As Milton said when he was a school-boy, "The conscious water saw its God, and blushed."

The reclamation of drunkards now going on in this city is as wonderful as the miracles of the Bible; and those women who are toiling that the drunkards may be saved will have a great many bright jewels in their crowns. They will be better known in heaven than they are here.

I would like to have men explain the destruction of drunkards' appetites for liquor by natural causes. No. It is a miracle of grace, a miracle wrought by the divine Spirit, through faith in a divine Saviour.

CHRIST THE REFUGE.

AFTER reading the Scripture lesson from the twentieth chapter of Joshua, being an account of the appointment of the cities of refuge, to which he who slew his neighbor unawares might flee, to be safe from the avenger of blood, Mr. Moody said:—

THESE cities of refuge were typical of Christ.

The roads which led to them were always to be open, and the bridges in good repair. At the forks of the roads there were sign-boards with the word "refuge" in red letters, and a hand pointing the way to the city; and when once a fugitive got inside he found shelter, defense, and society.

Christ is the refuge for these poor drunkards, who are hunted down by the power of strong drink. Flee to him and you will find safety, pardon, a new nature, and the fellowship of Christ and his people.

Now I want to call your attention to the names of these six cities of refuge. The first is Kadesh; that means "holiness." "O," says one, "if I could only find holiness I should be safe!" Well, my friend, if you want to find holiness come to Christ. He is holy; even the devils admit that. Don't you remember how the devil answered him when he charged him to come out of the maniac? "I know who thou art: the holy one of God." Christ is holiness for you; you will never have any of your own. Flee unto Kadesh, and Christ shall be made unto you righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

The name of the next is Shechem; that means "shoulder," something to carry burdens on. "O," says the

poor sinner, "if I could only get rid of this awful load of sin! It weighs me down to despair." Well, then, flee to Shechem. You haven't far to go. Christ is nigh thee. It isn't as if the city of refuge were ten miles away, and you must run to it with this terrible burden on your shoulders. Christ is right here. Just lay your burden on his shoulder, who is the great Burden-bearer, and he will carry it for you; or, still better, roll it into his sepulcher, and you shall see it no more.

The name of the third city is Hebron; that means "joined." Some of these drunkards would like to become Christians, but they are all the time afraid they can't hold out. Well, my friend, the thing for you to do is to flee to Hebron, and when once you are joined to Christ you are safe. Christ will carry out what he undertakes, and if you join yourself to him, and trust your salvation to him, you will be able to stand in him to all eternity.

I heard of a man who went into business out here in some of these western towns, where people said he was sure to fail; but he didn't; and after he had been getting along very well for some years, and showing no signs of failing, it was discovered that the man had a brother at the East who was very rich, and who helped him along from time to time. Just so with you, sinner; you have a Brother who is very rich, and, if you are joined in partnership with Him, he will help you to hold out. It is those who are not joined to Christ who fail; but they who are joined to him have power and grace. "They that trust the Lord shall not want any good thing."

The name of the fourth city is Bezer; that means "fortified." "The Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe." "None shall be able to pluck them out of my hand," says Christ. There is a fortress which all the powers of the world and all the devils in hell can never batter down. Flee to Bezer, and you will find yourself behind the fortifications cast up by Christ himself.

The fifth city is Ramoth; that means "high." Flee to Ramoth, up out of the low lands of your old lusts, and passions, and appetites, up to the high places of communion with Christ.

"And I, if I be lifted up," says Christ, "will draw all men unto me." If you will come to Christ he will lift you up above the world, above your old evil nature, and by and by he will raise you to the heights of his eternal glory.

The last city is Golan, which means "exile." We are strangers and pilgrims in this world, Like Moses in Egypt, we are exiles from home, and we seek a better country, that is, a heavenly one. What we want is to get to Golan, get where we feel that we are not of this world, but belong to the kingdom of Christ. "Our citizenship is in heaven." But after all, my friends, you haven't to flee to find the city of refuge. Christ is right here; right at the door of your hearts. Give yourself to him; make Christ your refuge to-day.

CHRIST THE REDEEMER.

The Blood Atonement in the Old Testament.

I WANT to begin to-night with the second chapter of the Book of Genesis, the sixteenth and seventeenth verses: "And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

This is a law, and if it is going to be of any force it must have a penalty. A law without a penalty isn't of any use. You might make a law that people shall not steal, but if there wasn't any penalty we should lose our watches before we could get home. There must be a penalty to all laws, and the penalty to this one is death.

I used to stumble over that text. God tells Adam that in the day he transgresses he shall die, and yet he lives more than six hundred years afterward. But after studying my Bible awhile it began to get clearer to me. How did Adam die in the day he disobeyed God? He lost the life of his soul; he became dead to God; got out of communion with him; so that when God came down to see him he hid himself among the trees of the garden.

God's chariot has two wheels, Grace and Government. I always feel glad to think that sin was covered before Eden was lost.

God deals with Adam in grace before he deals with him under the law. Here in the twenty-first verse of the third chapter of Genesis we read that God made Adam

and his wife coats of skins before he drove them out of Eden.

And now right here we find the Gospel doctrine of substitution. The animals were slain—of course they must be killed before God could get their skins—and so death, the first death we find in the world, was a type of the death of the Lamb of God on Calvary.

That is what the apostle preached; Christ "was delivered for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification."

Now how can God be just and justify the sinner? I will tell you: Because God himself came down in the form of sinful flesh and took upon him our nature, and died that we might live. There is the doctrine of substitution.

You don't believe in the doctrine of substitution? Well, then, if you don't believe that you don't believe the Bible. I tell you, take the doctrine of substitution out of that Bible and I wouldn't carry it home with me.

"The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head" has run along down through the ages ever since Adam fell.

Take the history of those first two worshipers, Cain and Abel. Abel believed in the doctrine of substitution, but Cain did not.

I seem to hear Cain saying to himself: "I am not fond of shedding blood. I don't see why Abel must be always killing something for an offering to God. It seems to me much better to bring some of the fruits of the earth."

But the Bible says that "the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering: but unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect." There are a great many Cainites in

the world in these days. Take care, my friends, not to disobey God, and neglect the blood of his Son, lest he, as in the case of Cain, reject both your offering and yourselves. You insult the Almighty by offering the work of your own hands to atone for you.

Abel went to heaven by the way of the blood, and that is the way every other soul has gone to glory. We have a solo here from Mr. Sankey once in awhile. So I can imagine that when Abel went to heaven they had a solo there, for Abel could sing a song that none of them in heaven knew—the song of redemption by the blood of the Lamb. Now they sing it in grand chorus, for a great multitude have gone up on high, and they all sing the same words, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

In the eighth chapter of Exodus and at the twentieth verse, we find Noah opening the second era of the world by building an altar, and offering on it those clean beasts which God had taken care to have brought over the flood for that very purpose.

The Scripture says that Abraham saw Christ's day, and was glad. Perhaps it was right there on the mountain when he was about to offer up his son. Perhaps God gave him a glimpse down the ages, and showed him the Saviour of the world climbing up the Mount of Calvary with the weight of all the sin of the world bearing him down.

In the twelfth chapter of Exodus, and at the second verse, we read: "This month shall be unto you the beginning of months: it shall be the first month of the year to you," etc. What month was that? The month which began with the passover. All the time that Israel had been

in Egypt was to go for nothing, and they were to begin to reckon from the blood; that is, the blood of the paschal lamb. My friends, our life don't start from the cradle, but from the cross of Christ. Noah began his reckoning from the altar set up after the flood, and when we reckon our years it is from the coming of the Lamb of God, who died to take away our sins.

The death of Christ is our life. People say we ought to preach up Christ's life and character. But Christ didn't say we were to preach his life as the salvation of sinners. God didn't say, "Tie a living lamb to the doorpost, and when I see it I will pass over you." If that had been done, death would have passed over the living lamb and taken the first-born. It was death that kept death off; the only way to meet death is by death. The sentence has come, and I must either have some one to die for me or die myself. That is the lesson that God is trying to bring out—the great doctrine of substitution. The lambs were typical of the coming of the Lamb of God. They foreshadowed the scene at Calvary; and they continued to be offered until Jesus Christ himself died for us.

I can imagine some of the lords and dignitaries of Egypt riding through Goshen the day before the passover. They could hear the bleating of the lambs all through the province, for every man had either his lamb ready to kill or was killing it; and they were sprinkling the blood upon the door-posts.

I imagine I can hear those Egyptians saying, "Men! what are you doing? Why are you putting blood upon your houses? Why are you disfiguring your door-posts?"

"Ah!" say the Hebrews, "it is going to shelter us to-

night. It will be worth to us, at midnight, more than all Egypt."

The men go away laughing together, and thinking that these Hebrews had gone clean mad. But ah! at midnight they changed their minds. There was a wail that went up from every house. From the palace of the king down to the lowest hut death had come and taken his victim. He entered the palace of the rich and the hovel of the poor, and laid his icy hand upon the firstborn of all Egypt. But Israel was safe, sheltered behind the blood.

The lamb must be pure and spotless, for the Lamb of God was spotless. The blood must be put on the door-post, not on the threshold; God will not suffer the blood to be trampled on. And when all this was done, and death came round to slay the first-born, wherever he saw the blood, he said Death has been here already; and so he left it and went on to the next house. Thus death kept death out.

I have heard people wishing they were as good as this minister or that mother in Israel; but I tell you, my friends, you are just as safe as any of them if you are only sheltered behind the blood. The smallest child in Goshen that night of the passover was just as safe behind the blood as Moses and Aaron themselves. The blood was the token which God had appointed; nothing else was needed, nothing else was of any use.

When I started for the east the other night the conductor came along and called out "Tickets!" He didn't look at me at all, but he looked at the ticket. That was all right, and it made no difference to him who the passenger was. So with the blood. If we have the token—

the blood of Christ applied to our souls—we are safe; for that is all the law of God requires. Some one has said that a little fly in the ark was just as safe as the elephant: it wasn't the strength of the great beast that saved him; it was the ark.

I wish I had time to take you through the book of Leviticus; it is all about worship, all full of types which have been fulfilled in Christ.

There are one or two other verses we ought to notice: "Thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste: it is the Lord's passover." Now, there are many people who are satisfied with getting to Calvary; they forget to feed upon the Lamb, and so they get thin, and poor, and sickly.

Here is a curious text that used to trouble me. I couldn't see what it meant. It is Leviticus viii, 23: "And Moses took of the blood of the ram of consecration, and put it upon the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot." What is all that for?

Well, my friends, I'll tell you. The blood on the ear was to help him to hear the voice of God. If he didn't hear well he wouldn't teach well. Nobody can hear the voice of God till his ears have been sanctified. There was a time when God the Father spoke to his Son out of heaven, but the people that stood by said that it thundered; they didn't know the difference between God's voice and thunder. Then the blood on the right hand was to show that his work was consecrated to God. No man can do any good at working for God till he is washed in the blood of

Christ. I never knew any one who didn't believe in the blood to have any power in prayer, or to be able to lead any souls into the kingdom of God. The blood on the foot was to show that Aaron was to walk in the way of God's commandments.

In Leviticus xvii, 11, we read the meaning of the blood: "For the life of the flesh is in the blood; and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls: for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul."

Here, then, is the doctrine of substitution: Christ—died—for—us. Moses taught it; Isaiah taught it; the Gospels teach it; it is the scarlet thread that binds the whole Bible together; it is the one lesson which God has to teach us. The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

My friends, what will you do with the precious blood to-night?

A good many years ago, when the California gold-fever broke out, there was a young man who left a wife and little boy and went to California. He told his wife that as soon as he could he would send for her and his child. They watched and watched for the letter to come, bringing the money; but he was not very successful, and it was a long time before the money came to take them to the Pacific coast. But at last the letter did come, and that wife and little boy were full of delight. They went to New York and took their passage in one of those beautiful Pacific steamers, but they had not been at sea very long when, one beautiful day, all at once there was a cry of "Fire!" "fire!"

The pumps were set to work, but, in spite of every thing, the flames increased. There was a magazine of powder on board, and the captain knew the moment the fire touched it all would perish. The life-boats were lowered, and the strongest of the passengers and crew sprang into them, and left the rest to die. Among the number left were that poor mother and her boy. The last life-boat was pushing away; it was her last hope. She bent over that ship and begged them to take her boy and herself; but no—the crew said they didn't dare to take any more. She pleaded with them until at last one of the men said, "Let us take them;" but the others cried out against it. At last they agreed to take one of them.

What do you think she did? Did the mother leap into the boat and leave the boy to perish? But you, mothers, know that she wouldn't do that. She seized her darling boy; pressed him to her heart; handed him over the side; and as she dropped him into the boat she said,

"My son, if you live to see your father tell him that I died in your place."

The boat pushed off, and in a little while that vessel was blown up, and that mother perished.

Young men, what would you say of that son if he should speak disrespectfully of his mother? You would say he wasn't fit to live.

And what shall be said of you if you refuse to give your heart to Him who has purchased you with his own blood?

The Blood Atonement in the New Testament.

LAST night I was talking about "The Blood" as it is set forth in the Old Testament. To-night I wish to call your attention to some things said about it in the New Testament. A lady once wrote me a letter saying she had followed our work with great interest both in England and in this country, but when she heard of my preaching about the blood she was thoroughly displeased with me. "Where," she asked, "did Jesus ever teach the barbarous, monstrous doctrine, that men are to be saved by means of his blood?"

Well, my friends, I'll tell you. In the fourteenth chapter of Mark, twenty-fourth verse, Christ says to his disciples, "This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many." Also in Luke xxii, 20, he says, "This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you." There are plenty more texts to the same purpose, but these are enough to answer the question. If Christ did not teach, and if the apostles and the early Church did not believe, the doctrine of the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ, then I haven't got the key to this book at all.

A young minister once came to me in England and said, "Either you are wrong or I am."

"What about?" said I.

"Why, about this being saved by the blood of Christ." And then he went on to say that he did not believe one word of my sermon on "The Blood;" he thought and preached that it was the life, and not the death, of Christ that was the means of saving men's souls.

"Do you have any body converted under that doctrine?" said I.

"O, no; I don't work for that; I preach morality to my people, and expect them to be saved gradually by culture, and education in the truth."

"Why," said I, "I should feel as if religion was all a sham if, with these texts in the word of God, your notions of it were true."

"And I myself sometimes think it a sham," he replied.

So I read him some texts: "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree;" "the blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin;" and a good many more of the same sort, and he didn't know what to do with them.

Let us take John xix, 34: "But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water." That was the crowning act of hell; but when that spear pierced his side, his heart's blood covered and glorified the spear; so every thing that is touched by the blood of Christ is sanctified. Even this earth is redeemed by it, and some day will exchange its thorns and briars for roses and myrtles.

In 1 Peter i, 18, 19, we read: "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." "Redeem" means, to bring back. A friend of mine near Dublin was illustrating it to me in this way: he said he was walking out in the fields one day, and came across a boy with a sparrow in his hand which he had caught. The gentleman tried to persuade

the boy to let it go; but he answered, "Indade, sur, an' haven't I been chasin' him for half an hour, and d'ye 'spose I'd be afther lettin' him go?" So the man offered to buy him, and when he had paid the price that the little fellow asked for the bird, he took it up and laid it in the open palm of his hand. The little thing had been overpowered with fear, but presently fluttered its wings a little, and then soared away into the air singing as plain as it could speak, "Thank you! thank you!" So, my friends, we have been in the hands of the devil these six thousand years; he is too strong for us; he is older and wiser than we; but Christ has bought us, not of the devil, but of the law of God, which had sentenced us to die, and we ought to fill all the air with songs of thanksgiving.

Now the blood has two cries, salvation and damnation. God said to Cain, "Thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. And now art thou cursed from the earth;" but in Colossians i, 20, we find the blood of Christ making peace for us, and reconciling us to God. Some of you don't believe in being saved by the blood: tell me how you are going to get rid of this passage in Hebrews ix, 22: "Without shedding of blood is no remission." What hope have you if you reject this only means by which your sins may be remitted? In Hebrews x, 20, we are told that the new and living way by which we may enter into the holy place is through the vail of Christ's flesh. You know that when Christ died God rent the vail of the temple from top to bottom; not from bottom to top; the work was done from above; and that is to signify that the way into God's kingdom is opened by the offering

of Jesus Christ as a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world. You don't need a priest, or bishop, or pope to help you; come yourself, come boldly, come all alone; the way is open, even into the holy of holies.

There are a good many other passages I would like to notice, but I must hasten on. Take this one, Rev. xii, 11: "And they overcame him [that is, the devil] by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony." There is nothing that the devil hates and fears so much as the blood of the Son of God. He likes to get ministers to touch lightly on it; and if he could keep them from preaching it at all he wouldn't care how much they preached other things: but I tell you a minister may just as well sit down on a curbstone and whittle shavings as to go into the pulpit and preach if he does not preach redemption, substitution, and salvation, by the blood of the Lamb. There may be great crowds attending his ministry, but his work will all go to nothing unless he is faithful to this central doctrine of Christian faith.

An old minister who had preached the Gospel for fifty years was dying. He called for the Bible, and said, "Find me the First Epistle of John, the first chapter and the seventh verse;" and when they found it for him he put his trembling finger on it and said, "I die in the faith of that verse." What is it? "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"I am on the down grade and can't find the brake," said a dying man who used to be a driver on the overland stage line. "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb," said Alfred Cookman. My friends, when Christ ascended to heaven he left his blood

behind; it was shed on Calvary, and there it has remained for us. What will you do with the blood of the Lamb? Will you accept it? Will you let it wash away your sins?

Now the blood is on the mercy-seat: while it is there God says, "I cannot see your sins, I am looking at the blood." O press toward the mercy-seat while the blood is on it, and God will accept your poor sinful souls for the sake of the blood of his Son.

In 1 Corinthians xv, 3, we are told that "Christ died for our sins." I wish I could get every one here to believe that: to say, not, he died for all mankind, but, *he died for me.* I have often thought that if I could make this doctrine real—if I could tell the story of the cross so that people would see it and feel it—I would go around and tell it, and preach nothing else.

We take up the Bible, and read the account of his crucifixion and death—how he suffered in agony—and we go away, lay the Bible down, and think nothing more about it. I remember when the war was going on I would read about a great battle having been fought, where probably ten thousand men had been killed and wounded, and after reading the article I would lay the paper aside and forget all about it. At last I went into the army myself. I was at Fort Donelson and Pittsburgh Landing. I saw the dying men—I heard the groans of the wounded—I helped to comfort the dying and to bury the dead; I saw the scene in all its terrible realities; and after I had been on the battle field I could not read an account of a battle without it making a profound impression upon me. I wish I could bring before you in living colors the sufferings and death of Christ.

When a great man dies we are all anxious to get his last words; and if it is a friend, how we treasure up that last word—how we tell it to his friends! And we never tire talking about our loved ones, and how they made their departure from the world.

Now, let us visit Calvary; let us go back in our imagination to the time of Christ's crucifixion; let us imagine we are living in the city of Jerusalem, and that it is the last Thursday before he was crucified. Let us just imagine we are on one of the streets of Jerusalem. You see a small body of men walking down the street. As we get nearer we find that it is Jesus and his apostles. We just walk down the street with them and we see them stop before a very common looking house. They go in, and we enter also, and there we find Jesus sitting with the apostles. You can see sorrow depicted upon his brow. We are told that "he was sorrowful unto death."

While he was sitting there he said to the twelve, "One of you shall betray me." Then each of them wondered if he were the one of whom the Master spoke, and they said, "Is it I?" Then Judas, the traitor, asked, "Is it I?" "Judas, what thou doest do quickly," said the Saviour, and Judas got up and left the room. For three years he had been associated with the Son of God. For three years he had sat at the feet of Jesus. For three years he had heard those words of sympathy and love fall from his lips. He had seen him perform his wonderful miracles. He had heard the parables as they fell from his lips. For three years he had been a member of that little band, but now he gets up and goes out into the night, the darkest night this world ever saw. You can hear him as he

goes down those steps off into the darkness and blackness of the night. He goes to the Sanhedrin and says, "What will you give me?"

"Thirty pieces of silver."

That was a small amount. Men condemn Judas; but how many are selling him for less than that? How many will give him up for less than that?

It was on that night that Jesus said, "Let not your hearts be troubled. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, . . . that where I am there ye may be also." Instead of the disciples trying to cheer him, he is trying to cheer them. He takes Peter, James, and John off from the rest, and then he withdraws from them about a stone's throw, and there he prayed to the Father. He that knew no sin was to bear all our sins. He who was as spotless as the angels of heaven was to suffer for us. When he gets up from prayer he sees in the distance a band of men with lanterns and torches, and he knows they are looking for him. He went up to this band of men and said, "Whom seek ye?" And they said, "We seek Jesus of Nazareth."

"I am he."

Mr. Moody concluded the discourse with a vivid description of the scenes and events of the last hours of Christ, so life-like as to be absolutely painful, and in a style which it is impossible to reproduce to the mind of one who only hears it through his eyes. The trial before Pilate, the condemnation, the scourging, the crown of thorns, the mockery at the house of Herod, the cry of "Crucify him! crucify him!" the journey to Calvary, the nailing of his blessed body to the cross, his death-cry, the darkness, the earthquake, the spear-thrust, and at last, the descent from the cross, were all pictured so as to bring home to the vast congregation the sacred and awful truth of the vicarious death of the Son of God.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

AFTER reading the account of the resurrection of Christ, found in the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel by St. Mark, Mr. Moody said:—

A GOOD many people seem to think that Christ's resurrection was only a spiritual matter, and that his body laid in the grave and became food for worms, just like any other dead body. But the Gospels are very full and plain on this point. Not less than forty-two times is this blessed doctrine spoken of by Christ himself before his death, as well as by his disciples afterward. In Matthew xvi, 21, we find, "From that time forth began Jesus to show unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day." In Matthew xvii, 9, Jesus charged his disciples saying, "Tell the vision [that is, the vision of the transfiguration] to no man, until the Son of man be risen again from the dead." In Mark ix, 9, 10, the same thing is repeated. These are only a few of the many places where Christ and his disciples declare the fact of his resurrection from the dead. The disciples seemed to have two chief texts to preach from: the death of Christ and the resurrection of Christ. These were the two hinges of the door leading into God's kingdom. These were the two foundation-stones on which that kingdom was built.

In Matthew xii, 39, the Jews come to Christ and ask him to give them a sign, and he tells them that no sign shall be given them but the sign of Jonah the prophet. What was that sign? The sign of the resurrection.

No doubt the captain of that ship on which Jonah took passage came to Nineveh, and told the story of the man whom they had been obliged to cast overboard, and that the last they saw of him was his heels as he went into the belly of that whale. Some people say that a whale's throat isn't big enough to swallow a man, but the Scripture puts that all right. It says, "The Lord prepared a great fish," and he could do that as well as any thing else.

A few days after whom should those Ninevite sailors see but Jonah, whom they knew had been swallowed. What could it mean? Here is a man come back from death! Surely, his message must be important.

"You want a sign, do you?" says Christ. "Well, you shall have one: as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly: so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." There was death and there was resurrection.

Did you ever stop to think what darkness would settle down upon the world if it were not for this doctrine of the resurrection? How I pity those men who try to deny it. They are like Samson, pulling the house down upon their own heads.

In the sixth chapter of John's Gospel Christ tells his disciples three or four times, "I will raise him up at the last day."

There is, then, a resurrection for us also.

But let us keep to the resurrection of Christ. You remember that in a previous sermon we left him lying in the sepulcher in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, where he had received a kingly burial, being embalmed with a hundred pounds of sweet spices, as the manner of the Jews is

to bury. If you could have seen Death on his throne just then you would have seen him exulting over the Son of God, and you might have heard him say, "Ah, yes, Jesus pays his tribute to me. Only two, Enoch and Elijah, ever escaped me." But even then his hands begin to grow warm—those same hands that had been nailed to the cross —life comes back into that body which had been pierced by the soldier's spear; he burst the bands of death; he broke the bars of the grave, and came forth according to his word, conquering death and hell for us as well as for himself.

Mr. Moody then, in his scenic and effective style, pictured the events of the resurrection morning, and of the eleven times when the risen Saviour was seen by his friends and disciples after his resurrection. The first of these was his appearance to Mary Magdalene; the second, as we find in 1 Corinthians xv, 5, 6, was to Cephas or Peter; the third, to the two disciples at Emmaus; the fourth, to the ten disciples as they sat at meat together; the fifth, about a week afterward to the eleven, Thomas, who was absent before, this time being with them; the sixth, to the disciples as they were sitting in their boats near the shore, having toiled all night and taken nothing, and then at his command they let down their nets once more and "made a great haul;" the seventh, his appearance to above five hundred brethren at once somewhere among the mountains of Galilee; the eighth, his appearance to James, mentioned in 1 Corinthians xv, 7; the ninth, the time when he appeared to his disciples and led them out as far as Bethany, where he ascended, and a cloud received him out of their sight; the tenth, his appearance to the martyr Stephen, who, when he was about to die, saw him standing at the right hand of God; and, last, his appearance to Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus. He closed by advising more study of the subject of the resurrection of Christ.

JESUS THE ANOINTED.

THE Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.—LUKE iv, 18, 19.

THIS was Christ's inaugural sermon.

After he had read the passage as recorded by the prophet Isaiah he closed the book, and began to say unto them, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

It was a sermon at Nazareth, among his own townspeople. He had been to the Jordan; John the Baptist had baptized him, and the people had heard a strange voice which spoke from heaven when he came up out of the water. Now he has come back they no doubt expect some great thing from him—and they get it. Christ preached the Gospel to them.

A great many people don't know what "gospel" means. It means good spell, or God's spell, the same as is meant in my text by "the acceptable year of the Lord."

In that sixty-first chapter of Isaiah Christ stopped right in the middle of the sentence; there were seven things he had come to do, but he omitted to say any thing about "the day of vengeance of our God." His business, then, was to preach the Gospel; so he stopped at that place and shut up the book. But he will come back again by and by, and open it again, and commence where he left off. Now he is on the mercy-seat; but then, when you cry for mercy, you will find that vengeance has begun.

One proof that people do not believe the Bible is, that

they wear long faces when they are invited to come to Christ, as if they had been invited to attend a funeral or an execution. The Gospel is good tidings of great joy. No better news ever fell upon mortal ears than the Gospel of the Son of God.

Christ here tells his neighbors what he was anointed to do. We find that Moses was anointed, and that when he went down to Egypt terrible plagues fell upon the Egyptians; Elijah was anointed of God for the work of a prophet, and he called down fire from heaven; Gideon was anointed as a leader of the Lord's hosts, and he slew his enemies by thousands; the Spirit of God came upon Samson, and he did the same thing; but when Christ comes he says, the Spirit of the Lord is upon me, not to take away men's lives, but to save them from death. The only man that ever really lost any thing through Christ was the man whose ear Peter cut off, and in less than five minutes he got it back again just as good as ever.

I like the Gospel because it came to destroy four of my worst enemies. The first of these is death. Up in that little village in New England where I came from they used to toll the bell when any one died, striking it once for every year. I used to think when the bell struck seventy, and sometimes eighty, Ah, death is a good way off; but sometimes it only struck a few times, and then it used to seem very solemn.

The thought of death used to trouble me so that sometimes I couldn't sleep in a room alone; but, thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, it doesn't trouble me any now. I have learned to answer that question, "O death, where is thy sting?" by replying—

Buried in the bosom of the Son of God!

There is a psalm which some people always quote wrong: "When I pass through the *dark* valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." But there isn't any "*dark*" there. Men put it there; God does not. That valley is not dark any more since Jesus Christ went through it. He seized death and bound him hand and foot, and took away all his power over those who believe in the Son of God. The only dark thing that is left there now is the shadow of death; but you know there is nothing terrible in a shadow; the substance isn't there any more.

Another enemy which the Gospel of Christ destroys is sin. Sin brought death into the world, but Christ takes sin away.

Can you find any thing of a cloud after it has vanished from the sky? Well, God has promised to blot out our sins as a cloud, and our iniquities as a thick cloud.

Another enemy is the grave.

It used to frighten me to hear the earth falling on the coffins, but now I hear the voice of Christ, saying:—

"I will raise him up at the last day."

The fourth enemy that I used to be afraid of is, the judgment.

But now the judgment for sin has passed. Christ has been judged for us; Christ has been condemned for us; Christ has been slain for us, the just for the unjust. There is to be a day of judgment to settle the rewards of our stewardship, but no more judgment for our sins if we have accepted Christ, who was judged, condemned, and slain in our stead. The Gospel says of the believer in

Christ, he "shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life."

That is the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and do you think people ought to be gloomy or to put on long faces when they hear it?

Away out on the prairie, out in the western country, in the autumn, when there hasn't been any rain for months, sometimes the prairie grass catches fire, and if there comes up a very strong wind, the flames just roll along in a wall of fire twenty feet high, and go sometimes at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

When the frontier men see it coming what do they do? They know they cannot run as fast as the fire can. Not the fleetest horse can escape from that fire. They just take a match and light the grass around them, and then they get into the burnt place, and are safe. They hear the flames roar; they see death coming towards them; but they do not fear, they do not tremble; because the fire has passed over the place where they are, and there is no danger. There is nothing for the fire to burn.

There is one mountain peak that the wrath of God has swept over—that is mount Calvary; and that fire spent its fury upon the bosom of the Son of God. Take your stand here by his cross, where Christ died for you, and you will be safe for time and eternity.

I have read of a Russian nobleman whose son was wild and unmanageable, so he sent him into the army, hoping the strict discipline might correct him; but he made a very great mistake in supposing that a change of circumstances would save the boy; what he needed is just what all sinners need—a change of heart.

Instead of growing better, this young man got worse and worse. He borrowed money as long as he could, and spent it in gambling and dissipation, and when at last he could borrow no longer, he was sued for debt and was in danger of being sent to prison.

On the night before he was to be tried as a defaulter he sat in his barracks, thinking over his wicked course. After awhile he took a piece of paper and wrote down upon it all the sums of money he owed, that he might see how bad his case really was. It made a long, long list, and when he came to add it up he was altogether in despair. Then he wrote underneath the figures these words: "Who will pay all these debts for me?" and with his head bowed upon the barrack table, he wept himself to sleep.

It chanced that the emperor, who was accustomed to go about in disguise, came that night at a late hour through these barracks where the young soldier was asleep. Noticing him there, and the paper beside him, he guessed at once what was the matter. So he took the paper and read it: then, without awaking the broken-hearted boy, he wrote under the question, "Who will pay all these debts for me?" the single word *Nicholas*.

When the young soldier awoke and looked again at the paper he was overwhelmed with surprise to see the signature of the emperor underneath his list of debts. It seemed too good to be true, but early in the morning sure enough the money came from the emperor; he paid all his debts, and was saved from a felon's cell.

I don't know whether this story is true or not, but I know that a greater Emperor than Nicholas has paid my

long list of debts and sins, and in his glorious love and mercy I am a free man. No prison for me; no condemnation for me:—

"Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow."

II.

"He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted."

The next thing that Christ says he came to do is to heal the broken-hearted; to carry our sorrows as well as to atone for sins. I often wonder why so many people with broken hearts persist in carrying their sorrow, when Christ offers to carry it for them and they might cast their burden upon him.

There is no class of people who are free from broken hearts. Some years ago I used to visit from house to house among the poor of this city, and since then I have made the acquaintance of a good many people who were rich, but I find broken hearts every-where, among rich and poor, high and low, wise and ignorant. There are no hearts strong enough to stand the strain and the blows of this sorrowful world.

I made five calls one day, and at every house I found a broken heart. The first was a mother whose son had come home drunk the night before: she had never known of his bad habits until then. The next was a mother whose little family of children had been broken by death since my last visit. The third was a wife whose husband had cruelly deserted her, and she neither knew where he was nor how she was to live through the winter, which was then coming on. I need not tell you the others, but

in every house I entered that afternoon there was an afflicted heart.

I met a young man at the inquiry-meeting last night who had been so full of grief and despair that he said he had been down to the lake night after night, looked into its dark waters, and half resolved to take the deadly plunge.

If all the sorrows in this city were written down, this building couldn't hold the books which would be written. Ever since Adam was driven out of Eden this world has been no stranger to tears, and I wonder how it is that so many people can stay away from Christ, who offers to bear our griefs and carry our sorrows if we will only lay them on him. The Bible tells us of Jacob weeping over the bloody coat of his darling Joseph; of the tears of David as he went up to his chamber, crying out, "O Absalom, would to God I had died for thee!" And among the first sounds the Son of God heard when he came into this world were the voices of those Bethlehem mothers, weeping over the loss of their infant sons killed by the soldiers of Herod.

I want to call your attention to that little word "sent." "He hath *sent* me to heal the broken-hearted." My friends, no matter how great a work any man has to do, he will be certain to succeed in it if only God has sent him. God sent Moses down to Egypt to bring out three millions of slaves. When he got there the proud King Pharaoh said they shouldn't go, but that didn't make any difference with Moses. God had sent him, and he was certain to succeed. God sent Joshua to capture the land of Canaan. The cities were great, and walled up to heaven; but when the proper time came, the walls of Jericho

fell down. God sent Gideon, and Samson, and Elisha against great odds, but never one of them failed. And if the Son of God is "*sent* to heal the broken-hearted"—if God sends him—is he not certain to succeed?

If you break your arm or your leg, you straightway call a doctor to mend it for you; but if you break your heart what are you going to do?

In the time of Christ they didn't have any hospitals, but if there were people sick in the house they brought them to the door that people passing by might see them; and if any one went by who had suffered from such disease he would stop and tell the sick man how he had been cured. Sometimes this worked well enough, but a great many sick people never found any one who knew the right remedy. When the Son of God came and walked along those roads they brought out the sick people for him to see, and every one that was brought to him was healed. He only spoke the word and it was done. He knew a remedy for all the diseases. He has still a balm for every wound. He knows how to heal the suffering soul as well as the broken and wounded body; and yet you try to carry all your heavy sorrows yourselves, instead of laying them on him. You try every other doctor before you come to the great Physician.

I know two wives in this city whose husbands are dead, and they utterly refuse to be comforted; they will die of broken hearts before long unless they learn to cast their cares on Him who careth for them.

Three years ago a gentleman in this city took his wife and four children to New York and put them on that French steamer to cross the ocean. There was a col-

lision, and the mother, with her children around her, went down on the deck of that vessel. She was afterward picked up, but the children were never found. When she reached England and I heard of the awful calamity, I left my work and hastened down to comfort the childless, broken-hearted mother. But I found that Jesus had been there before me. It seemed as if she had been permitted to take her little family right up to the gates of heaven, see them safely in, and then came back again for a little while to do some more work for the Master. Those children used to come to our North Side meeting with their mother, and one night they said, "Mamma, may we not go with the rest into the inquiry room and learn how to come to Jesus?" The mother brought them in, and in a little while they were soundly, intelligently converted, and we received them as members of the Church; and now Christ had taken the children all at once to himself, but he did not forget to bind up the heart that must otherwise have broken. That mother herself was telling this sad story at the woman's meeting in Farwell Hall the other day, or I should not have felt at liberty to tell it here.

A mother once came to me and said, "I have a boy who is a wanderer. I know not where he is. I would go to the ends of the earth if I could only find him; and how can I cast such a burden as that upon the Lord?"

"Do you not think he could carry it?" said I.

"Yes; but I cannot cast it off."

"Well, then, do not blame Christ for not carrying it, so long as you will not let him have it."

"But how am I ever to be comforted if I never can reach my lost boy?"

"You can reach him by way of the throne," said I.

Then I told her of some people down in Indiana whose son came to this city, and before he had been here many weeks was seen by one of his old neighbors lying drunk on the street. The man didn't like to tell his parents, but at last he thought if his own boy had been seen in that condition he should certainly want to know it, so he told the father, and the father told the mother. They did not sleep any that night. They wrestled all night in prayer for their lost boy, and just as the morning dawned his mother said, "I have an answer from the Lord. I don't know when our son is going to be saved, but God has told me that he shall not die a drunkard." One week from that day that young man started for his home, three hundred miles away, and as he entered the door he said, "Mother, I have come to ask you to pray for my soul." It was not long before he was happily converted, and then he returned to Chicago to become a useful and active Christian.

But some one says, "How shall I come to Christ with my troubles?" Come to him feeling and believing him to be your personal friend. Pour out all your sorrows before him. He has time enough to hear them all.

Mr. Moody then related the familiar story of the little girl who went to President Lincoln in behalf of her brother who had been condemned to be shot for sleeping at his post. He had taken the picket duty of a friend the night before, and thus was on watch two nights in succession. The intercession of this little sister saved his life, and Mr. Lincoln gave him a furlough to visit his home for her sake.

But don't think for a moment that the tender heart of that great man can for one moment be compared with the tenderness of the Lord Jesus Christ. His compassion is infinite. He pitied us so much and loved us so well that

he gave his very life to save us. Come, then, to Christ with all your sorrows as well as with all your sins."

III.

"To preach deliverance to the captives."

Now let us take the third clause of the verse: "To preach deliverance to the captives." In the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, at the twenty-fourth verse, are these words: "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?"

"Yes," says the Lord Jesus Christ, "I am come for that very purpose." Now, my friends, just ask yourselves the question, whether a sinner can forgive himself, or a convicted criminal save himself from the penalty of the law he has broken. If he is to be delivered at all there must be a deliverer, for he cannot deliver himself. This text tells us who the deliverer is—Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Suppose I were to tell you that there is no way for you to escape from the perdition of ungodly men—that eternal death is certainly waiting for you—and that nothing can possibly save you from it—you would all reject such doctrine. Even the thieves and gamblers who have strayed in here to-night would reject such terrible doctrine as that.

Mr. George H. Stuart told me that he was once asked by Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, to go and tell a man who had been condemned to die for murder that there was no hope of his being pardoned. When he went into the cell the wretched man said to him: "You are a good man. You have come to bring me good news." And when he heard the message the governor had sent

he fainted away. It is an awful thing to have the last hope taken away. But, thanks be to God! there is hope for the blackest-hearted sinner in the love and mercy of Jesus Christ.

You are a lawful captive: you are under just condemnation for your sins. Read the Bible carefully and you will find that it talks altogether different about human nature from what some of our modern ministers do. The devil has all the while been preaching up the greatness of man, and some men in our pulpits are doing the same thing. Satan has been busy for eighteen hundred years binding men in his chains and making captives of them, and Christ says he has come to set the captives free.

Satan goes about his work very slily. He winds around us a golden spider's web, which we could blow away with a breath; then he binds us with a thread; and we say, "O, that is nothing; I can break that any time." But he goes on winding his threads around us, and they get larger and stronger all the time, till at last he has bound us hand and foot, and then he mocks our helpless sorrow and our vain struggles to get away.

The Son of God has power to break every band and fetter, to deliver every captive, and to let the oppressed go free.

But the first thing for us to understand is the fact that we are really captives. Do any of you doubt it? Let me just ask you a question or two. How many times have you thought over your sins and made up your mind to forsake them? Perhaps you have been in the habit of swearing, and have resolved to stop. And how have you succeeded? Didn't you find the same old oaths and curses jumping out every time you got mad? Didn't you find that the

old habit was too strong for you? Ah, my friend, that shows that Satan has captured you and bound you in that terrible habit of blaspheming, and you will never be able to get free without the help of Christ the deliverer.

But suppose you can break off all your sins, what are you going to do with your past sins?

I'll tell you what to do with them—bring them to Christ. Do you want to stop swearing? Come to Christ and ask him to give you a new heart, a heart that hasn't any curses in it, and then you will be free from that chain of the devil. You have a quick temper; well, bring it to Christ, and he will give you a new temper. Just give up all hope of being able to save yourself, and let the Lord deliver you. Just let the cry go up, "I am a captive," and see how quick Jesus Christ will come to your deliverance!

I remember hearing of a little fellow who was met on his way home from school by a great ruffianly boy, a good deal bigger than he was, who tried to pick a quarrel with him. "I can't fight you," said the little boy, "but you just wait till I go and fetch my big brother," and he ran off as hard as he could to find his big brother; but when they came back the coward wasn't there.

My friends, you are no match for Satan, and when he wants to fight you just run to your elder Brother, who is more than a match for all the devils in hell.

Society is divided into a great many different classes, but God only knows two classes. The cross of Calvary divided the world into these two classes: those who are under the power of Satan, and those who are under the grace of Jesus Christ.

Who is your master? Have you never been delivered from the power of that slavery into which you were born? Then change masters here to-night. Satan will hold you tighter and tighter. He don't care at all what sort of chains he binds you with, so that you are bound; or in what sort of a chariot you ride to ruin. He is just as willing you should go down to hell from a soft-cushioned pew in one of these fine churches as in any other way, so as he can only get you. But if you choose to be on the Lord's side to-night—give yourself to God to-night, trusting wholly and solely in him—he will take you by his right hand, and lead you right past any saloon or billiard-hall, or any other place of iniquity, without your having the slightest wish for the old-time pleasure and the old-time sin.

Don't forget that it is Christ who is the deliverer, not the Church. All the Churches in the world never yet saved one sinner, but Christ has saved a great many, and he is ready and waiting to save you.

There was a struggle on Calvary between the lion of hell and the Lion of the tribe of Judah. The waves of death broke upon the Son of God on the cross, like the angry ocean dashing its fierce waves against the rocks of the shore. Look at those fiends as they rush upon the Man of Sorrows nailed there upon the cross! But all at once he cries out, "It is finished!" Victory over death and hell! Up, up, up, he goes, and takes his place upon the mercy-seat. O! I had a great deal rather have him there than anywhere else. Where else could he be of so much help to us as at the right hand of the Father?

I have never known a sinner to come down into the dust before Christ but that Christ lifted him up. Down

there in the inquiry room, sometimes, it seems as if we could hear the footsteps of the Son of God coming to deliver those poor captive souls. But when any body feels too proud to confess his sins, that man doesn't get out of prison at all.

When General Grant went into Richmond I went in with him, and started to find our boys down in Libby Prison. Nobody had told them how near our army was, and the first they knew of our victory they heard our columns marching up the street, the band playing "The Star Spangled Banner." Then the prison doors were thrown open, and in a moment they were free. So it shall be with you sinners, bound in the captivity of your own lust, or passion, or appetite, or habit. Let Christ come and unbar the prison, and in a moment you are free.

IV.

"Recovering of sight to the blind."

I want to take up one more clause of this verse—"the recovering of sight to the blind."

Satan breaks men's hearts, Christ binds them up; Satan takes men captive, Christ delivers them; Satan blinds men, Christ opens their eyes.

How blind those people of Nazareth must have been when they brought the Son of God to the brow of the hill, and were going to cast him down because he preached the Gospel to them!

How blind those people were who wanted to drive him away from the coasts, after he had cast out the devils from the man among the tombs, just because they had lost some swine!

How blind they were who condemned him, and brought him to Calvary, and nailed him to the cross!

They tell us there are about three millions of blind people in the world, but I wonder how many millions there are who are spiritually blind? We have a very tender sympathy for those who have no sight, especially for those who have been born blind; but it wouldn't take fifteen minutes to show you that almost all the people in Chicago are in that condition, as far as spiritual sight is concerned: even the Church hasn't got its eyes more than half open.

At one of our meetings in London one night, a man was speaking with great power, and when I asked who it was, they told me it was Dr. Moon, the blind man, who had translated the Bible into seventy-two languages in raised letters for the blind. That man had a congregation of two millions of people, and he had never seen one of them. It is said that his mother mourned over him when she learned that he was hopelessly blind, saying, "O my poor child, who will take care of you when I am gone?" but God has taken care of her blind child, and made him the means of a great deal of sight to the world.

Now I want to take up some of the different classes of people in this city who are blind.

In the first place, there are some of our leading men who are money-blind. The god of this world has been holding up dollars and cents before their eyes so long that they have set their hearts upon them, and now they can scarcely see any thing else.

They are spending all their time and strength in order to get rich. God has given them the desire of their souls,

and just see how lean and miserable they are: how poor and blind, in spite of all their wealth!

Another class of people, a large class in these days, are blinded by politics. There will be a great many sad hearts over this election inside of a week. Those men who seek the honor that cometh from men are making a wreck of their lives and going down to ruin, when if they were only seeking the honor that comes from above, the honor which comes from God, their names might be written in the book of life.

Then there are a great many whose eyes have been blinded with pleasure. In the inquiry meeting the other night there was a woman who said to me, "Mr. Moody, there is a ball coming off in a few days. I don't want to become a Christian until that is over."

Another lady said to me, "I should not like to become a Christian, because I should have to give up all pleasure."

"What pleasure?" I asked.

"Theaters, novels, and cards," she replied.

"What! a sensible woman like you weighing such trifles as these against the salvation of your soul!"

"Well," said the woman, "I haven't any thing else to do."

"Nothing else to do, when there are souls waiting for you to lead them to Christ?"

O how blind such a soul must be!

Some people are blinded by fashion. They always want to see the latest patterns in dresses, bonnets, and cloaks. One woman said to me, "I always think of a new dress, or something, whenever I kneel down to pray." You laugh, but how many of you are guilty of just such sin and folly?

If you fashionable people would get along with fewer dresses, and spend some of your pocket money relieving the poor, you would show a great deal more wisdom than in spending you lives like so many butterflies.

Another class of the blinded are those who call themselves fast men. Here is a young man with a thousand dollars salary, but he spends three thousand dollars a year; and by and by his employers begin to suspect him. He takes a dollar because he wants to go to the theater some night; then he wants to go two nights, so he takes two dollars. And this goes on until he is discovered, his good name gone forever, and he turned out upon the world a wretched and ruined man.

There are a great many young men in this city who are spending their time and money at the gambling table, and how long do you think it will be before those poor blinded souls will be lost?

There is another class of people who are wretchedly blind. I saw one of these young men as I was coming down to the Tabernacle to-night. Now listen to what Solomon says about him: "At the window of my house I looked through my casement, and beheld among the simple ones . . . a young man void of understanding, . . . and, behold, there met him a woman with the attire of a harlot, and subtle of heart. . . . She caught him, and kissed him, and with an impudent face said unto him, . . . I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, . . . I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon. Come, let us take our fill of love until the morning: let us solace ourselves with loves. . . . He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool

to the correction of the stocks.... For she hath cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

And I don't know a much shorter way to hell than that.

Some of you who have come up from the country, from pious homes, may find yourselves disgraced, corrupted, and destroyed just because you suffer the god of this world to blind your hearts to the damning sin of licentiousness.

May the Lord open your eyes to-night to see your danger and your sin! Then when you get your eyes opened a little, and have taken a good look at your miserable self, look at once to Christ, and by looking at him you will see his beauty, learn to love him, and come to be like him.

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR.

I WAS once preaching about Christ as our Saviour, and after I had got through I was telling the good Scotchman at whose house I lodged how badly I felt over the discourse. It seemed to me that I had made a failure of it.

"Ha, mon," replied he, "ye dinna think ye can tell a' aboot Christ in ane hour, d'ye?"

We must meet Christ first at Calvary; there, where he died, is where we get our life. When we come to know him as our Saviour, then we are ready to go on and know him in his other offices.

There was a man I once knew who could never hear a certain name mentioned without the tears coming into

his eyes, and I asked him what it meant. "Well," said he, "that man saved me." And then he went on to tell me how he had got into trouble, and had taken some money from his employer hoping to replace it, but being unable to do so, the whole thing was in danger of coming out, and he would have been ruined; but he went to this friend and opened his heart to him, and the friend lent him the money, which saved him. "And now," said he, "I would give my life for that man, if need be."

What gratitude ought we to feel toward Christ, who has saved us, redeemed us, and brought us out from under the curse of the law, not with money, but with his own precious blood!

CHRIST THE KEEPER.

A FRIEND of mine was once asked what "persuasion" he belonged to. He replied, "I am of the same persuasion as St. Paul."

"What persuasion is that?"

"Why," he said, "I am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

My friends, that was a very good persuasion—the very best I know of.

In Psalm cxxi it says: "He that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." Don't let the devil deceive you, and make you feel discouraged because you cannot keep yourselves from sin; that isn't your business; that is Christ's business.

Now, I seem to hear some one saying, "I don't under-

stand this committing myself to Christ as my keeper." Well, I'll give you an illustration. Suppose you had a hundred thousand dollars in your pocket, and you knew that the city was full of thieves, what would you do? I suppose you would find out the best and safest bank in Chicago, and give the money to it to keep for you. Just that thing is what you want to do with your soul. You are worth more than a hundred thousand dollars, and the devil is watching to steal you, but Christ offers to take care of you. "The Lord is thy keeper." "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil."

In the Zoological Gardens in Manchester there was a lion and a little dog which lived in the same cage.

It appears that one day a rough man about the grounds got very angry with his dog because it wouldn't fight another dog on a wager; and, after whipping him most cruelly, he thrust him into the lion's cage, expecting to see him torn to pieces in an instant; but the little dog ran to the lion for protection, and the great beast took a liking to him, and they came to be fast friends. After awhile the man got over his mad fit, and wanted his dog back again. So he went to the cage and called, but the dog wouldn't come. Then he thrust his hand into the cage to try to get him, but the lion growled and lifted his paw, and the man was glad to take his hand out right quick. Then he went to the keeper of the lion, and asked him to get his dog out for him. "How did the dog get into the lion's cage?" asked the keeper, and the man was obliged to confess that he had put him in himself. "Then he shall stay there," said the keeper. And so the man lost his dog

altogether, for the little fellow had found a protector who was stronger than his old master.

Young convert, the Lion of the tribe of Judah is more than a match for your old master, the devil. Put yourself under his protection, and you will be eternally safe.

CHRIST THE LIGHT.

I WANT to speak a little while on Christ as the Light. "If any man follow me," says Christ, "he shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." It is only when the earth turns to the sun that it is daylight. So with the soul; its day is in the light of the Sun of Righteousness. When it is dark and stormy in the valley, if you climb the mountain perhaps you will get above the cloud: so faith will lift you into the eternal sunshine.

And if Christ is our light we also must shine for the world. A friend of mine said he once saw a blind man going along one dark night carrying a lantern in his hand. He was very much surprised at it, and asked the man what use the lantern could possibly be to him.

"O," said the blind man, "I carry the lantern to keep people from stumbling over me." Christian, that is a good lesson for you.

Some young converts were once set upon by an infidel who laughed at their religion, and said it was all moonshine. "Thank you for that compliment," said one of them; "that is just what it is. We only shine by the light of the Sun."

CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

A FRIEND of mine, who has traveled in the East, told me of one day meeting a shepherd, who had a large flock of sheep in a region where it was the custom to have a name for every sheep.

"Do you know the names of every one of your flock?" asked my friend.

"O yes."

"Well, call some of them, and let me see if they know their own names."

So the shepherd called one after another, and they came up and stood by his side.

"How in the world can you tell these sheep apart? They look all alike to me."

"Don't you see that that sheep has lost a little bit of wool? That one is a little cross-eyed; this one is a little bow-legged; and that one over there turns his toes in?" And so he went on describing each sheep by his faults and imperfections.

Ah, my friends, I am afraid that is the way the Good Shepherd knows some of us most easily.

But let us trust to the care of this Shepherd. He will take care of his flock. We read in the Scriptures that a lion and a bear once came and took a lamb out of David's flock, and he rose up against them, plucked the lamb out of their paws, and slew both the lion and the bear. How much more shall Jesus, the Good Shepherd, rescue the lambs of his flock from the power of the world and the wicked one!

SEEKING THE LOST SHEEP.

I WAS once invited to preach to the prisoners at the Tombs in New York. They were not allowed to leave their cells, so I had to preach the best I could without seeing my congregation. My text was, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

After I had got through, I thought I would go around and have a look at the men I had been preaching to; so I went to the first cell, and found the men in it playing cards.

"What is the matter with you?" said I; "how happen you to be here?"

"O, we are here because somebody swore falsely about us; we are not guilty of any thing, and just as quick as we can come to our trial we shall be able to establish our innocence."

Well, thought I to myself, these men are not lost.

So I went to the next cell, and asked the men how they came to be in prison.

"We got into bad company; it was the other fellows who did the crime, but we were caught and held for it."

The next man, I found, was not the man they were looking for at all; he only very much resembled the man who did commit the crime, but *he* wasn't guilty of any thing. They were there—so many of them—altogether by mistake. And so I went on from one cell to another, but nobody was ready to confess himself a sinner, nobody was lost. I never saw so many innocent men in jail in all my life.

But after awhile I found a poor fellow with his face buried in his hands, and there were two little streams of tears running out between his fingers.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"O, sir, I am such a sinner; I feel as if I was lost!"

"You are just the man I have been looking for," said I.

"What! you looking for me?"

"Yes. I have a message for you from the Lord. He has come to seek and to save the lost, and now you say that you are lost, so you are just the man my Lord wants to save."

We knelt down and prayed together on the stone floor, he on one side of the iron grating, and I on the other; and I left him with the promise that I would pray for him that night after I went home to my hotel, which would be about ten o'clock, and he promised to meet me at the throne of grace at that hour.

I felt so much interested in his case that, after praying for him that night as I had promised, I went down to see him next day; and when I got there I found his face shining with joy.

"I declare," said he, "I think I am the happiest man in New York."

He was lost, and was willing to confess it, and so the Lord had sought him out and saved him.

What a sweet text this is. It is a short text, but it is long enough to save any sinner who will believe it.

Some people tell me that they are seeking for Christ and cannot find him. That must be a mistake. Let them reverse their statement; Christ is seeking for them,

but, somehow or other, they manage to keep out of his way.

When Adam had sinned the very first thing he ought to have done was to seek God, and pray to be forgiven; but instead of that he hid himself among the trees of the garden, and God was obliged to go and seek for him.

Take that parable of the man who had a hundred sheep, and one of them went astray.

In that country they say the shepherd used to stand at the door of the fold, and hold a rod out for the sheep to pass under, one at a time. By that means he counted them correctly.

Well, this man stands there to count his sheep as they come in, but he finds that one of them is missing. There are only ninety-nine; then he counts them all over again to be sure, and when he finds that there certainly is one lost, he goes out into the mountain to seek after it.

Mind, the sheep isn't seeking the shepherd, but the shepherd is seeking the sheep.

The same lesson is taught in the parable of the woman who had the ten pieces of silver, and lost one.

She had sold some butter, or something else, that day, and put the money in her pocket, instead of laying it away safely. When she gets ready to go to bed, she takes it all out to count it.

"Why, I certainly had ten pieces," she says, "and here are only nine." So she lights a candle, and sweeps the house, and searches for it until she finds the lost piece.

Now it is not the lost piece of money that is trying to get back to the woman, but the woman who is trying to get back the lost piece of money.

So it is not sinners who are seeking Christ, but Christ who is seeking sinners.

There are some people who say they expect to be Christians in God's own good time. A man was saying to me the other day that the Gospel didn't hit him any where, and he was waiting until it did.

"What are you waiting for?" said I; "God has sent his prophets, and the world has killed them; God has sent his Son, and they have crucified him; he has sent his Holy Spirit, and they reject him; now, what more is there that even God can do toward saving sinners than he has already done?"

Christ is all the time seeking the lost; he seeks them by means of all the gospel sermons that are preached; by all the tracts that are distributed; by all the Bibles that are printed; by all your churches and Sunday-schools; by the Tabernacle here in Chicago, and by every similar structure that good men have built for the use of these gospel meetings every-where.

This Tabernacle in which we are assembled to-night ought to be, like Noah's ark, a warning to the people of this city that God is seeking them, and that it is time for them to begin to seek God.

What pains people take to find their money if they lose it.

How those poor invalids go on long journeys to find some doctor who is said to have great skill, in the hope that perhaps they may regain their lost health.

Suppose it is reputation that is lost, how the man struggles to regain it; suppose it were sight that was lost, would it not be worthy of all the pains you could

possibly take to get back your sight again? But what is money, or reputation, or sight, or even life itself, when compared with loss of the immortal soul?

Christ is all the time seeking us and sending out invitations to us. He says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

Then, again, he says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

If you are an anxious sinner, Christ is more anxious to save you than you are to be saved.

If you are seeking Christ, and Christ is seeking you, it will not take long for the anxious sinner and the anxious Saviour to meet.

There is another way in which the Son of God seeks for your souls, and that is through the Holy Spirit which he sent into this world. Undoubtedly many of you that have been here have said, "Well, there is a strange atmosphere here." I was talking to a man in the inquiry room, and he said that he couldn't help noticing the difference between the atmosphere of these meetings and of the drinking saloons which he had frequented.

What is the difference? It is the Spirit of God. It is that very Spirit that is down here seeking to win you to that blessed Saviour. He was sent into this world for that purpose.

Not only does the Lord seek us himself, but he sends other people to seek us. How many Christian parents are joining with the Lord in trying to save their lost sons and daughters?

In one of our Chicago meetings a few years ago a young man got up and asked to speak, and with tears

trickling down his cheeks told the young men to come to Christ, and reminded them that they would not always have fathers and mothers to pray for them.

He said, "I once had a praying father and mother; I was their only son; but at last my father died, and my mother grew more anxious than ever about me. Some nights I would wake up and hear her crying in her chamber, 'O, God, save my boy! O, God, convert my son!' and sometimes I would go into my mother's room in the day time unexpectedly and find her praying for me. She would put her arms about my neck and say, 'If you were only a Christian I should be so happy;' and I would push her away and tell her that after I had seen more of the world I would settle down and be a Christian. At last her prayers made my home so hot for me that I fled away without telling her where I was going. I was gone a long time before I heard from home, and when I did hear I heard she was sick, and I knew that it was my conduct that was killing her. I thought I would go home and ask her forgiveness, but then I thought if I did I would have to be a Christian. I could not live in the house without yielding to her prayers, and so my stubborn heart refused. The next time I heard that she was worse, and I thought I should never forgive myself, and that I should be my mother's murderer if I did not go home. So I started for home in a coach—there was no railroad—and reached my native village about dark, and the moon had just commenced to shine. In passing the grave-yard I got over the fence to see if there were a new-made grave there; and I don't know why, but as I drew near the spot my heart began

to beat quick, and when I got there I saw by the light of the moon a new-made grave. Then for the first time in my life I thought, 'Who is going to pray for my lost soul, now father and mother are dead? They are the only two who cared for my soul; their prayers are over; who is going to pray for me now?' By my mother's grave I cried to my mother's God all night, and when the morning came God had forgiven my sins." He said if he could call back that mother and ask her forgiveness he would give all he had in the world.

Perhaps I am speaking to some one who has wandered away from a mother's love, or trampled a sainted mother's prayers under his feet. O, come back, come home! God sent his Son after you; he stooped from heaven and clear down to the manger, and even to the cross of Calvary: he wrestled with the powers of darkness that he might restore your soul and mine.

O, may the Spirit of God fall upon this assembly to-night, and may the lost be found and the wanderers come home!

CHRIST THE RESTORER.

THE third verse of the twenty-third psalm begins, "He restoreth my soul." I love to think of Christ as a Restorer. There are a good many of you who have strayed away from the fold, who want to come back and be restored to your first love; and this is just what the Lord wants to do for you. If you are full of the joy of the Lord you will be full of power. Just pray to-day that the Lord will now restore your soul; pray, as David did, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold

me with thy free spirit. Then will I teach transgressors thy way; and sinners shall be converted unto thee." David got as far away from the Lord as any sinner in Chicago, but the Lord restored him.

It seems to me that every day I find Christians more troubled about their coldness and distance from God. Now, at the close of the services, there are more than there were at the beginning. This psalm is for them; let them remember that the Lord is able and willing to be a restorer unto them.

At the young converts' meeting last night, some of them were speaking of their trials and battles. The Lord had given them new hearts, but the flesh was rising up to trouble them. Now Paul tells us what is to be done in such cases: "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin." It does not say the old Adam-nature is actually dead. You don't "reckon" the people in Graceland dead; they *are* dead, and there is no reckoning about it. The thing to do is to treat the old nature as *if* it were dead; keep it down; keep it under; and God will give the new nature power to overcome and destroy it.

Another class of persons to whom I want to speak a word are those who have once professed to be followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and have left him and gone back to the world. I want to ask the backslider, "Are you happy? If you are, you are the first backslider I ever heard of who was happy. I never knew a man or woman who ever found Christ and left him who had any peace of mind. The world never can fill the void that has been made by the loss of Christ. There is no altar

in your home now. Perhaps there was a time when you used to pray; and perhaps now your children ask you, 'What has God done that you don't pray to him any more?" Why is it that you have left him? It may be that you have trouble at home, that your husband persecutes you, or that your children make light of your prayer, but is that any reason why the altar should come down? Ought not this to drive you nearer to Christ, and make you more Christlike? What has Christ done to you that you should have left him?

What Christ wants is to have you come back to-day. I wish I could say something that would bring back every backslider, and have all of them flocking into the fold.

I remember of hearing about a young man who went to California and became very reckless and wicked, and his father, hearing of his life of dissipation and sin, used to write letters to him; but the boy didn't care much for his father's letters. A neighbor was going out there, and the father said, "I want you to find out my boy, and tell him that his father loves him as much as ever, and if he will only come home I will forgive him freely; that my heart is as true to him as ever." When the neighbor got to California he hunted for the boy, and one night he found him in a gambling den. As soon as he could get him away from the rest of the gang he told him about the message his father had sent.

The great tears trickled down the boy's face, and he said, "Did my father say he loves me still?"

So I say to backsliders, God loves you still.

The most tender and loving words that were ever

uttered by the Lord were said to backsliding Israel. He gave them warning, that they might repent of their sins and be saved that seventy years of captivity; but they would not listen to the word, and at last judgment came. God will win you back in love if he can, but if that will not do, the rod will come. So he saved Lot out of Sodom, but he had to burn Sodom in order to do it.

I have yet to find the man or woman who ever left the Lord that could give a good reason for it. They have talked about the unfaithful ones in the Church, but the faults of others should not make them leave the Lord.

You may want to know how you can get out of your present position. There is one peculiar way out of the backslider's ditch, and that is the same way you went into it. The Lord did not leave you; you left him—turned your back on him.

If you treat Christ as a real personal friend, you will never go away from him. If I were going to leave Boston I would shake hands with my friends, and say, "Good-bye." But did you ever hear of a backslider going into his closet, and saying, "Lord, I have served you so long, now I am tired of your service, and am going back into the world; so good-bye?" Who ever heard of any one leaving Christ in that way? You left him without saying good-bye; but he will have mercy on you if you come back to him. May God bring home the wanderers! May they hear the voice of the Shepherd to-day, in the dark mountains, calling them home!

If there was a child lost in Boston, and you could find it to-night, how you would hunt for it! You would be willing to sit up all night to find that child. Supposing

it was known that Charlie Ross was hid somewhere in this city, how many in this audience would volunteer to go out and ransack the whole city to find him! How this whole nation has been roused over the loss of that little boy! But, my friends, only think of the lost souls that are walking up and down the streets of Boston! Think of them in these billiard halls and drinking saloons; young men that are noble, that might make jewels in the Saviour's crown which should sparkle through eternity: and they are perishing for the want of Christ; they are lost and don't know it; they are blindfolded; and Satan is dragging them down to hell!

The fifth verse closes with these words, "My cup runneth over."

A Christian is not of much use until he is full, and running over, with religion. God's people try to do his work on too small capital, and that accounts for the many failures we see. What you want is to be so full of Christ that you will have something over to use in helping your neighbors. Let the cup be so full that it will run over.

The sixth verse reads, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

An Englishman once said to me, "The Lord has no poor children. If you see a man always walking you think he is poor; if he sometimes takes a Hansom cab you think he is a little better off; if he has his own turnout you call him rich; if he has a footman up behind he must have a large fortune; and if he has two footmen you say he must have a large inheritance to support such expense. Now the children of God

have two footmen—Goodness and Mercy—and the psalm says they shall follow me all the days of my life. Surely the child of God must have a great inheritance to be able to have such a following."

I bring you a loving message to-day. He will forgive you if you will return to him, even as if you never had wandered.

I went to a physician the other day to tell him that a niece of mine, whom he had cured, as we supposed, had suffered a relapse. "Well," says the doctor, "just increase the remedy." That is just what the relapsed believer must do—get more of Christ.

Rev. Mr. Brown, an evangelist from Wisconsin, in one of the Chicago meetings related the following incident:—

"I have a friend who used to live in Syria, and he became very well acquainted with the shepherds of that country. One day as he was riding among the mountains he came to a spring of water, and stopped to rest awhile. Presently, down one of the steep mountain paths a shepherd came, leading his flock of sheep. Not long after another shepherd with another flock came down to the water by another path, and after awhile a third. The three flocks mingled together, so that he began to wonder how each shepherd was ever going to find his own sheep again.

"At last one of them rose up and called out, 'Men-ah!' which in Arabic means 'follow;' and his sheep came out from the great flock, and followed him back into the mountains. He did not even stop to count them. Then shepherd No. 2 got up and called out to his sheep,

Men-ah!' and those of his flock left the others and followed him away.

"My friend could speak Arabic very well; so one day he said to a shepherd, 'I think I could make your sheep follow me.'

"'I think not,' said the shepherd.

"'Give me your turban, and your cloak, and your crook,' said my friend, 'and we'll see.'

"So he put on the shepherd's turban and his cloak, and took the crook in his hand, and stood up where the sheep could see him, and called out, 'Men-ah! men-ah!' but not a sheep would take any notice of him.

"'They know not the voice of strangers.'

"My friend asked the shepherd if the sheep never followed any body but him.

"'O yes; sometimes a sheep gets sick, and then it will follow a stranger.'

"Just so with us Christians; we get sick and backslidden, and then we follow the devil."

PLENTY AND SAFETY WITH CHRIST.

IT is an old saying, "The sheep that keeps nearest the shepherd gets the most salt."

One summer I went up on to the mountain with my brother, who was going to salt his sheep; and I noticed one sheep which came right up to him, and stood by him, and got all the salt it wanted; then it put its nose into his pocket and got an apple; but all the other sheep seemed a little afraid of him. I asked him how it was, and he said, "That sheep has been brought up

a cosset, and isn't a bit afraid of me." So it is with those Christians who keep close to Christ; they are like the sheep that gets the most salt; but a good many Christians seem a little afraid of the Shepherd; and because they are afraid and keep away from him they never get much salt.

Christ says, in the tenth chapter of John, "I am the door of the sheep." If you go into Farwell Hall you must go in through the door; if you go into the kingdom of God you must go in through Jesus Christ. In another verse he says of his sheep, "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." This word "man" is in italics, and if we leave it out, the text will be: "neither shall any"—neither men nor devils—"pluck them out of my hand."

"I" will do this; "I" will do that. Twenty-eight times in this chapter does Christ use that pronoun to declare what he is, and what he will do for those who believe on him. Surely that is enough to show his claim as a Divine person and his Divine mission among men.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE—THE BREAD OF LIFE.

THE lesson for to-day is the sixth chapter of John. We might write over this chapter, "Bread; bread for the hungry; bread from heaven." All the evangelists give an account of this miracle of Christ feeding the multitude with those five loaves and a few small fishes; but John brings out the idea more fully than the others, that Christ is himself the bread of life from heaven.

Here in the fifth and sixth verses Christ is trying Philip's faith by asking him, "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" Philip, answering, says, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little." I suppose he mentioned that sum because that was the extent of the money in their little treasury—only about thirty dollars. But Christ took the "five barley loaves, and two small fishes," which a lad had brought for his lunch, and when he had given thanks he distributed to the disciples, and the disciples fed the multitude with them. Then, when all had eaten enough, and twelve baskets full of the fragments had been taken up, Christ tries to get their minds off from the bread that perisheth, and to set them to thinking of the bread of life.

In one part of this chapter the people are trying to make him king, in another they are trying to kill him. They were ready enough to follow him as long as he fed them, but when he began to spiritualize the miracle, and ask them to believe on him as the Son of God and Saviour of the world, a great many went back, and followed him no more. It was just as it used to be when I had a Sunday-school over here on the north side. Just advertise a picnic or a festival, where there was going to be something to eat, and the school would be out in full force. We would find people then who had hardly been inside the church for a whole year.

Now Christ accuses these people of just this very thing, "Ye seek me, because ye did eat of the loaves;" and that is just the way with a great many people, who

are standing round on the edges of the Church, and saying to themselves, "Can't we make something out of this thing?"

They said unto him, "What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?" Perhaps some of them had big families, and wanted to know how to make a small amount of provisions go a good ways. Jesus answered, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." There it is again, that little word "believe." You can't go far in this Gospel of John without running on to that word "believe."

The people replied, "Moses gave our fathers manna to eat in the desert."

"No," says Christ, "Moses didn't do any such thing; it was my Father who gave you that bread, and now he gives you his Son, who is the true bread of life. Verily I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

I can see Jesus as he takes the bread and blesses it, and gives it to the disciples to give to the multitude. Here is Andrew with a piece of the loaf in his hand, beginning to distribute it among the crowd. I seem to see him breaking off a small piece for the first man, for fear the bread wont hold out, but when he sees that the loaf isn't any smaller for what he has broken off he goes to the next man and gives him a larger piece; still there is no loss of bread. Then he gives the third a good gener-

ous portion, and when he finds that the bread doesn't grow any smaller he goes on breaking off great pieces, and giving to every one as much as he likes.

A man in the inquiry room last night said, "Do you believe that is literal?"

"Yes," I said; "it is literal in this sense: our minds are to feed upon the real, personal Christ, and not upon creeds and dogmas, and dry notions of theology." Pretty dry feeding, that; but I have known people who were feeding themselves upon something drier yet. They were trying to live off *the failings of their neighbors.* I tell you, my friends, you'll get terribly lean if you try to live on such dry fodder as that.

Then there is another thought. Plenty of people never learn to feed themselves. Parents take great care to teach their little children to do this. You may hear the mother saying, "Do just look at the baby, he is beginning to feed himself with a spoon." But how many people there are in the Church who never learn to feed themselves. They go around to get one minister after another to feed them, instead of coming to Christ and taking the bread of life for themselves.

I have heard of artificial bees with springs in them, so that they moved about, and you could hardly tell them from the real live bees when they were put down among them. The maker puzzled a good many people with them, till at last somebody found out how to expose the trick. He just put down a little honey among them, and all the live bees went for it right away. So it is in the Church, those who have the true life in them have good sharp appetites for the bread of life.

You remember that when the children of Israel came out of Egypt some of them got tired of manna, and were almost ready to go back into captivity again for the sake of getting some of the Egyptian onions, leeks, and garlic. Now that is just the way with backsliders nowadays. They leave the Church, and the prayer-meeting, and the family altar, and try to satisfy themselves with theaters and operas, and other worldly amusements; and they are famished half to death because they don't feed on this heavenly loaf. You can always tell a minister who feeds his people with the bread of life by the crowd of hungry souls that always flock to hear him.

One more verse: "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." I remember once going to a grave-yard in England, and over the gate-way were these words: "THEY SHALL RISE AGAIN." Thanks be to God! this Christ, who is the bread of life to us in this world, is our pledge of resurrection from the dead and our eternal life in the world to come.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

YESTERDAY our subject was "The Bread of Life," to-day it is "The Water of Life." I will begin at the thirty-seventh verse of this seventh chapter of John: "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

It seems that Jesus went up to this feast alone, and after he had finished his teachings he went away to the

Mount of Olives. It is said that he couldn't walk in Judea any more, because the Scribes and Pharisees were looking for a chance to kill him.

He had committed the sin, in their eyes, of healing a sick man on the Sabbath day, and sending him away with his bed on his back. This shocked their piety dreadfully. You see, my friends, that people may be very religious, and at the same time their hearts may be full of hatred and murder. These Scribes and Pharisees were full of religion of their own particular sort, and yet they were all the while trying to kill the Son of God.

There was another thing that seemed to have lain heavy upon the heart of Jesus, and that was the fact that his own brethren didn't believe on him.

Then, again, some people had accused him of being possessed of the devil, and for all these reasons Jesus was sorrowful, and wanted to be alone; so he sent his disciples on before him to the feast.

The next day, after stopping over night at the house of his friend Lazarus, he came into the city, which was greatly excited concerning him. People were talking about him in little groups on the street corners, just as they are now on the street corners of Chicago talking about the election. Some people believed on him and others denounced him, so that the whole city was divided into two parties on his account.

It was on the last great day of the feast that Jesus spoke the words I have read—"If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

I have been very much interested this morning in running through my Bible to find this expression so many

times repeated: "If any man," etc. "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him. If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God . . . and it shall be given him." That is a good text for your business men who are greatly embarrassed and don't know how to make both ends meet. God is rich, and what you want to do is to commit your business and all your affairs to him, and he will show you a way out of your business troubles.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me." A great many people profess to serve Christ, but do not follow either his precepts or example. They are selfish, worldly, extravagant; let them confess their sins, and come back to Christ. "If any man be a worshiper of God, him he heareth."

A lady said to me in the inquiry room the other night: "The heavens seem to be brass over my head." The trouble was, she hadn't been a worshiper of God. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." The reason why men don't know God's will is because they don't do it. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." That is the trouble: they don't like to deny themselves.

Now, these passages of Scripture seem to settle the question that God is not partial. Just see how broad all these invitations are; they are universal, and they follow us every-where, through all the ages, just as the stream that poured out of the rock in the wilderness followed all the wanderings of the children of Israel. What would you say of an able-bodied man who was

dying of thirst right down by the shore of Lake Michigan? This water of life is just as plentiful and free.

Some people complain bitterly about being so hungry and thirsty—so dry and destitute of life and feeling—and you would almost believe, by the way they pity themselves, that the fault was in the Lord, and that there was some scarcity in the "bread" and "water of life;" but you will always find that when people really hunger and thirst after righteousness it isn't a great while before they are filled.

There are two wells on the old farm at Northfield which I heard my brother say never ran dry. One summer morning I got up very early and went out, and after awhile I felt thirsty, and I went to one of the pumps to get some water; but there didn't seem to be any water in the well. Then I tried the other one, and that was as dry as the first. I pumped, and worked, and waited all in vain; there wasn't a drop of water to be had.

Pretty soon one of my brothers came out, and I said to him:—

"I thought you told me that these wells never ran dry."

"So I did."

"Well, here I have been trying for ever so long to get a drink of water, and I can't get a drop."

"O," said he, laughing, "I know what the matter is, there is plenty of water in the well; the trouble is in the pump."

So he went and got a pailful of water and poured it into the old pump, and after that there was plenty of water in the well.

Now that is just the way with some of you: there is plenty of water in the well, but the pump is dry.

When Israel was in the wilderness God rained down bread from heaven upon them. Just so he rains down the bread and the water of life in the reach of every soul in Farwell Hall to-day, and if any of you perish finally, don't rise up in the judgment and say you were never invited to come to the gospel feast, for you have been invited here to-day.

HOW TO FIND THE THIRSTY ONES.

The following remarks by the Rev. Dr. Gibson, which immediately followed the above, were afterward quoted by Mr. Moody, who said they were "the best thing he ever heard." After calling attention to the fact that every body is thirsty for something, though they don't always just know what it is, the doctor said:—

"WE feel very happy over the freedom of these invitations of the Gospel, yet once in awhile something comes up to discourage us a little. For instance, this text says, 'If any man thirst.' It is needful, therefore, that the man should 'thirst' before he can consider himself invited to take of the 'water of life.' Now I suppose every body is thirsty for something—they don't just know what it is—but when they come to understand themselves thoroughly, they will find out they are thirsting for the living God. And, my friends, I have no doubt there is a greater number of people thirsting than we have any idea of; they don't give any outward sign of it, but they would be very glad to get a draught of the 'water of life.' I was talking with a woman the other day about spiritual things, and she said to me, 'I have a sister who has been

a member of the Church for ten years, and she never has spoken a word to me about my soul. She knows I am not saved, and if she has got something that she thinks I ought to have, why don't she come to me and tell me about it?' So you see that sister's silence all those ten years, during which she had been a member of the Church, was a great stumbling-block in the other's way.

"Now perhaps some of you are thinking what a fine thing it would be if you could find out those people who are thirsting for the 'water of life.' Well, that isn't a very hard thing to do. Suppose you are in a railway car, and the boy comes along with the water-can, you can tell all the thirsty ones right away,—as quick as the water comes within their reach they stretch out their hands to take it. And so, if you want to find out who there is about you that is thirsting for the 'water of life,' just carry it about and offer it to them, and you will be surprised to see how many people will reach out their hands and take it."

Don't be afraid, my friends, to drink of the water of life freely. There is plenty of it; you never can use it all. You might as well try to drink up the Mississippi River, or expect a company of children playing on the sea-shore to dip out all the water of the Atlantic.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

I WISH to-day to read the first of this Gospel by John.

The difference between John's gospel and the others is this: Matthew writes of Jesus Christ as the Son of David; Mark writes of him as a servant doing the will

of his master; Luke writes of him as the Son of man; John speaks of him as the Son of God. He does not begin with Adam and give his genealogy, like Matthew; nor speak of him in connection with the patriarchs and prophets, like Mark; nor yet does he begin with Zacharias and Joseph, like Luke; but he sweeps back over all time, away into the past eternity, and tells us that the Word was in the beginning with God. He brings him from the bosom of the Father, and takes him back to the glory which he had with the Father before the world was.

In the ninth verse John tells us "he was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Now, if any man is in darkness, it isn't God's fault, any more than it would be for a man to build himself a house without windows.

There is a picture, which I sometimes see hanging in people's parlors, of Christ standing and knocking at the door of a castle, holding a lantern in his hands. But what was the use of a lantern to him who is himself the light of the world? You might as well hang a lantern to the sun. I find a great many people who complain that they are in the dark. The trouble with them is, they do not believe in Christ. They do not come to the light, and yet they are all the time trying to get the darkness out of their own hearts. If there were no windows in Farwell Hall, nor gaslight, of course the place would be full of darkness; but nobody would think of carrying out the darkness in buckets. The proper thing to do would be to knock out a hole somewhere and let in the sunshine. Just so with these dark hearts; the way to light them up is to let Christ in.

THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

IT has been said that others besides Christ have raised dead people to life. That is true, but they did it very differently from what he did it.

In the seventeenth chapter of the first book of Kings we read of Elijah raising the son of the widow. But just hear what he says: he cried unto the Lord, "O Lord, my God, let this child's soul come into him again."

Then, when Elisha did the same thing, we find that "he went in and shut the door, and prayed unto the Lord."

Now just notice the difference between these accounts and the account of Christ raising Jairus's daughter. He didn't pray to any body, but he just took her by the hand and said to her, on his own account, "Maid, arise!" and she that was dead sat up, and began to speak.

Take the case of his raising the widow's son. Death had got hold of his captive, and was dragging him off to the grave; but Christ stopped him, and commanded him to come back. "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise!"

And the young man arose, and Christ delivered him again to his mother.

He does not ask help or permission of any body, but of his own authority he calls back the dead to life.

See him there at the grave of Lazarus. He weeps, it is true, but he does not pray. He just calls the dead man, and Lazarus comes forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes. Even the dead must obey when Christ commands.

Mr. Needham was telling me about a picture which he saw at the Crystal Palace at London of the raising of Lazarus. There he was, coming up out of the tomb, looking more like a skeleton than a man, his bones sticking out, and a general appearance of a body long dead.

"I did not like the picture," says Mr. Needham; "I don't believe he looked like that when Christ called him out of the grave. He was not raised as a convalescent, but in the full strength of his manhood, as any body can see who will read the Bible account, for he was strong enough to get up and come out of the grave in spite of the grave-clothes that bound him hand and foot."

Now I want you to notice that there were three things his friends had to do. "Where have ye laid him?" said Christ. He knew where he was well enough, but it was something which they might do to show him the grave of their brother. When they get to the grave he says: "Take ye away the stone." He might have done it himself. He could have thrown the stone a thousand miles away with a single word, but this was something which they could do for themselves. Then, after he has raised him, He tells them to "loose him, and let him go." It seems to me that is what a good many of these Christians want right here in Chicago. They have been resurrected; they are out of their graves; the new life is in them; but they are still bound hand and foot with the grave-clothes of their old nature. They can't speak for Christ or work for Christ. Let us pray that these, whom the Lord has raised from the dead, may no longer go about in their grave-clothes. Get them off,

and then you will be of some use to the Master who has raised you.

And what encouragement there is for us, my friends, in this chapter! If Christ could raise the dead brother of Martha and Mary, can he not raise the dead souls of our friends for whom we pray?

And now we come to the sad thought that in spite of this great miracle, which was wrought within two miles of Jerusalem, the chief priests and the Pharisees, when they heard of it, called a council to see how they might put him to death. O what enmity there is in the sinner's heart against the Lord Jesus Christ! What a sad thought that this chapter leaves them plotting together to kill the Prince of Life!

BOSTON TABERNACLE.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

THE PERSON OF THE HOLY GHOST.

ONE of the most interesting and profitable portions of Mr. Moody's Theological System is that contained in his series of addresses on the Person and Offices of the Holy Spirit. Into this profound depth of doctrine he has prayed his way farther than almost any other man has been able to go by all other means, and both in Chicago and in Boston his course of lectures thereon resulted in great spiritual profit, and excited no little surprise, first, that this unlearned man should have such wisdom just where the Church at large has been so deficient; and, second, that in view of the extreme simplicity of this line of Scripture truth it has been so long and so generally overlooked.

The following are the best reports of Mr. Moody's lectures on the Holy Spirit from the daily press of Chicago and Boston, carefully arranged with a view to giving the substance of all his teachings on this subject, and that, too, in Mr. Moody's own style:—

OUR subject this afternoon is the Holy Spirit. I haven't any doubt but that if I asked all the Christian people here to-day that really have no power in prayer and in their work to rise, there would be a great many who would stand up. I think there would be a great many who would say they have served God out of a sense of duty, and that it has all been forced work. Now, I think that mistake arises because people are satisfied with the work that Christ has done for them at Calvary, and they forget about the work of the Holy Ghost in them. I know that was my condition for years. I didn't really understand any thing about the Holy Spirit. I was almost as ignorant as were those men down there at Ephesus that Paul tells us about, who, when asked if they had received the Holy Ghost since

they believed, answered that they hadn't so much as heard that there was any Holy Ghost.

For the first eight or nine years that I was a Christian I hardly knew there was such a person as the Holy Spirit. Whenever persons are baptized they are baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the *Holy Ghost*, and yet there are very few sermons preached about him and about his work.

I remember some years ago, when I first commenced to work for the Lord, I was speaking to a Sabbath-school in Brooklyn, and I was very much pleased with my effort. Quite a number had risen for prayer. When I went out an old man followed me, caught me by the hand, and said:—

"Young man, when you speak again, honor the Holy Ghost."

I started off and supposed it was somebody who had got some hobby that he was riding, and I didn't know what he meant, but I couldn't get it out of my mind. It followed me for days and for months. I think it was really months before I found out what he meant; but I have found out since, and I think if we workers will keep the Holy Ghost in mind our work will not be barren; but when we go in our own name, and in our own strength, and don't look to Him, our work will be unsuccessful.

Now the way to honor the Holy Ghost is to bear in mind that he is *equal* with the Father and with the Son. Christ says, in Matthew xxviii, 19: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the *Holy Ghost*."

Some people seem to think that the Holy Ghost never came to this world till he was sent by Christ after his ascension. You know Christ told the disciples to tarry in Jerusalem till they were endued with power from on high; and I think it would be a good thing if we could have, in our theological seminaries, ten days set apart for the young ministers to wait till they get the power. There are many who start out to work for God who have great intellectual power; but one touch of the power of God would be worth more than all this intellectual power. If these men would tarry more in Jerusalem, and get more of the Holy Ghost, they would accomplish more in one day than they sometimes do in years. How many times have these ministers here on the platform—how many times have we, when we have been preaching—felt as if we were beating the air? No power—people going to sleep—and we couldn't arouse them. But when the power of God comes, and a man has got a message from the throne of God, then the Spirit carries him forward.

The Holy Ghost was in the world before the day of Pentecost, for we read in the second chapter of Luke, twenty-sixth verse, these words; "And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ." Then we read also in Second Peter, first chapter, twenty-first verse: "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." You can't cut out one part of the Holy Scriptures and leave the rest: it is the same Spirit all through.

Now people seem to forget who the Holy Ghost is. I want you to bear in mind that he is a person. I remember in a prayer-meeting some years ago that I offered a prayer, and prayed for the influence of the Holy Ghost; and after I had got through a reverend old divine arose and said, "Why do you pray to the Holy Ghost as if he were an influence only? He is just as much a person as is the Father and the Son."

Let us notice a few of the places where he is alluded to. Turn to the fourteenth chapter of John and the sixteenth verse, "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that *he* may abide with you forever." Now, if the Holy Ghost is merely an influence, why is he spoken of in this way? There is a class of people who think that there is no such thing as a personal God or a personal devil. They are in the power of the devil, and don't know it; but they will find out that he is a person some of these days, and that the Holy Ghost is a person also.

Now let us read farther in the same chapter: in the seventeenth verse, "Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth *him* not, neither knoweth *him:* but ye know *him;* for *he* dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." "He" and "him" are the words used, you see. Again, in the twenty-sixth verse of the same chapter, "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, *he* shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." And again, in the sixteenth chapter and eighth verse, "And when *he* is come, *he* will reprove the world of sin, and of

righteousness, and of judgment." Notice how many times John repeats the "he."

You can't reach a man that the Holy Ghost hasn't entered. The Holy Ghost must convince him of sin. A great many people come into this meeting and they say, "Here in this great crowd no one will know us." But One does see them; the Holy Ghost is abroad, and he will find them; and when the word of the Holy Ghost does reach them, it will cut like a two-edged sword.

There was a man in Philadelphia who attended a meeting in the Tabernacle with his wife. On the way home he refused to speak to her, and the next day he refused to speak to her, and during a part of the next; and when she asked what the matter was, he said, "What did you want to tell Mr. Moody about me for?" "I didn't," she said. "How did he know about me, then? He was just telling every body about me."

You see something I had said struck right home to him. The Holy Ghost was abroad, and had moved me to speak the words that suited his case. The Holy Spirit had said to him, while I was speaking, "Thou art the man." That was Christ's promise: "When he is come, he will reprove the world of sin." Let us ask the Holy Spirit to show us our sins.

Then, in the third chapter of John, we find that we get life through the Holy Spirit. That is what we want —life; life in the Church. But if the life in the Church is not from him it will be artificial. What we are praying for in Boston is the work of the Holy Ghost. It is the Holy Ghost with a man that first gives him life.

You cannot educate a man in spiritual things until he is born of the Holy Ghost. The carnal mind cannot understand spiritual things. The trouble is, people who do not believe in God, and who are not spiritual, are trying to expound the word of God and to understand spiritual things. You must have a new birth before you can understand God's word. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." When we are born of God we can receive the things of God, and not before.

Now take this passage from 1 Pet. iii, 18, "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit." That is it: we must be quickened by the Spirit. We are not saved by culture, we are saved by the mighty power of God quickening us into new life. When he works he does not work for the moment, but for all eternity. In the Spirit only can we be saved, for God has condemned the flesh, and it cannot enter his presence. He has saved souls every-where; so he will save souls here in Boston.

Another work of the Spirit is to inspire love. See Rom. v, 5, "Because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us." If you should ask me what the Church in America most lacks, I should say, Love. Let this love sink down deep into your hearts. It has power with infidels and skeptics. You cannot save them by argument but you may by love. God gave his disciples a badge; it was the badge of love. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another." There can be no

life in a Church without love. A minister with a powerful intellect is of no use unless he has this love, and the power which comes from the Holy Ghost. Now the great question is, "Have we got that love?" Not, do you love those that love you, but do you love those who are your enemies? To love the men that persecute us, that slander us, that spread false reports about us, we need the Holy Ghost shed abroad in us; and if we have that love, a great many sinners will be reached in a little while.

Romans xv, 13, "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." Thus you see the Holy Ghost imparts not only love but hope. Christ doesn't use discouraged people for his work. He likes hopeful people. If your minister is cold, warm up yourself. One man with his soul full of hope and fire can rouse a whole Church. You like to meet a man that is full of hope. Our dear, lamented friend, Mr. Bliss, was one of these men. He used to set my heart on fire. He was full of hope, and I believe that was how he was enabled to write us those beautiful hymns we sing. He was full of the life of the Holy Ghost.

There is one thing more that the Holy Ghost gives us, and that is, liberty. "Now the Lord is that Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." 2 Cor. iii, 17. "Liberty" is what is wanted in the pulpit and in the prayer-meeting, and when this liberty comes people will no longer be afraid to rise up before the lawyer or the learned man who comes to criticise. When we have this liberty how easy it is to preach! Work

does not kill men; they die of working at a disadvantage; working without the liberty of the Spirit. God's yoke is easy; his burden is light; and this liberty is free to you if you will have it; you have only to ask for it.

[In concluding, Mr. Moody asked all to join with him in prayer for these three graces of the Holy Ghost—love hope—liberty.]

THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

On resuming the subject of the work of the Holy Spirit Mr. Moody read the lesson for the day, which was the sixteenth chapter of John, upon which he made the following brief comments, beginning with the seventh verse:—

"NEVERTHELESS I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." Christ does not talk like a man who is going down into the grave, never to be seen again by his disciples. It is true he tells them he is to be killed, but he is to rise again, and go up to heaven to prepare a place for them. Those who attack the divinity of Christ do not believe that he is risen from the dead, and interceding for us before the Father; and that he sends the Holy Spirit to comfort and enlighten those who believe on him. I am glad that the public mind is agitated on this question, "Who is Christ?" If he is not the Son of God I don't know of any body who can tell us who he is. If he is no more than a good man, we must throw away the whole of the Gospel of John.

"It is expedient for you that I go away." Christ has

gone away on an errand for us; and what better place could he choose to be of service to us than up in heaven before his Father's throne? Here we have Satan for an accuser; there we have Christ for an advocate: and, what is more, we have the gift of the Holy Spirit, who is every-where teaching and comforting believers. When any of his friends are in trouble Christ looks down from heaven and sees them, and perhaps sends an angel to comfort and help them; but if he does not send an angel he does send the Holy Spirit.

In the eighth and ninth verses we have these words: "And when he [the Holy Spirit] is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." Of sin, why? Because men murder, and steal, and lie, and swear, and get drunk? There are a good many people who think it is the principal office of the Holy Spirit to convict men of these sins; but the Scripture does not read so. It says, "Of sin, because they believe not on me." Unbelief is the world's worst enemy. Christ met it on both sides of the cross. This is the tree that brings forth all the bitter fruit.

Sinners often try to shield themselves from the coming judgment for their sins by pretending not to believe in punishment at all; but it is far better for the sinner to admit his condemnation and escape to Christ, than to go on in self-deception and perish at last. You can hardly find a rum-seller in Boston but will tell you he don't believe the Bible. He doesn't read it, because he knows it condemns him.

It is a good thing that it is the work of the Holy Spirit to convince the world of their sins, for we are not

able to do it. I should feel overwhelmed at the idea of facing such an audience as this if I had the responsibility on me of convincing you all of your sins.

CONVICTION.

IN the seventh chapter of Acts, fifty-first verse, we read: "Ye stiffnecked, and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers: who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it. When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth."

You see their hearts were cut to the quick on the day of Pentecost. And so it was when Stephen preached his last sermon. He didn't keep any thing back. He knew that it would cost him his life to preach the truth, but he did it. "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost." That is what the world is doing to-day—resisting.

Why do men resist the Holy Ghost? Because "He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." He tells men their faults. He don't tell a man how noble and how great he is: the devil has been doing that for six thousand years. The Holy Spirit don't flatter sinners; and that is the reason a great many don't like Holy Ghost preaching, because it convinces them of sin. You tell a man his faults, and he

will get mad; but I had a great deal rather you would tell me my faults than let me go down to death.

Some people think that the broad road is an easy way, but I tell you it is a very hard way. You have to pass over the prayers of your best friends, and all the way down from the cradle to the grave you have to resist the Holy Ghost. "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost." If men would only stop resisting, and come to themselves, and be led by that Spirit, he would lead them into all truth.

There are more people ruined by flattery than by telling them their faults. We once found a man in Chicago sleeping on the sidewalk. It was one of the coldest days of the season, and we knew he would freeze to death if we didn't wake him. So we woke him, and he got mad with us. That was just what we wanted—to get his blood stirred, and then he would be all right. So sometimes the Holy Ghost wakes up men, and they wake up mad. But that is a good sign: it is better to have them wake up cross than sleepy, because the devil can't rock them to sleep again easy.

O that we may have preaching that will wake people up and set their consciences at work!

In the second of Corinthians, third chapter and sixth verse, there is something I want to call your attention to. But first let me tell you of a circumstance. A lady came to me some time ago and wanted to know why it was they hadn't any conversions in her Church? She said that the minister preached good sound orthodox doctrine, every sermon was sound; there was no trouble about that. I said, that might be, but there

must be something besides sound doctrine. I don't know of any thing more disheartening than dead orthodoxy. I fear that more than all the isms. Orthodoxy, dead, is an abomination to God and man. We want to hold these truths, not in any formal way, but in living power; and if men lived what they profess to believe and preach, Christianity would have a mighty influence in this world.

I think this verse (2 Corinthians iii, 6) throws light upon this point: "Who also hath made us able ministers of the new testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life."

Let us see. If we have sound doctrine only, and not the Spirit of God back of the doctrine, it doesn't bring life to the heart. "The letter killeth," and that is what "dead orthodoxy" is doing. "The letter killeth," but the Spirit giveth life."

OUR LEADER.

THE next work of the Holy Spirit I want you to study is his leadership. Take Galatians v, 18, "But if ye be led by the Spirit, ye are not under the law." Now every child of God ought to be led by the Spirit, and as long as they are led by him they are led into light, and not into darkness. The Spirit of God never led any one into darkness; and if there are any Christians here to-day in darkness, it is because they are not willing to be led by the Spirit. That is the way we are to get into the kingdom of God.

Perhaps many of you have been talking with souls

that have been struggling and praying to get into liberty, and into God's kingdom, and you have watched their countenances as the light broke upon them and their faces have shone with a glorious light. Now that takes place when a man is willing to let the Spirit lead him; that is, when he is converted.

The conflict to get into the kingdom of God isn't God's fault. A Scotchman once said, it took two to bring him to God—it took the Lord and himself. A friend asked him what he did, and he said, "I fought against God, and the Lord did all the rest." That is the great trouble; people are not willing to give up their own way, but when they are ready to surrender and be led by the Spirit of God, he leads them unto life eternal. O Christians, if you will be led by the Spirit you will have an Instructor who will throw light on many questions you don't now understand. Those who are led by the Spirit don't know what darkness is; but when we want our own way, and are led by the flesh and the motives of the flesh—when the world and the influences of the world lead us—then it is that we get into darkness. Let us ask ourselves to-day, "Am I led by the Spirit?"

It says in the eighth chapter of Romans, first verse: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." If we walk after the Spirit our consciences are not all the time lashing us. I think that the trouble with a great many Christians is, they are all the time condemning themselves. Why? Because they are led by the flesh, and not by the Spirit.

But how are we to find out whether it is the Spirit of

God leading us, or whether it is the flesh? Why, you will find it in the word: the Holy Ghost always quotes the word. You will find that a man who is full of the Holy Spirit is generally full of Scripture, and that will lead you aright. But a man who speculates, and has dreams and every thing else but the word to offer you, you cannot tell where he will lead you. If a man says to me that the Spirit told him so and so, I would rather have him draw on the Bible for what he is saying, and then I can know for sure whether the Spirit said it.

If we only get into our hearts this lesson about giving up our own way and will entirely to God, and being led by the Spirit, we shall be saved from a great many of these dark hours, and from many a conflict with the enemy. Do you think Lot would have gone to Sodom if he had been led by the Spirit? Do you think that men in Boston would be troubled about their souls if they were led by the Spirit? Do you think that men would fail in business if they were led by the Spirit? It is this wild ambition to get rich, or to stand at the head of some profession, that is ruining so many souls. Men are all the time taking false steps, because they are not willing to be led by the Spirit.

The question of public amusements comes up, and it is asked, "Is it right to dance?" All I have to say is, If the Spirit of God says dance, then dance. Let the Spirit of God be your teacher, and you will see what is right and what is wrong.

Men ask, "Is it consistent for me to go to the theater?" Christ didn't really lay down any rule about that, mentioning it in particular, but his direction is, that you give

yourselves up to the Spirit and the word. Then you will be guided aright and make no mistake. A man told me in Chicago that he had been converted, but he said he hadn't given up any thing: he hadn't given up the theater or novels, and wasn't agoing to give them up. Well, he went to the theater once after that, but he said he didn't care to stay. He couldn't read novels, for he hadn't any taste for them. The reason was simple enough: when a man is filled with the Spirit he wont love those things he once did; his love has been turned into another channel. Men say that they can't give up this thing or that thing, but only let the Spirit of God get into their hearts and they can. They can't do it of themselves, but they can through God helping them.

You speak of this pleasure or that, but the teaching of the word is, that if you take the Spirit of God it will enlighten you on all these points.

A friend of my wife had a beautiful little boy about four years old who put his eye out with a pair of scissors. Since then my wife has always been very careful about scissors. But one day little Willie got them, and his sister couldn't get them away from him. She knew that he was fond of oranges, so she ran and got one and held it up, and said, "Don't you want an orange?" And he just dropped the scissors and went for that orange—that was better than the scissors. Now, that is just the way to treat the infidel, give him something better than he has got; and if the Spirit of God gets down into his heart he will have something better and something that will satisfy him. Those who are led by the spirit of the world cannot give up the world: they haven't found

God; but when they begin to be led by his Spirit, he turns their appetites and tastes, so that what they once loved they now hate.

An old citizen came to me last night, and said, "I hope you wont speak without having just a word for the poor drunkard." I do want to hold out a hope to the drunkards. If they will only accept God they will get the world under their feet, and God will give them power to hurl the cup from their lips. No other power can do it.

If you are led by the Spirit of God you can be saved. Now just give yourself up while I am talking, and say: "Spirit of God, lead me; I give up all to you; I make a complete surrender. God's will shall be my will, and his Spirit shall lead me from this day and hour," and see how quick he will come to your help. If you get your hand in God's he will lead you safely to the light. Don't think that he will desert you. He knows your life, your wants, your temptations. No soul ever went wrong when led by the Holy Spirit.

A WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

ANOTHER work of the Holy Ghost is to testify of Christ. He comes for that purpose. I believe the world would have forgotten Christ's death as soon as they forgot his birth if it hadn't been for the Holy Ghost. It had only been thirty years since his birth. All those wonderful scenes had happened in Bethlehem, and were well known in Jerusalem, yet he seems to have been forgotten until he appeared to commence

his public ministry; and they would have forgotten his death too if it hadn't been for the Holy Ghost. He came to testify of Jesus Christ that he had risen. He saw him in heaven, and he came to tell us he was there at the right hand of God.

The Holy Ghost don't speak much about himself, and a great many people wonder why they cannot understand more about him. The fact is, he came not to speak of himself, but of Christ. "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come." John xvi, 13.

His work is not to speak of himself, but to speak of Christ. Supposing I had an only son out in California, and a man came to me this afternoon and said, "Mr. Moody, I am going out to California, and I will probably see your son; would you like to send any message?" and I sent a message to my absent boy; and when the man gets out there he talks to my son about himself! That wouldn't be what my boy would want to hear, but of his absent parents. And so the Holy Ghost comes to testify of Christ. That is his work.

When a man preaches Christ, then the Holy Ghost has got something to do—to carry home the message to the hearts of the people; but if a man preaches himself, his sermons have no power. If he preaches an error he can't be successful; but when a man lifts up Christ instead of himself—when he lifts up the Son of God—then the Holy Ghost is at work carrying those truths down into the hearts of the people and making the word fruitful.

We read that his work is to testify. You know that when Abraham wanted to get a bride for his son Isaac he sent his servant to Haran to get Rebecca. He told her all about Isaac's inheritance, and gave her the magnificent presents, and wanted her to go with him at once. Her parents wanted her to wait ten days; but no, she went at once, and was led through the wilderness by the messenger, to Isaac. It is these ten days that are the great fault with people. The work of the Holy Ghost is to lead us through the wilderness to Christ at once.

The Holy Ghost is to tell us of God. If a man gets up in a prayer-meeting and talks about his love for God it chills me; but if he talks about God's love for him, that fires my heart.

In the fifteenth chapter of John and twenty-sixth verse, it says: "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me." When we begin to speak of Christ then the Holy Ghost begins to work.

Peter, on the day of Pentecost, had the power of the Holy Ghost; and when he preached, the Holy Ghost power struck down into the hearts of three thousand people, and they were convicted and converted right then and there.

Christ said he would send the Holy Ghost, and he was as good as his word. You may call that Galilean fisherman illiterate, but the Holy Ghost testified that day that what he said was true, and there was never such a successful sermon preached in all the world

before. Men can shut their ears against your words; but if the Holy Ghost speaks to them they must hear, at least, whether they heed or not.

INDWELLING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

I WANT to call your attention to the three places in which the Holy Ghost has dwelt.

In the fortieth chapter of Exodus, at the setting up of the tabernacle, the thirty-fourth verse says: "Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle. And Moses was not able to enter into the tent of the congregation, because the cloud abode thereon, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle." No sooner had they got that tabernacle done than the Holy Ghost came into it; and so if we let God just cleanse our hearts from sin the Holy Ghost will come in and fill them with faith. We are temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in.

Now, look at second Chronicles, fifth chapter, thirteenth and fourteenth verses:—

"It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord saying, 'For he is good; for his mercy endureth forever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."

When Solomon offered his prayer the temple at Jeru-

salem was filled with the glory of God. Now we want to have this tabernacle here in Boston filled with the glory of God. We want that cloud to come down upon us, so that when ungodly men come in here they may be moved by the Holy Spirit. We want the Holy Ghost power here for the sake of both the saved and the unsaved.

We find that on the day of Pentecost the disciples were of one mind and one spirit; so when we are of one accord the Holy Ghost will come and fill this place. Now if we are in the true Church—and the true Church is that which has Jesus for a leader, for he is the head of the Church—then the Holy Ghost will fill us, and we shall have power with God from on high.

It says here in Ephesians i, 13, "In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the Gospel of your salvation: in whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory." You are sealed by the Holy Ghost for the day of redemption. What need you fear? Who is going to break God's seal? Can all the devils of hell do it? Has man got the power to do it? It is the blood that cleanses from sin. If we are sealed by the Holy Ghost who is going to break that divine seal? When we are washed in that blood the Holy Ghost comes and seals us for the day of redemption. In Ephesians iv, 30, it says the same thing: "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

There was once a poor beggar who died. I call him poor, but he was rich in the sight of God; though he did

die in the poor-house, and they hurried him off to a pauper's grave.

You know that paupers haven't many friends; and as they were making all haste to get him buried, the minister who conducted the funeral said to them: "Walk softly! you carry a temple of the Holy Ghost." Yes, the believer has become a temple of the Holy Ghost. We want our hearts purged from sin, and then let the Holy Ghost come and fill us as it did that tabernacle. Let our bodies first become a temple for the Holy Ghost, and then we shall have power to pray and to work for God, and be successful in our work.

REGENERATION.

WE have for our subject to-day the third chapter of John. I will read, commencing at the sixth verse: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

With this let me read a few verses in the eighth chapter of Romans: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the

flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For they that are after the flesh, do mind the things of the flesh; but they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit. For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God."

I think you will see by reading that why it is that a man needs to be born again. They that are in the flesh cannot please God. There must, therefore, be a new birth. A great many have come to me, and written to me, to say that they cannot set the day and hour that they were converted. I do not think it is necessary to know the day and hour when we were born of the Spirit; the question is, Have we been born of the Spirit? and we can find that out by putting the tests to ourselves. If we love the world, or ourselves, or our friends, more than we love the Lord, it is a good sign that we have not been born from above; because if we have been born of the Spirit, God takes the first place in our hearts; and if he does not do that, it is a pretty good sign that we have not been born again. If we cannot tell the day and the hour, but can say that we really do love God above every thing else—that God has the first place in our hearts—it seems to me good evidence that we have been born again. If we have not that evidence let us give up all our false hopes and seek a hope worth having.

It says in the first of Corinthians, fifteenth chapter: "The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was

not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural: and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

First comes the natural, then comes the spiritual. Some people have an idea that this is a thing they have got to educate themselves into, or grow into. Now, if this being born again is a matter of birth, it must be the work of God and not our work; it must be something from above. It is not natural but supernatural. It is the Spirit of God turning the whole current of our life, because he says, in the Second Epistle of Corinthians, the fifth chapter and the seventeenth verse, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Now it seems to me as soon as we get this in our mind correctly we shall give up this idea of trying to save ourselves. I don't believe any man or woman is ever saved until they get done trying to save themselves and let the Lord save them.

I have heard an illustration which I think helps to clear up this point. A man buys a farm which has an old well on it in which there is an old pump. One of the neighbors tells him that he hadn't better use the water, for the man who lived there before was poisoned by drinking it. He says, "I will see about that," so he takes and paints the old pump, and says, "Now that water is all right." Then he goes to pumping and drinking the water, and, of course, he is poisoned. Now that is just what men are

trying to do; they paint up the old pump, when their heart is sending forth this poisonous water. If your heart has been regenerated, and you have been born of the Spirit, then your life will be right; there will be no trouble then; a man will not *have* to serve God; he cannot help it, it becomes his nature. A man who has been blaspheming and swearing will not want to swear, because God has re-created him in the image of God; he is born of the Spirit from above. If a man has not got this nature which goes out toward God, it is a true sign he has not been born of God.

God's plan is altogether different from ours. Man is all the time trying to patch up and mend. God never mends any thing; he always creates anew. When Adam fell God promised a new life through a second Adam: that is what we must have; and when a man is born anew of the Spirit he has a heart that can serve God, and not until then.

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

HERE is a passage I want you to read, in the fifth chapter of Galatians, seventeenth verse, that will help us to decide this question of whether we have really been born of the Holy Spirit or not. I believe that many people have been converted to some men, or some Church, or creed, or preacher, or some good choir—they like the organ perhaps, or the fine singing. I believe that is the way some men and women get into the Church before they are born of the Spirit; and that is the cause of a good deal of mischief in the Church, and has got a good many members into trouble.

You are not to rest your hope of heaven upon yourself, but look at the word, and see if you have passed from death unto life; if you have been raised up by the Spirit of God, quickened by the Holy Ghost; for that is the only life that will stand before God. There is such a thing as whitewashing men up and passing them off as Christians. That isn't the work of God. God begins at the heart, and cleanses that by the Holy Ghost. Now, in the sixteenth verse of the fifth chapter of Galatians it says: "This I say then, walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh." And in the next verse: "For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would."

There is a conflict between the old man and the new one, between the flesh and the spirit. They are at war with each other and will be to the end of time. Some one has said that there is always a devil at our right hand; though if we resist the devil he will flee from us. But it is different with the flesh; the flesh cleaves to us. I believe that the flesh is the worst enemy we have. "But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law. Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

Let us put the question right to ourselves: Are we bringing forth this kind of fruit? Are we full of jealousy

envy, drunkenness, revellings, and such like? Recollect what the word says: "They which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." I know a great many men who stand by and say that they can get into the kingdom of God whether they are born again of the Spirit or not, and do these prohibited things, but they make the same mistake as those who have heretofore disobeyed God's law, for he has said that men who do "such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

Now we come to the fruit of the Spirit: love, joy, peace. Delicious fruit, isn't it? You can't make a bad tree bring forth good fruit; but if the tree is a good one it will certainly bear good fruit; it can't help it. And so, if a man's heart is right, his life will be right. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law." If we live in the Spirit, let us walk in the Spirit. Somebody has said that you might just sum up the fruit of the Spirit in one word—love. Love covers it all, covers all those nine things, "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." The same person has put it in this way: "Joy is only love exulting, love just bubbling up in our hearts; peace is love in repose, love resting; long-suffering is love untiring, the temper of those full of the Spirit; gentleness is love in society, the way we act; our gentler goodness is love in action; faith is love on the battle-field; meekness is love at school; temperance is love in training." So really you can sum it all up in the word "love," "the fruit of the Spirit is love," LOVE.

ASSURANCE.

AMONG the different classes of persons which we meet in the inquiry room are Church members who are not sure they are saved, and a great many Christian workers think if a person is a Church member that is all that is needed, and so they leave these doubting ones, thinking it isn't proper to labor with them.

Many Christians live in Doubting Castle; it is a very popular place, especially in this country. You may ask them if they are saved, and they turn their back, and scowl, and say, "Well, I wouldn't dare to say I am saved; that would be presumption; I hope I am. I trust I may be." I have noticed that persons who held those views were not fit to work in the inquiry room; they were not ready to point the way of salvation to others.

If you have a hope according to the Bible you have something that is sure. We believe in the resurrection; that is something that is going to take place: but, strangely enough, some of us don't believe in our own salvation, which has already taken place.

If you will turn to your Bibles you will find that it is the privilege of every child of God to know that he is saved. We haven't got to go through this world in terrible anxiety to know whether we are saved or not: that isn't the teaching of the word of God. The First Epistle of John is a very good book on assurance; if persons would read that carefully and prayerfully on their knees about once a day, they would soon find out whether they were saved or not. John had a motive for writing that

epistle. You know he tells us what he writes this for. He says: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God." *That ye may know!* Now, if there are any Christians here to-day who have not God's assurance—don't know that they are saved—let them remember that it is the privilege of every child of God to *know;* and instead of its being presumption to know that we are saved, it is presumption not to know that we are saved. If we have really been born of the Spirit, it is presumption for us to say that God has not settled it. Just look into that Epistle of John and you will find that he gives you the test whereby you can measure yourself, and find out whether you are a child of God or not. He puts it so plain that you need not make any mistake.

In the third chapter of the first Epistle General of John there are six things worth knowing. In the fifth verse are these words: "And ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins; and in him is no sin." Now if he has taken our sins away that is the end of them. They need not trouble us any more. The second thing worth knowing is in the nineteenth verse: "And hereby we know that we are of the truth and shall assure our hearts before him." The Spirit of God bears witness with our spirit that we are born of God; we know that what we believe is true. We know God's work; there is no uncertainty about it. The third thing is in the fourteenth verse: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." There is no uncer-

tainty about it. *We know.* And if there is any person in this house who professes to be a Christian and don't know it, let him before he sleeps find it out, and it will bring joy to his soul. The fourth thing is in the fifteenth verse: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." If our heart is full of hatred we know we have not passed from death unto life; there is no doubt about it. The fifth thing worth knowing is in the twenty-fourth verse: "And he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him and he in him. And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us." The last and sixth thing is grace. I think a great many Christians live on dry doctrine, and never come to have a real, personal relationship with Christ. If we have Christ formed in us, the hope of glory, we know that we have the Spirit born in us. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." Isn't that worth knowing?

Take up your Bibles and study the doctrine of assurance, and you will find Job saying, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It is the privilege of every child of God to know this; and if there are any Christians here that don't know it, I advise them to have an early conference with some warm-hearted Christian who has this assurance, and get it for themselves. And let the workers in the inquiry room take out their Bibles and point out the right passages to all inquirers after assurance in Christ, for it is a part of our duty to help doubting Christians into this position of grace and power.

THE INSPIRER OF PROPHECY AND PRAYER.

ANOTHER work of the Holy Spirit is prophecy. "He will show you things to come." Newspapers don't tell you half the news; they tell you what has taken place; but this Bible is the only newsbook that tells you what is going to take place. The natural man cannot understand spiritual things; only he that is born of the Spirit.

Some people do not believe in the supernatural working of the Holy Ghost upon the souls of men, but every man and every woman has sometime or other felt his influence and power. When the Holy Ghost first opened my eyes, I thought how blind I had been! That is the way with the world; it is blind, but doesn't know it. The Holy Ghost knows all the secrets of heaven, and it reveals to us the things that are important for us to know.

Another thing he does for us is to inspire our prayers. He knows what God has for us, and he teaches us to ask it. One reason why our prayers are not answered is, because they are made after the flesh; because we haven't been taught by the Spirit how to pray. O that the Spirit of God may teach us how to pray! that every prayer we make may be inspired by the Spirit! then we will have power in prayer with God, the blessings will come; our prayers will not go unanswered. Let us bow our heads, and ask that the Spirit may teach each one of us how to pray.

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

WE find in Ephesians vi, 17, these words: "And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

If we don't know how to use a sword what is the good of it? We may have the word, but if we haven't the Spirit of God and are not taught by the Spirit of God how to handle the word we don't accomplish our work. But if the word of God is hid in our hearts, and the Spirit of God teaches us how to use it, then it is that the word is sharper than a two-edged sword. If we can only just get hold of this word in our prayer-meetings and in our churches, we shall become a living power.

What are ten thousand soldiers good for if they don't know how to use their weapons? An army of five hundred, or even one hundred, could rout ten thousand if they didn't know how to use their arms. Let us have the spirit of this word, and if we understand it "from back to back" we can meet these infidels who talk so loud against the Gospel of Christ. People talk about studying books to meet them! All the book you want is the word of God. God will come forth out of his own book and confound them.

You can't meet men with your opinion. Give up your opinions and just give them the word of God. He will take care of his word. It will cut down deep. They may fight and kick, and talk and swear, but just give them the word and the Spirit will do his own work. I have seen men come into the inquiry room just to talk and discuss,

and get up an argument. Some men live on argument. Well, I generally take the Bible and give them a few verses. "But," they say, "I don't believe the Bible." Then I give them more verses, and they say the same thing, but I just keep on giving them the word of God. I am no match for infidels, but this word is; this word tells all about them. There have been infidels for six thousand years, and probably will be until the millennium; but, thank God! there wont be any then. The only way to meet infidels is to meet them with the word of God; then they have got to settle all questions with the Spirit himself.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT FOR SERVICE.

IN some sense, and to some extent, the Holy Spirit dwells with every believer; but there is another gift, which may be called the gift of the Holy Spirit for service. This gift, it strikes me, is entirely distinct and separate from conversion and assurance. God has a great many children that have no power, and the reason is, they have not the gift of the Holy Ghost for service. God doesn't seem to work with them, and I believe it is because they have not sought this gift.

In the opening of the eleventh chapter of Luke we find the disciples asking Christ to teach them how to pray. After doing so he goes on to explain it, and in the ninth, tenth, and thirteenth verses says: "And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth. . . . If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children;

how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him!"

Now the lesson to be learned from this is, that we must pray for the Holy Spirit for service; pray that we may be anointed and qualified to do the work that God has for us to do. I believe that Elisha was a child of God before Elijah met him; but he was not qualified for the work of a prophet until the spirit of Elijah came upon him. We have to ask for this blessing, to knock for it, to seek for it, and find out why it does not come. If we regard iniquity in our hearts, if we have some hidden sin, God is not going to give us the baptism of power. We are not as "an empty vessel;" we are not ready to receive the blessing, and so it doesn't come.

In the third chapter of Luke we find that Christ was baptized by the Holy Ghost before he entered upon his ministry. This should teach us to get anointed before starting out to do the Lord's work. Christ was the Son of God just as much before his baptism as afterward, but even he needed this power; and if the Son of God, who never had sinned, needed it, how much more do we need it, and how hopeless it will be if we attempt to work before we get it.

I generally divide the Church into three classes. The first we find in the third chapter of John. They are like Nicodemus. They have come to Christ and got life. Nicodemus got life and that was all; he didn't get the moral courage to testify; and a great many Christians are just like him. They work their way up to Christ, and are satisfied with mere conversion; they don't go on and get the baptism of power. The Church is lumbered

up with that kind of material, making it into a kind of religious hospital instead of a Christian camp.

The next class is to be found in the fourth chapter of John. The woman there mentioned met Christ at the well and got one draught of the living water, and she went and published the fact of Christ's presence and what he had done for her to the whole town. That is a better class than the other: they have got so far along that they can testify for Christ.

But there is still a better class. In the seventh chapter of John we find it written, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." This is the kind of Christians we want.

In this country we have two ways of digging wells. One, as you who have lived in the country know, is to dig until we come to water; then to stone it up, put in a pump, and pump up the water. Now, many Christians are just like that. They keep on pumping and pumping, and their preaching and praying is all hard and forced. But there is another way of making a well. You bore down through the gravel, and sand, and clay, down, down, till you strike the lower strata, and then up comes the water, a hundred feet high. That is the Artesian well; and the Christians we want are those who are like Artesian wells. People say, sometimes, they wonder some hard-working men don't break down. Well, it is a wonder that those who are pumping all the time don't break down; but there is no fear of the Artesian-well people becoming exhausted. Let us have a few Christians of this class here and we shall soon feel their influence.

If we seek for this gift of the Holy Spirit we shall find it. God wants us to have it; and when we are filled with the Spirit every body around us will feel our influence. We shall then have the spirit of wisdom, humility, and meekness instead of going around scolding people: that isn't the work of the Holy Ghost.

Again, those who really have it don't talk much about it. They let other people find it out. Nothing makes a man who is filled with the Holy Spirit so mortified as to have people talk about him: all he himself thinks about is to exalt Christ. That is the only way to reach the world—holding up Christ to the people, and not trying to draw the people to yourselves. If you have the baptism of power they will find it out without any proclamation on your part.

In the twentieth chapter of John we are told of the disciples receiving the Holy Ghost. How much do you suppose those early Christians would have accomplished if they had gone out preaching before the power came?

The rank and file of the Church need this baptism of the Holy Spirit just as much as the preachers. A woman with ten children to take care of needs it just as much as any body. A man harassed with business needs it; there isn't a child of God on earth but needs it.

We read further on, "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues." You have noticed men who, when they stood up in the pulpit, seemed to speak with a new tongue. These same men used to speak with great eloquence and fluency, but it was like "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal;" nobody was ever reached by it. If the preachers in this

city were anointed with this power how much good they might do! This whole country would soon come under their influence.

I believe this gift for service is a thing that the Church has mislaid. Conversion is one thing, and this is another, distinct and separate. It seems to me that the Church has laid it aside, and the result is, that hundreds and thousands come into the Church without even seeking this power. Others, again, say they have this blessing because they received it ten years ago. They live on that, and seem to forget that there is such a thing as losing it. How many men can you remember who did mighty work ten or fifteen years ago who have none of the power now? They preached with unction from Heaven, and the blessing of God rested upon their labors; but they have lost the power. They have forgotten the great truth, that we must keep going to the Fountain-head to get filled. We must have fresh supplies. We don't get enough of Christ at once to carry us through life. The manna came down fresh six days a week, but it wouldn't keep: and the reason we have so many lean, half-starved Christians is, because they live on stale manna.

We are leaky vessels and lose the power. We find that the disciples were several times filled with the Holy Ghost, and we should profit by their experience.

Hundreds of men lose the power without knowing it, and they go on with their forms of preaching, and are astonished at their want of success. A minister came to me to-day and asked, "How can I keep free, and not be trammeled when I attempt to preach?" If a man is

filled with the Holy Ghost he isn't trammeled; he has perfect freedom. Jeremiah said the Lord gave him a forehead of brass, and he went before the king as fearlessly as before a peasant. When a man is filled with God he don't care about public opinion; he is simply a mouthpiece to declare the word and will of God. "A trumpet isn't afraid of its own sound."

I remember many a time I have gone from one place to another, and I have said, "God gave me success in that place, and now I shall have the same here." I have tried to carry on the work with the former grace and failed utterly, and I found I had to come right back and get fresh power. I believe that for every work we have to do for God we should get new power. The strength God gave me for Chicago wont do for Boston. I must have a fresh supply for the meetings here.

When a man is thirsty he wants water, and so when Christians are thirsty they want the Holy Spirit above every thing else. The trouble at present is, there is not enough thirst among Christians. A man came to me the other day and said his pastor was troubled about something, and was in great distress. "Well," said I, "let him alone, he is all right; he is thirsty, and going to get filled with the Holy Spirit."

Paul went down to Ephesus and found some men there preaching the Gospel, and he said unto them: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" That is certainly a strange question if there is no such thing as receiving it after conversion. It may be that I am wrong, but I wish you would take your Bibles and see if this is so; and if it is, then seek this gift. Letters come in from

all over the country asking us to send men here and there. If we had a number of men anointed we might send them out as they were sent out from Jerusalem; but there is no use of sending out men who are not baptized for service.

When I first went to Scotland I was a little troubled about my theology, for fear it wouldn't jibe with theirs. I hadn't my forehead covered with brass then. At one of the early meetings I saw one man with his head covered with his hands, and I thought he was mortified about my theology. When the meeting was over he grabbed his hat, and away he went. I gave him up, and thought he wouldn't come again. He was absent the next few days; but one day he came to the prayer-meeting, and there was such a change in him that I scarcely knew him. He then said he was thoroughly convinced that what I had said was true; that he felt he had been preaching without the power, and that he had made up his mind to get it: so he went and locked himself in his closet, and God revealed himself to his soul.

It was not a month before the people couldn't get into that man's church. I met him before I sailed for this country, and he told me that he hadn't preached a sermon since without some one being converted.

Mr. Moody then gave the following summary of the passages bearing on this question:—Luke iv: Jesus was filled with the Spirit, and resisted and overcame the devil; so every one filled with the Spirit would overcome the devil. Acts i, 8: The disciples received the Holy Ghost, and then witnessed for Jesus. Acts ii, 4: "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues." Acts iv, 8, and Acts iv, 31: "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness." Acts vi, 5–10: Stephen was filled with the Holy Ghost, and no man could

resist his wisdom. Acts ix, 17, 20, 22: Paul was filled with the Holy Ghost, and preached Christ. Acts xi: Barnabas was filled with the Holy Ghost, and many people were added to the Church. Acts xiii, 52: The disciples were filled with the Holy Spirit, and great multitudes believed. He then concluded as follows:—

And there will be great multitudes believing in this city if we get filled with the Holy Ghost. My friends, shall we seek this power? How many hearts here are crying for this fresh anointing? Let it be a solemn question between you and God. How many want this new power? Shall we just stand before God and ask him for this blessing? [About one half the audience rose.] Let us send up one united prayer that God will empty us of every thing contrary to his will, and fill us to-day with the Holy Ghost; that we may be like Barnabas and Stephen, and the holy Christians that did such wonderful things in the early days.

EMBLEMS OF THE SPIRIT.

I SAW some time ago a list of what were termed the emblems of the Holy Ghost, and I copied the propositions.

WATER—Cleansing, everlasting, refreshing, abundant, freely given.

There were some men who went to Africa—I think there was a colony wanted to settle. They went to one place, but were told that there was no water there; then they went to another, but found no water. At last they came to a place where the inhabitants said the clouds were pierced above them, and there they made their settlement. Let us see that we get under the pierced clouds

and have the Spirit of God coming upon us Let us all come under this outpouring of grace.

Then comes FIRE as an emblem of the Holy Ghost—illuminating, brilliant, stirring. WIND — independent, powerful, unseen except by its effects. OIL — healing and comforting. RAIN and DEW—fertilizing, refreshing, penetrating, abundant. A DOVE — gentle, meek, innocent, forgiving. A VOICE—speaking, guiding, warning. A SEAL—impressing, securing.

Let us pray that each one of us may be endowed with the Holy Spirit from this day and hour.

GRIEVING THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"AND grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." Bear in mind these words were written to the Church at Ephesus. A great many have got the idea that it is the unconverted that grieve the Holy Spirit; but here it certainly is the Church. To be sure, a man that resists the Holy Ghost may grieve him by not letting him into his heart; but this was written to the Church.

Again, "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice." This forbids Church quarrels. The Master knows that after the devil gets into the Church the Holy Ghost cannot work. That is one way in which Christians grieve the Holy Ghost by quarreling among themselves.

"And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Now if we grieve the Spirit he cannot

work through us and use us. This is also an admonition given to the Church.

Another way that we grieve the Spirit is by being yoked up with ungodly people. We want to be separated. There was a time when there was danger of the Church going over into the world, but I don't think there is so much danger of that now as of the devil and the world coming into the Church. Why, you see the height of the fashion in the churches! We have even got theatricals in a good many of the churches! Now the Holy Ghost is grieved in that way, by letting the world come into the Church.

There is a great call for more intellectual power in the pulpit; but that isn't what we need so much as the Holy Ghost power. Where can you find greater power than that which followed the simple preaching of Barnabas and Stephen? "Why," they say, "if the minister preaches about the sins of the Church he will preach the rich people out of doors; they wont stand it. We must get a man that will compromise between the Church and God, and make every body feel that they are all right." They want ministers to preach about the sins of the old patriarchs, but not about the sins of the present day. They are something like a man in Scotland: An old minister died, and a young man took the old church, and the first time he preached he began to bear down upon the sins of the congregation. After the service, the sexton, or the beadle as they call him there, took him aside and said: "Young man, if you want to be popular don't you speak about the sins of the present day, but bear down hard on the sins and the sinners of two

thousand years ago: they will all like you then, but they wont stand hearing about the sins of the present day."

But if we are going to honor the Holy Ghost we must give the message just as God gives it to us; and if we are not willing that the man we put in the pulpit shall speak as the Spirit comes to him, then the Holy Ghost is grieved. Are the Churches in New England ready for that? Are they ready that ministers should preach the whole truth, if it does cut to the heart? If a man has been defrauding his neighbor, are they ready to have that man preached about, and that sin brought to light? When we get sin out of the Church, we shall have more conversions in one year than we have had for the last fifty years. I know some people think it will drive away the moneyed men, and that the Church needs their support; but it will bring God down into the Church, and we need him a great deal more. We don't want intellect and money so much as the power of God's word working in the minds and hearts of men, making them over anew: when we have that we shall see sinners converted.

How many Churches do you think there are in New England that have that power? Why, I heard of a Church in Chicago that haven't had a conversion for eight years! Think of it! And some one praying for that Church said: "Give it one more chance, Lord, before you spew it out of your mouth." I thought that was very appropriate prayer.

The Holy Spirit must be grieved when Christians can't work with power. Let them not talk about the world grieving the Holy Spirit, but bring it home to them-

selves. Are we doing any thing to grieve the Holy Ghost that has sealed us for the day of redemption?

In 1 Thessalonians, fifth chapter and nineteenth verse, we find these words: "Quench not the Spirit." That was written to the Church. How do we quench the Spirit? By not being willing to let the Spirit of God lead us. We are all the time taking God's work out of the hands of the Spirit into our own. We quench it by this terrible lukewarmness, by this coldness and stiffness which has come into the Church. Turn over to the fifth chapter of Acts, and you will find that he who does that resists the Holy Ghost.

THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

THE question has come up (I often get letters concerning it) about the sin against the Holy Ghost. I don't know how many times I have been asked to explain that sin. A lady in the inquiry room last night was troubled on account of the sin against the Holy Ghost, and said that there was no hope for her.

In Matthew xii, 31–33, we have these words: "Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."

Now people read that, and just close the Bible, and say, "I did commit that sin, and therefore I have no

hope in this world or in the world to come." Matthew really leaves us in doubt, but when you turn to the third chapter of Mark, you find that Christ explains it himself. If we would only compare Scripture with Scripture we would get light upon many things we don't understand. No one need go on in the darkness about this question if they will only look and see what Christ said.

Now read Mark iii, 22–29: "And the scribes which came down from Jerusalem said, He hath Beelzebub, and by the prince of the devils casteth he out devils. And he called them unto him, and said unto them in parables, How can Satan cast out Satan? And if a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand.... And if Satan rise up against himself, and be divided, he cannot stand, but hath an end. No man can enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he will first bind the strong man; and then he will spoil his house. Verily I say unto you, All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme: But he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation."

Now people usually stop right there, instead of reading on. The next verse, the thirtieth, just explains it all: "Because they said, He hath an unclean spirit." This, then, is the sin against the Holy Ghost.

Now in all my travels I have never found a man who thought that Jesus Christ was possessed of the devil. And I don't believe that any such man ever lived, except, perhaps, some one who had gone clean mad. Who ever heard any body say that Christ had an unclean

spirit or devil in him, that helped him perform his works; that ever said he was an agent of hell, or that he came from hell instead of from heaven, and was only the devil's instrument? I never heard of any such thing, and it is a question in my mind if any body in Boston has committed that sin. You may turn to Genesis, where it says that God's Spirit will not always strive with man; but didn't those persons referred to live a hundred and twenty years after the Lord said that? Men may be all their life sinning, and die resisting the Holy Ghost; but I think that the Spirit of God strives with men more or less from the cradle to the grave, and the finally impenitent perish because they resist the Holy Ghost. The sin seems to be very clearly this: saying that Christ had a devil in him, and that he performed his miracles by the power of the devil.

Infidels are the same to-day as ever. They don't believe that Christ was the Son of God. But the devils believe it. They knew him well. "Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?" was their cry. And so I hope that if any are stumbling over that sin against the Holy Ghost they will read that thirtieth verse of Mark and remember it: "Because they said, he hath an unclean spirit." If you really believe that the Son of God had a devil in him, and did all his work by the power of the devil, I think you are guilty of the unpardonable sin.

SIN AND SALVATION.

MAN A FAILURE.

"Ye must be born again."—JOHN iii, 7.

TAKE him where you will, and man has always been a failure. He was a failure in Eden and a failure out of it; a failure before the flood and a failure after it; a failure in the wilderness and a failure in Canaan. Hear what David says: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." Men are slow to find out that none are pure in the sight of God; but the nearer they get to him the more they see their own sinfulness. Job could argue with his friends and make himself out to be a very good man, a benevolent man, such a man as you would like to have for an elder, or church-warden, or chairman of the Board of Foreign Missions. If there was an endowment to be raised for a theological seminary his name would be first on the list; but the moment that God said to him, "Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me," and then began to put him to a few questions. Job saw his sinfulness, and cried out, "I am vile. I abhor myself."

No man is fit to come into God's kingdom till he learns this first letter of the alphabet; but there are a great many who want to begin with Z instead of A. If a man don't believe he is lost to begin with, what does he want of a Gospel or a Saviour?

Did any of you ever go down into a coal-pit, fifteen hundred or two thousand feet, right down into the bowels of the earth? If you have, don't you know that it would be sheer madness to try to climb up the steep sides of that shaft and so get out of the pit? Of course you couldn't leap out of it; in fact, you couldn't get out of it at all by yourself. But I'll tell you this—you could get out of a coal-pit fifteen hundred feet deep a good deal quicker than you can get out of the pit that Adam took you into. When Adam went down he took the whole human family with him. But the Lord, by means of his cross, has lifted us out of the pit of ruin.

Now who was it to whom Christ said, "Ye must be born again?" It was to Nicodemus, as moral a man, I presume, as lives in the city of Boston. There is not a thing on record against him. He was a ruler of the Jews; he belonged to the highest ecclesiastical court on earth at that time; if he lived now he would be called the Rev. Dr. Nicodemus, and we would make him president of some theological seminary—perhaps give him a chair at Andover. He was a man who stood high, and yet this very man Christ said must be born again.

I am glad this was said to Nicodemus and not to the poor woman at the well, because then the moral men in Boston would have said, "I hope the revival will reach all the harlots and drunkards in Boston, but we respectable people don't need it; O, no!" But if Nicodemus, that moralist in Jerusalem, needed to be born again, so does every man in Boston. This idea, that you who are born in Boston don't need to be born of the Spirit, comes from the devil; it don't come from the Bible. You

can't find that anywhere in the Scriptures; the moralist of Boston needs to be converted as much as the drunkard. "Except ye be converted, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of God." "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish," said Christ to the moralists of his time. So don't flatter yourselves that you are going to get into the kingdom of God without being converted; or that the poor harlots and drunkards need to be converted, and you do not. The moralists of this audience need to be converted, for Christ said to Nicodemus, "Except"—put that word in there—"Except ye be born again, ye cannot see the kingdom of God." Wont you just ask yourself the question? Let it come home to every heart to-night! Don't think, now, I am speaking to the man who is next to you, or the man behind you. That is the way ministers lose about half their sermons. People are all the time lending their ears for some one else, and saying: "O, that will hit somebody else; that is good for a man behind me," and he passes it over his shoulder, and that man over his, and so it goes out doors. Let it commence right down here to-night, and lodge in your hearts, and then let it go around all over the platform. Don't let any one excuse himself to-night. Let us have a heart-searching time. Let us ask God to show us whether we have been born of the Spirit, because it is a solemn question, a *terribly solemn question!* "Except—a man—be born—again—he cannot —see—the kingdom—of God." I wish I could get you to *think* five minutes to-night. Just forget the preaching and the surroundings, and let the question sink down into your heart: "Have I been converted? Have I been born of the Spirit?"

When I was born, in 1837, I was born after the flesh, with a wicked nature which I had inherited all the way back from fallen Adam; but when I was born again, in 1856, then I became a child of God.

A Christian is the most remarkable thing on the face of the earth. He has two natures, the flesh nature and the spiritual nature; and these two are at war, one against the other, until grace finally triumphs over nature.

This world is one vast hospital. Everybody is sick; everybody needs a physician; but, thanks be unto God! there is the great Physician, who is able to cure all diseases of soul and body.

I heard of a young man, a surgeon in Belfast, who used to go into the hospitals, and when he found a wounded man, and was making ready to operate upon him, he would say to him: "Look at your wound, take a good look at it;" and when he had come to realize what a bad, dangerous wound it was, he would say, "Now look at me:" and then he would begin to cut.

That is the way with Christ, the great physician. He wants us to take a good look at our sick, sinful souls, and then he wants us to stop looking at ourselves and our sins, and look straight at him. Not one here, another there, and another somewhere else, but *whosoever* believeth shall be saved. God wants every one of his children in heaven. Somebody will say, Why, that is Universalism. Yes, the offer of salvation is a universal offer. "Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man."

All you want to prove is, that you were born into this world, and I will prove to you that you have a Saviour. If

you were born in the moon, or some of the planets, I don't know how the case may be; but if you are human, if you are flesh and blood, you may be born again, born of the Spirit into everlasting life.

"TEKEL."

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."—DAN. v, 27.

AFTER briefly reciting the single scene from the life of king Belshazzar—the record of his one night of idolatrous feasting and revelry, wherein he and a thousand of his lords drank wine out of the holy vessels of the house of the Lord which his father had brought from the temple of Jehovah in Jerusalem, praising the gods of silver and gold—Mr. Moody pictured the fear of the king as the writing appeared; the interpretation thereof by Daniel; the entry of Cyrus and his army that very night, and the death of Belshazzar.—He then made the thrilling proposition to weigh all the souls then present in the balance of God's judgment, to see if they were not "Tekel," like the wretched Belshazzar.

MEN cavil now at God's word, and think themselves good enough to be saved without Christ; but when the judgment comes their view of themselves will be altogether different. Suppose God were to give us notice that we were, every man and woman in this Tabernacle, to be weighed to-night in his balance, suspended from his throne in heaven and dropped down here before us, how many of you would be ready to be weighed?

Sinner, are you ready to be weighed on God's scales? What shall we have to weigh with? The law of God. "O," says some one, "I don't want to be weighed by the law: that is gone by; we are not living now under the law." But what does Christ say about it? "Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets. I

am not come to destroy but to fulfill." "Till heaven and earth pass one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Some men don't like the ten commandments; they prefer the sermon on the mount. Ah, my friends, the standard of the sermon on the mount is infinitely higher than the ten commandments. Well, now, are you ready? Step in, then, and be weighed.

I have heard some men say, "If I keep the commandments I don't need any Christ." That is true; but if there is man or woman here to-night that has never broken the ten commandments let them step in and be weighed.

Here is the first commandment, [taking up a piece of paper,] and we will suppose it is a weight like those little pieces of iron which they use for weights in common scales: "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." I will drop this into one scale, while you are in the other, [dropping it on the reading desk.] Have you no other gods before the Lord? your wife—your children—pleasure—wealth—honor? Do you worship God before all things? Do you love him and worship him more than every other thing or being? Ah, I see you are too light; the scale flies up with you. You are "Tekel"—weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

Take another weight with the second commandment written on it: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image. . . . Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them." O yes, says one; I can be weighed with that commandment. But how many of you worship some idol? It may not be in the form of a graven image, it

may be money, business, self. Now let me put in this weight also, [dropping the second paper with the first,] for it is not with one, but with all the commandments that you must be weighed in God's scales.

How God's law goes down against you!

Here is a weight with the third commandment written on it: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Young man, have you taken God's name in vain to-day? Hear this: "For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." I don't suppose men would think of taking God's name in vain if he had not forbidden it. Men don't swear by their other friends, by father or mother, by wife or children; but just because he has said, "Thou shalt not take my name in vain," they say, "We will do it." Blasphemer, step into the scales. Ah! you are "Tekel;" you are lighter than the dust of the balance; you are weighed in the balance and are found wanting. "O," you say, "but I swear only when I get mad!" Yes, and that shows that you have a bad heart, or else you would never think of taking the name of God in vain. That is no excuse; God will not hold you guiltless. If he should say to you to-night, "Step in and be weighed," your soul would be lost forever for breaking this command.

Take another weight [another paper] with the fourth commandment written on it: "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy." Have you observed God's sabbath? Are you willing to be weighed against this commandment? Some of these Christians may say, "That cuts us too." Very well, let it cut. Woe be to the nation that disrespects God's sabbath. Are you innocent in this mat-

ter? I have been talking with some of these street-car conductors, and they tell me they have no chance to go to the house of God; they have to work on Sunday as well as on any other day. How many of you ride on the street-cars to come down to these Sunday-morning meetings?

O, you say, "We couldn't come if we didn't come by the cars."

"I'll tell you what to do! Walk. It'll do you good. I have had a rule for a long time not to do any thing to take away another man's sabbath. One day in London I had to walk ten miles to get to my four appointments, which I was foolish enough to make before consulting the table of distances. I went to bed that night very tired, but I had a clear conscience. I should hate to own stock in these street-railways. No man can work seven days a week and save his soul.

Here is another weight [another paper] with the fifth commandment on it: "Honor thy father and thy mother." How many young people here are willing to be weighed against this law of God?

I have never known a young lady to marry against the wishes of her parents who did not come to trouble on account of it. I think the general lack of honor to parents is one of the signs of the last days; for we read that in the last days there shall be people "without natural affection," as well as the other sins that are mentioned. How many sons are there here who laugh at their mothers' prayers? You may laugh now, but when God bids you step into his balances, and weighs you against this commandment, you will not laugh any more. Put it with the rest [suiting the

action to the word.] We are not to be weighed by one, but by all the laws of God.

Here is the sixth commandment: [another paper:] "Thou shalt not kill." Perhaps there is not a murderer in all this congregation, but is there any one here who ever got so angry with any one as to wish he were dead? If so, Christ says that he is a murderer. "He that hateth his brother is a murderer, and we know that no murderer hath eternal life." Can you not see written up over you when weighed by this law, "*Tekel*, thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting?"

Take the seventh commandment: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." This seems to be the most common of all sins, and yet it is of such a nature that we cannot preach about it very freely. Young man, are you guilty of this sin—guilty even in thought? How many men come into these inquiry rooms bound hand and foot with this infamous vice! They are in the power of some harlot, and she says: "If you desert me I will expose you." Can you take that harlot with you into God's scales? Perhaps you think your sin is secret, and no one knows it; but let me tell you, God knows it. Many a man has been brought down to hell by that sin, and he hands down to his posterity evils that will follow them for generations. Arise, shake yourself like Samson; confess your sin to God; break it off; leave the way to the house of her whose feet take hold on hell! Tekel! *Tekel!* TEKEL!

Here is the eighth commandment: "Thou shalt not steal." There may be some thieves here to-night; some clerk who has taken five cents of his employer's money to get a cigar, or ten cents to get a shave; but he is just as

truly a thief as if he had stolen a thousand dollars. Don't you see how quick it will bring you to ruin? It is a thousand times better to go up to heaven from some poor-house than to go down to hell from a gilded palace. Put it with the rest, [he did so,] for we must be weighed against them all.

The ninth commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Are you guilty of saying any thing against your neighbor that is not true? Or, in other words, are you guilty of lying? And here is the tenth, "Thou shalt not covet." Have you never coveted your neighbor's wealth? I used to sin that way very often before I was converted.

And now let us add the new commandment which Christ gave, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." Is love reigning in your heart? Are you selfish? Is your heart set on this world and not on God? This is one of the commandments by which you have got to be weighed.

Here comes up a moralist; he may suppose he has kept all these commandments—has never broken one of them, but when he looks at the scales he finds written on one side of the beam in letters of fire, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." He looks at the other side and reads, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." And what is to become of the moralist then? He may be as good a man as Nicodemus, against whom there isn't a word of complaint in the Bible, but it was to that very man that Jesus said, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the

kingdom of God." I would rather preach to this hall full of thieves, and drunkards, and vagabonds, than to a hall full of self-righteous Pharisees; there would be more hope of their being saved, for it wouldn't take them so long to see their sins and turn to Christ to be saved from them.

I should like to weigh a few different classes of people in these scales. Take the rum-sellers. Is there a rum-seller here? You may say you will not be weighed, but the time will come when you must be weighed. God will put you in one scale, and that word in the other which says, "Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." Escape for thy life to-night, or the time is coming when you will look up and see written over you, "Tekel; weighed in the balances, and found wanting."

Now, shall we weigh the drunkard? Here is God's word, "No drunkard shall enter into the kingdom of God," and when God puts you in his balances you will be lighter than vanity.

There may be some cold or lukewarm professors of religion here. What is to become of you? You may say, "I belong to the Presbyterian Church, or the Methodist Church, or the Baptist Church." Well, are you ready to be weighed? You are like the foolish virgins; they had lamps—they had a profession of religion, but they had no oil in their lamps, no real saving grace in their souls; and when they came and knocked for admittance, the Bridegroom said, "Depart, I never knew you."

Leave your dead formality; arouse yourself, for God says, "Since thou art neither cold nor hot, but lukewarm, I will spew thee out of my mouth." "Tekel; thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.'

But I imagine some one saying, "I would like to see Mr. Moody put the test to himself." Well, my friends, I am ready any time to step into the scales and be weighed. Haven't I broken the law? Yes. But when God tells me to step into his scales I shall take Christ in with me. He never broke the law, and his righteousness will be enough for me. The Son of God is more than all the commandments, and if I am in the scale with him I shall not be found wanting. Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth; and when death comes we who have Christ formed in us—who have received his nature and his righteousness—need not be afraid; but they who are out of Christ, and are trusting to their own righteousness, will find written over them, "Tekel; thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

LAW AND GRACE.

"For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."—JOHN i, 17.

I AM going to talk to you to-night about grace. There are a good many people who don't seem to understand what it means. Well, I will tell you: grace means unmerited mercy, undeserved favor. Now, I want you to bear in mind that God is the God of all grace, but we shouldn't have known any thing about it if it hadn't been for Jesus Christ and his gospel.

Men talk about grace, but they don't seem to understand it. These bankers talk about grace. If you want to borrow a thousand dollars, they will let you have it if you can give them good security: and they take your note for it:

"Thirty days from date I promise to pay a thousand dollars." Then, when the time comes to pay it, they give you three days more than the thirty days, and they call them "days of grace," but they make you pay interest for those three days all the same; and when the days of grace are up, if you cannot pay the money they will sell you out and take every thing you have got. Not much grace about that. If you want any grace you must go to God for it: his grace forgives interest, principal, and all.

Now I want to call your attention to the fifth chapter of Romans and the twentieth verse: "Moreover, the law entered, that the offense might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord." Now, sin hath reigned unto death, but grace hath reigned unto eternal life. It don't stop with death, grace don't; it carries us past death, right through the grave, clear over into the Promised Land. In the first chapter of Joshua we read that Moses brought the children of Israel down to Jordan, but he couldn't bring them any further. He was the representative of the law, and that is where the law brings us to—to Jordan. Jordan means death—judgment. After bringing them to death and judgment, he couldn't bring them any further, but left them there. The law brings us to death, and there it leaves us; it don't give life; it never has given life, and it never can. Sin reigns unto death, but the grace of God hath reigned unto eternal life. So when Moses had brought the children of Israel down to Jordan, and couldn't go any further, then came Joshua and took the

congregation over. Joshua means Jesus. And as Joshua led them over Jordan, so Jesus will take his people through the valley of the shadow of death over unto eternal life. John the Baptist was the last representative of the law. He brought the people who came to be baptized down into Jordan, and he left them at Jordan, and when Christ came he commenced where John had left off—He went into the Jordan and brought the people out of it. That is the difference between law and grace; law slays a man, but grace makes him live; the law takes a man to death and judgment, but Christ comes and quickens him, and gives him eternal life. Some people are lingering around Sinai yet: leave it and come to Calvary.

See the prodigal son. He went away and lived a low and vicious life. He squandered all he had. He was a drunkard and spent his substance on harlots and thieves, but how did his father treat him? Did he take him out and have him stoned to death? No. That would have been his fate under the law I have read to you; but see how his father acted toward him under grace. He met him with a kiss, and treated him with kindness and love. The law says, "Stone him;" grace says, "Kiss him."

When Moses was in Egypt he turned the water into blood: when Christ was on earth he turned the water into wine. That is the difference between law and grace. Law says, "Kill him;" grace says, "Forgive him."

Law makes us crooked; grace straightens us. Law makes us vile; grace cleanses us.

When the law came out of Horeb three thousand men were lost. At Pentecost, under grace, three thousand men got life. What a difference!

When Moses came to the burning bush he was commanded to take the shoes from off his feet. When the prodigal came home after years of wandering and wickedness he was given a pair of shoes to put on his feet.

The law is a school-master; a cold, severe man that is continually holding a rattan over you. Thou shalt do this, and thou shalt do that. This is the law, with a rattan at the back of it; but under grace the school-master tries to rule the school with love. We had a man in the little country school I used to go to who was stern and harsh, and always kept a rattan handy. I can feel it on my back to-night. But after awhile there came a lady who tried to rule by love.

That suited us. No more rattans. What fun we were going to have.

I was the first boy to disobey, and she asked me to stay after school; and then she talked to me with tears in her eyes, and said, "If you love me, keep my rules." I tell you I never broke any of her rules after that! Just so Christ says, "If you love me, keep my commandments." That is the strongest kind of an argument, and that is the doctrine of grace.

Now the question comes, How are we to become partakers of this grace? In the fourth chapter of Hebrews and the sixteenth verse we read: "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." God wants us to come and get all the grace we need. The reason why there are so many poverty-stricken Christians is, because they don't come to the throne of grace.

It is related of Alexander that he gave one of his

generals who had pleased him permission to draw on his treasurer for any sum. When the draft came in the treasurer was scared, and wouldn't pay it till he saw his master. But when the treasurer told him what he had done Alexander said, "Don't you know that he has honored me and my kingdom by making a large draft?" So we honor God by making a large draft on him. If there is a drunkard here who wishes to get control of his appetite, all he has to do is to come to Christ with a great draft.

When Dr. Arnold was in this country—he is now in heaven—I heard him use an illustration in a sermon that impressed me. He said: "Haven't you ever been in a house where the family were at dinner, and haven't you seen the old family dog standing near and watching his master, and looking at every morsel of food as if he wished he had it? If his master drops a crumb, he at once licks it up; but if he should set the dish of roast beef down, and say, 'Come, come,' the dog wouldn't touch it—it's too much for him. So with God's children; they are willing to take a crumb, but refuse when God wants them to go for the platter." God wants you to come right to the throne of grace; come boldly, and ask great things.

Awhile ago I learned from the Chicago papers that there had been a run on the banks, and many of them were broken. What a good thing it would be to get up a run on the bank of heaven! God has been trying to get up a run on the Bank of Grace for the last eighteen hundred years, but he can't do it.

Grace means pardon for the past, peace for the present, glory for the future. Pardon and peace now, and eternal glory just beyond.

FREE SALVATION.

"And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."—MARK xvi, 15, 16.

I LIKE those texts that have such a good sweep that they take in every body. Some preachers have great trouble in getting their hearers to believe that they are included in the Gospel call, but surely every body is to be invited according to this farewell charge of Christ to his disciples. These words were uttered after Christ had tasted death for every man. Gethsemane was behind him; Calvary, with all its horrors, was past; he was just ready to go home to take his seat at the right hand of the Father, and was giving the disciples their commission and his parting message.

I can just imagine all that little band of disciples who stood around him—those unlearned men of Galilee—those fishermen who had been associated with him for three years—I can imagine the tears trickling down their cheeks as he talked of leaving them; and some of them thinking that the Lord didn't really mean that they should preach the Gospel to *every* creature, for he had hard work to make them believe that the Gospel was to be preached to the Gentiles.

It seems as if the Jews wanted to keep the Gospel in Palestine; but by the grace of God it would flow out; it would go to the world because he had given orders that the Gospel should be preached to every creature. And now we find the messengers going to the four corners of the earth to proclaim the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ.

But I can imagine that Peter says: "Lord, you don't really mean that we shall preach the Gospel to those men that murdered you, do you?"

"Yes," says the Lord, "go and preach the Gospel to those Jerusalem sinners, to those chief priests and Pharisees; go and hunt up that man that put the crown of thorns upon my brow, and preach the Gospel to him. Tell him he may have a crown in my kingdom without a thorn in it, and may sit upon my throne, if he will accept of salvation as a gift. Go find that man that spat in my face, and preach the Gospel to him, and offer him salvation, and tell him he can be saved if he is only cleansed by the blood I shed at Calvary. Go to the man that thrust the spear into my side, and tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that. Tell him there is nothing but love in my heart for him. Go preach the Gospel to *every creature.*"

After he had gone up on high we find the Holy Ghost came down on the tenth day, and then they began to preach. Now see Peter, standing there upon the day of Pentecost and preaching the Gospel to those sinners; and as John Bunyan says, "If a Jerusalem sinner can be saved, there is hope for us all."

Do you think God is mocking? Do you think he is offering salvation to you, and then not giving you the power to take it? The Gospel is preached to every creature, and do you think he is not willing that every creature on the face of the earth shall be saved?

I like to proclaim the Gospel, because it is to be proclaimed *to all.* When I see a poor drunkard, when I see a thief, when I see a prisoner in yonder prison, it is a grand, glorious thing to go and proclaim to him the glad

tidings, because I know he can be saved. There is no one that has gone so far, or fallen so low, but that he can be saved; because every one of God's proclamations are headed "whosoever." That takes in all.

In a prison the other day the chaplain said to me: "I want to tell you a scene that occurred here some time ago. Our commissioners went to the governor of the State and got him to give his consent to pardon out five men for good behavior. The governor said the record was to be kept in secret; the men were to know nothing about it. At the end of six months the men were brought out, the roll called, and the president of the commission came up and spoke to them; then putting his hands in his pocket he drew out the papers and said to those eleven hundred convicts, 'I hold in my hand pardons for five men.' I never witnessed any thing like it. Every man held his breath—it was as silent as death. Then the commissioner went on to tell how they got these pardons; how it was the governor had given them;" and the chaplain said the suspense was so great that he spoke out to the commissioner and asked him to first read the names of those pardoned before he spoke further. The first name read out was, "Reuben Johnson. Let Reuben Johnson come and get his pardon.'

"He held out the paper, but no one came. He looked all around, expecting to see a man spring to his feet at once; still no one arose; then he turned to the officer of the prison and said:—

"'Are all the convicts here?'

"'Yes,' was the reply.

"'Then Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon.'"

The real Reuben Johnson was all this time looking around to see where Reuben was; and when the chaplain beckoned to him, he turned and looked around behind him, thinking some other man must be meant. A second time he beckoned to Reuben, and called to him, and a second time the man looked around to see where Reuben was, until at last the chaplain said to him, "You are the man, Reuben;" and he rose in his seat and sank back again, thinking it could not be true. He had been there for nineteen years, having been placed there for life, and when he came up and took his pardon he could hardly believe his eyes; and he went back to his seat and wept like a child. When the convicts were marched back to their cells Reuben had been so long in the habit of falling into line and taking the lock-step with the rest that he fell into his place, and the chaplain had to say, "Reuben, come out; you are a free man."

That is the way men make out their pardon—for good behavior; but the Gospel of Jesus Christ is offered to those that have not behaved well. It is offered to all that have sinned and are not worthy. All a man has got to prove now is, that he is not worthy, and I will show him that Christ died for him. Christ died for us while we were yet in sin; that is the glory of his gospel.

When we were in London, Mr. Spurgeon one day took Mr. Sankey and myself to his orphan asylum, and he was telling us about the children—that some of them had aunts and cousins, and that every boy had some friend who took an interest in him, and came to see him, and gave him a little pocket-money. One day, while he stood there a little boy came up to him and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, let me

speak to you. Suppose your father and mother were dead, and you didn't have any cousins, or aunts, or uncles, or friends to come to see you and give you pocket-money and presents, like the rest of the boys do, don't you think you would feel bad?—because that's me!"

"I put my right hand down into my pocket," said Mr. Spurgeon, "and took out some money and gave him."

Because that's me! And so with the Gospel; let every lost sinner say, "Christ died for me."

RIGHTEOUSNESS FIRST.

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—MATTHEW vi, 33.

Now that is just as much a command as it is that men sha'n't swear. It is just as much a command that all are to seek the kingdom of God as it is that we shall not steal, or lie, or kill. People talk about the ten commandments, but there are a great many other commandments in the Bible. Some people are wondering why it is that they don't prosper in life—why they don't get on better. To me it is a great wonder we get along as well as we do, going against all God's laws, and disobeying him continually. If you had a son who wouldn't obey you you would not expect him to prosper, and wouldn't be anxious that he should, because prosperity in wickedness would be an injury to him.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and *his* righteousness"—not our own. You may be seeking after your own righteousness; but what does the Bible say? "Seek ye

first the kingdom of God, and *his* righteousness." That's what we want—we want God's righteousness. Now, if we are going to seek our own righteousness, of course we will not get into God's kingdom, because we cannot get there with our own righteousness ; it is only when we give up our righteousness—filthy rags—and seek God's righteousness with all our hearts, that we get into the kingdom of God.

" First," says the text ; but a great many people think it is time enough to seek the kingdom of God after they have attended to every thing else. What God puts first you put last, and what he puts last you put first.

But some one will say : " Ah, Mr. Moody, that is well enough for talk, but you just get where I am—out of work —no money—no friends—a stranger in the city—and you would tell a different story." My friends, I know just what that means. I have walked the streets of Boston out of work, out of money, and not knowing what I was going to do for a living. The whole of my early life was one long struggle with poverty ; but I have no doubt it was God's way of bringing me to himself. And since I began to seek first the kingdom of God, I have never wanted for any thing : God has added all other things unto me.

But it will not do to seek Christ because of what you hope to make by it. I used to make a mistake on that point. When I was at work in the City Relief Society, before the fire, I used to go to a poor sinner with the Bible in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other. Dr. Chalmers used to forbid his missionaries giving away money or supplies. He said those things ought to come by other hands, and I thought he was all wrong. My

idea was that I could open a poor man's heart by giving him a load of wood or a ton of coal when the winter was coming on, but I soon found out that he wasn't any more interested in the Gospel on that account. Instead of thinking how he could come to Christ, he was thinking how long it would be before he got another load of wood. If I had the Bible in one hand and a loaf in the other the people always looked first at the loaf; and that was just contrary to the order laid down in the Gospel.

If you obey this text you will seek the kingdom of God right now, before you do any thing else, before you go home, before I stop preaching and invite you to the inquiry room. "First," means this instant.

It is said that Dr. Chalmers once went to spend a few days with a Christian family, and when he arrived the mother said to him, "Doctor, there is my daughter; she is away from God, and we can't get her to seek him, with all we can do." The good man promised to speak to her. So after awhile he met her alone, and said to her, "They bother you a good deal talking religion to you, don't they?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the Scotch lassie.

"Well," said the doctor, "suppose I tell your mother that you are tired of this thing, and that no one is to say any thing more to you about religion for a year."

The girl thought for a moment, and then replied: "Perhaps it wouldn't be safe to put it off a whole year."

"Perhaps it wouldn't," he replied. "Shall we say six months then?"

"I might die in six months," answered the girl.

"Quite so; maybe we had better say three months."

"But there is no telling what might happen in three months," said the lassie, now fully awakened to a sense of her danger out of Christ.

"You are right," said the doctor. "Perhaps it is not safe to put it off at all." And down upon their knees they went, and the young lady soon gave her heart to Christ.

SERMON TO FALLEN WOMEN.

ON Wednesday, December 8, Mr. Moody read the following letter, saying he had been in doubt whether to make it public or not, but did so with the hope that it might do good. He declared his earnest sympathy with the class of persons represented by the writer, and during the reading there was almost breathless silence. Nothing has produced such an overwhelming impression upon an audience since the meetings began, and the thought that the writer, who had evidently been a lady of culture before her sad fall, was probably in the house, added not a little to the interest with which the audience listened to her well-worded letter:—

CHICAGO, *December* 7.

D. L. MOODY.

DEAR SIR,—I am a prostitute, and in perusing the daily papers I am often anxious to hear you say something for us and for our class. You admit into your presence and invite experiences from men who have been the vilest rascals, whoremongers, and villains on the face of the earth. You warn them to "come to Christ" in time to be saved, but you have not, since your stay in Chicago, to my knowledge, said one word of comfort to us. Several days ago I noticed that you advised young men who were living with "harlots" "to leave them at once, and have nothing more to do with them." Would it not have been well to say, "Not only come yourself, young man, but try and induce those 'victims of man's lust' to come with you?" I have asked myself, Am I too low to be asked by man to come to Christ, when God himself has said, "There is none righteous, no, not one." There are young girls in this city who are leading lives of shame because of the lustful passions of men who have joined your meetings, and whom you have taken into the fold lately. What do you or they care for the waifs and stray ones thus ruined? Is it right that such things should be? Have you no word of comfort for us?

Mr. Moody, do you believe Jesus Christ, who died to save sinners, is at

the last great day going to discriminate between your reformed profligates and us, who have suffered a thousand times more than they the pangs of disgrace and the scorn of society on their account?

Remember, Mr. Moody, that God is a just God, and the rules and regulations of society will not cut much figure in the end.

I think you are a one-sided evangelist, and pander more to the tastes of society than to your entire duty. You give yourself up to work for Christ, and don't half do it. Remember that Chicago has nearly as many abandoned women as men. We need the comfort of Jesus as much as they, and are just as capable to remain steadfast in our reformation as they, notwithstanding we are ostracised from society while they are admitted into the best.

Hoping when you next speak you will say something about our leaving our present lives, we, that is—some of us—will be there to hear what you say. Yours,

A SINFUL GIRL.

After reading the letter Mr. Moody offered a prayer full of deep and tender emotion for these poor fallen women, who, he said, were not a bit worse than fallen men. He then announced that he would try and speak a word on Thursday night to this class of persons, and earnestly invited them to come to the Tabernacle and hear the hope which Christ held out to them in the Gospel. Many in the audience were in tears. The impression made by the scene cannot fail to be a lasting benefit. The letter itself, however, is hardly a fair showing of the work of the revival. If Mr. Moody has been a "one-sided evangelist," the Woman's Evangelistic Committee have furnished the other side, and quite a number of just such persons as this broken-hearted woman have been rescued, sheltered, and saved.

The announcement, as might be expected, drew an immense congregation to hear what Mr. Moody had to say to fallen women.

At half-past seven the Tabernacle was full, but the stow-away process was continued until nearly eight, when the doors were reluctantly closed. The announcement that Mr. Moody would speak some words of Christian counsel and comfort to the fallen women of Chicago was the especial attraction of the evening. The choir and the audience sang together for half an hour with good effect, when Mr. Sankey entered and gave out the hymn "Ring the Bells of Heaven," which was given with great spirit. The solo and chorus, "Rescue the Perishing," was next sung, after which the Rev. Dr. Mitchell offered prayer.

Mr. Sankey then sang "The Ninety and Nine," and Mr. Moody

read the Scripture lesson from the seventh chapter of Luke, beginning with the thirty-sixth verse, being the account of the feast at the house of Matthew the publican, at which the woman that was a sinner washed his feet with tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head.

The following words, entitled "A Sinner Forgiven," were then sung by Mr. Sankey as a solo with much tenderness and expression :—

To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair;
She heard in the city that Jesus was there;
Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the board,
She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
As the wealth of her perfume she showered on His feet.

She heard but the Saviour; she spoke with but sighs;
She dared not look up to the heaven of his eyes:
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to his sandals were throbbingly pressed.

In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow,
He looked on that lost one; "her sins were forgiven,"
And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven.

Mr. Moody then announced as his text the fifth chapter of Luke, thirty-second verse: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

THIS saying of Christ is also mentioned by Matthew and Mark, and when you find any thing recorded by several of the evangelists you may know it is something of great importance. Christ had been cast out of Nazareth and had come down to live at Capernaum, where he found a publican by the name of Matthew, and said unto him, "Follow me." Matthew at once left all and followed Christ, and he was so rejoiced that he made a great feast and invited all the publicans to his

house to meet his new Master. But now we find the Pharisees at their old work—complaining. They found fault with Christ for receiving sinners and for eating with publicans, and their complaints were the occasion of his speaking the words of the text: "But their scribes and Pharisees murmured against his disciples, saying, Why do ye eat and drink with publicans and sinners? And Jesus, answering, said unto them, They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." That was Christ's business, his profession, as we might call it. At another time, when the people of a Samaritan town refused him hospitality, and James and John wanted to know if they should call for fire to come down from heaven and consume them, Jesus said, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." Luke ix, 55, 56.

Christ's mission is to save, and he will save every sinner in this house to-night who is willing to be saved.

Some one may say, "I am too much of a sinner to come to Christ." Why, my friend, you might just as well say, "I am too hungry to eat;" or, "I am too sick to have a doctor;" or, "I am a beggar, and I will wait till I get something before I ask any thing."

There isn't any kind of sinner in Chicago but has a representative in the Bible. There were the publicans. The Jews thought them about ten degrees lower than any other people, and when they spoke of sinners they put the publicans first—"publicans and sinners." Some of them were the greatest villains that ever went unhung.

It was their business to collect the taxes for the Roman government, and when the taxes were a hundred thousand dollars they would collect a hundred and fifty thousand, and keep the difference themselves. If there was a poor widow who couldn't pay the tax they would sell every thing she had to get the money. Their money was not taken at the temple; priests would not speak to them, and the common people despised them. They were almost as bad as our rum-sellers. They were lost, and therefore Christ came to save them.

There are persecutors, who will not suffer their wives and children to become Christians, who ridicule the religion of Christ, and do all in their power against it, just as Saul of Tarsus did; but Christ saved him. There is the moralist and the Pharisee, the hardest kind of people to reach; they think they are whole and need no physician, but Christ saved some of them even. Nicodemus was a Pharisee, and so was Joseph of Arimathea.

But to-night I want to talk to another class, the fallen women. The world seems to think that if a woman falls there is no hope for her; but there are such women in the Bible, whom Jesus sought out and saved, and I want to call your attention to three representative cases of this kind. The first is the one mentioned in the seventh chapter of Luke. She was awakened by the Spirit of God, and when Jesus came to that feast at the house of one of the Phariseess he managed to pass the servant at the door, and to get into the room where the Master, according to the custom, reclined on a couch at table in such a manner that his feet, instead of being under the table, rested on the couch behind. There were

often a good many strange people following Christ, and when he went to a feast there was no telling who might come in along with him; so I suppose this poor, sinful woman managed to get in along with the crowd. She had an alabaster box full of precious ointment, but her heart was full of contrition. Standing behind the Saviour she bathed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with her long black hair. The Pharisees argued that Jesus could not be a prophet, or he would not have suffered such a woman to touch him. One of the old prophets might have pushed her away. But Jesus knew what they were thinking of—young man, young woman, Pharisee, God knows what you are thinking of—and he said unto them, "There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty; and when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he to whom he forgave most." "Thou hast rightly judged," said Christ; and then, after comparing the woman's loving attentions with Simon's neglect, he tells him that her sins, which were many, are all forgiven. And in order that the woman may get it right he turns around and says the same thing to her: "Thy sins are forgiven."

Some of you think you have some goodness of your own. A good many sinners think they can pay about seventy-five cents on the dollar; some think they can pay ninety-nine cents, and they hope to make up the other cent somehow: others can't pay more than twenty-five cents on the dollar. None of these are in the way

of being forgiven; but when a sinner comes to understand that he can't pay one-tenth of a mill, that he has absolutely nothing, and comes to Christ for forgiveness, Christ is ready to forgive him all.

How joyful that woman must have gone out from the feast! She had come right to the feet of the Master and he had saved her from all her sins. And you may all do the same who hear me to-night; come to the feet of the Master and he will speak the word that will make you blessed!

There is one thing I want you to notice. We haven't the name of any of these three fallen women that Jesus saved. People sometimes call societies for the reform of fallen women Magdalen Asylums, but there isn't a word in the Bible against the character of Mary Magdalene in this respect. It is true, she had seven devils cast out of her; she might have been a maniac, but I don't think she was a fallen woman. If she had been I don't think we should ever have known her name. Christ will not tell their names because he wants those lost women whom he saved to have a place in heaven without any one knowing of their former sin and shame.

The next is a careless woman, as perfectly indifferent when she first meets the Saviour as any woman here to-night, who has come to the Tabernacle merely out of curiosity.

Mr. Moody then related the scene of Christ talking with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's Well, concluding with the remark:—

Just see what that woman has done! She has believed on the Messiah herself, and brought a whole town to accept him. The Son of God is not ashamed to talk

with this fallen woman, and the result of it is, that she and a great many others are saved.

The third case is that of the woman mentioned in the eighth chapter of the Gospel by John. Black, blacker, blackest! Vile, viler, vilest! This woman was taken in the very act of adultery, and the Pharisees brought her to Christ to hear what he would say about her. The law of Moses says those who are guilty of adultery shall be stoned to death, and they brought this poor fallen woman right before him and demanded of him whether she should be stoned. The woman herself was overwhelmed with shame: it was the first time she had seen Christ; it was her first sight of grace and truth. Jesus stooped down and wrote with his finger on the ground; I don't know what he wrote: perhaps with that same finger that wrote the ten commandments he wrote, "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Then he said to the Pharisees, some one of whom may have been the first cause of that poor woman's ruin, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Then they left him, one by one. There wasn't a man of them that could throw a stone at the sinner.

They brought the woman for judgment; *why didn't they bring the man also?*

They didn't know all about that woman as Jesus did. Perhaps she hadn't any mother, and her step-mother had thrust her out on to the street; perhaps she had a drunken father who neglected her, or led her into bad company; but when Jesus lifted up himself and asked the woman, Where are thy accusers? there wasn't one of

them to be found. The woman expected to be stoned to death; but instead of that she found grace and good counsel: "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."

If you study the Bible you will find that Christ took sides with the fallen women every time. You haven't got a better friend than the Lord Jesus Christ. He came to lift you up, and to save you from all your sins.

A poor lost woman came into the inquiry meeting the other night, and fell upon her face before the Lord absolutely speechless with penitence and distress. At last she found words to say, "Is there any hope for me?" She thought she was too wicked to be saved, but after forty-eight hours of agony she cried unto the Lord and he heard and saved her. Let me say to these fallen women, Never leave this hall till you have settled this question for eternity. Never go back again to those brothels, where the devil has it all his own way with you. Die in the poor-house rather than earn your bread by sin. Think of the homes you have left, and of the fathers and mothers who mourn your loss and long for your return; and think of Jesus Christ, who is the sinner's friend.

Just before I came here to-night I received a letter from one of the fallen women. Thank God, his Spirit is at work among these poor sinners and victims of the sins of men.

And here I want to say, the charge that Christian women refuse to help these fallen sisters is a false charge. Some of the best ladies in this city have come to me to offer to go and visit the women in the brothels, and asking

for their street and number. I went to the police headquarters and got all the addresses I could, and now these godly women are visiting these places by regular system, and trying to lead these poor girls to Christ.

"Come right home with me, and stay till you can find a home," said a lady to a poor lost girl who was weeping and praying in the inquiry room, and she actually was as good as her word.

I hope there are hundreds of fallen women in the hall who will never go back to those places where they have lived. There is a Refuge ready for you, homes waiting for you, and if the Refuge is not large enough there are plenty of Christian men ready to make it larger.

HOW TO BE SAVED.

"Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"—ACTS xvi, 30.

I LIKE these personal texts. Let this question go round this hall to-night: "Am I saved?" There are a good many people here who are anxious about their temporal salvation; perhaps they are out of work, and if I were to tell them that I had employment for all that wanted it, what a crowd of people there would be pressing up to the platform to get it! But I have something better than work to offer you to-night; I come to offer you salvation. Some of you may have wrong ideas of what you must do to be saved. That young man who came to Christ to know what he must do to inherit eternal life thought he was all right. He had kept the law; but Christ put his finger right on the weak place in

his nature—his covetousness—and the young man went away sad and unsaved; he was not willing to make a complete consecration.

Now the law says, "Do and live;" grace says, "Live and do." Salvation is a gift; if it were to be had for works, then it would be a gift no longer. When the Philippian jailer asked Paul and Silas what he must do to be saved, they didn't say to him, "Go work, go weep, go pray;" they told him to believe.

I want to make the way very plain to-night. It is very simple. You may be saved right here before you go out of this Tabernacle. Look at the case of that jailer. He went to bed an impenitent sinner, and he was convicted, converted, and he and all his family were baptized and received into the Church before sunrise. Quick work that. But if God is going to give us something, why should he be six months about it?

Now, there are two things you can do with your mind. The first is, "let go," and the second is, "lay hold." It is like a man I once heard of who fell asleep in a boat, and drifted down towards a fall, where he must be drowned if his boat went over. He just managed to reach the high rocky shore, and, finding it too steep to climb, he seized hold of a little bush and held on. When he tried to pull himself up, the twig began to give way at the roots, and there was nothing for him to do but cry for help. By and by people came and threw him a rope, and what did he do? He let go of the bush and laid hold of the rope, and his friends drew him up the cliff in safety. Now that is just what I am doing to-night; I throw you the rope, and if you will let go of all else and lay hold of

Christ, you may be hauled up out of your sin and danger, and place your feet on the eternal rock.

But some one says, "I don't see it." Well, let me put it in another way. You believe that Christ is able to save you to-night, do you not? "O, yes, I believe he is able." And do you not believe he is willing to save you to-night? What does the cross mean, what does the death of Christ mean, if he is not willing to save sinners? To be sure, he is willing to save you; that is just what he came into this world and died for. Would he die to save sinners if he didn't wish to have them saved? Now the question is, Are you willing? Salvation is offered you as God's free gift. Will you take it?

The Scripture has another way of putting the case: "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." If you cannot lay hold, surely you can look.

A lady I heard of had a dream. She thought she was in a deep pit, trying to get out, but after climbing up a few steps she would fall back again, till at last, quite exhausted, she lay down in the bottom of the pit to die. As she lay there she saw a star, and as she fixed her eye upon it she felt it lifting her, lifting her; but, taking her eye off the star for an instant to look at herself, she fell back to the bottom again. This she did several times, but at length she fixed her eye on the star, and forgot every thing else, and it lifted her up, and up, and up, till at last she found herself standing safely on the solid land. Then she awoke, and said to herself, "I have been looking at myself long enough. Now I will look at the Star of Bethlehem," and in a little while she was happy in Christ.

The Scotch lassie who was told to go home and read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and pray to the Lord, and he would save her, answered, "I canna read; I canna pray. Jesus, take me just as I am." Let that be your answer. "Jesus, take me just as I am." Do not go away and say, "I am going to try." There is no use in that. Stop saying "Try," and put the little word "Trust" in its place.

Four years ago last Fourth of July two acquaintances of mine, both fine swimmers, went into the lake to bathe. Pretty soon one of them called to the other that he was drowning. At first he thought it was all in jest, but he swam out to where the drowning man was, who instantly seized hold of him, and held on with all his might, and they both went down together. While under the water the friend managed to get free, and when they rose to the top he said, "If you hold on to me that way I cannot save you, but if you will lie still I can swim ashore with you." The drowning man promised, but no sooner did his friend come within reach than he seized him again, and again they went down. It was only after a desperate struggle under the water that he could get free from the poor man: and then, as they both rose to the surface, he was obliged to let the poor fellow perish right before his eyes because he would not give himself up to be saved without any efforts of his own. The thing for you to do if you would be saved is to leave yourself in the hands of Jesus Christ and let him save you.

But I imagine some one saying, "If I could only get rid of some of my sins first, then I would come to Christ." No, that is not the way. If you want to cut down a tree,

you do not begin with the small branches. You lay the ax right to the root of the tree.

Some years ago I went down into the country to hold some meetings, and among those who came was a well-dressed man in a handsome carriage, who I learned was the worst blasphemer and opposer of religion in all the country round. He seemed to be affected by the sermons, and I told some of my friends I was going to see him.

"You had better not," was the reply. "He will only curse you."

"That wont hurt me any," said I. So I went out to his house one day, and met him coming out of the gate.

"Is this Mr. P——?" said I, calling him by name.

"Yes," said he, throwing himself on his dignity; "what do you want?"

"I just want to ask you one question."

"Well, say on."

"I understand that God has blessed you more than any other man in all this region; that he has given you a good wife, beautiful children, a fine estate, and every thing to make you happy, and that the only return you have ever made him has been oaths and curses."

The man looked at me, stammered out an answer, and then said, "Come in." So I went in, and we talked of his duty and the way he might be saved, and then we got down on our knees and prayed. After prayer I said to him, "Now, my friend, if you are really in earnest about this, come to church to-morrow, and get up and ask the people to pray for you." He made some objection but he did it, and there went up a cry of prayer for him

that showed how deeply his request had moved the hearts of all the congregation. That same night he was converted, and now he is an elder in the Church, and, from being the most dangerous man, he has come to be the most useful Christian in all that region of country. Old things are passed away with him, and all things are become new.

"How long have you been a Christian?" said I to a little girl who was trusting in Christ.

"Only since last night."

"And how do you know that you are saved?"

"Jesus promised it," was her reply.

O for simple faith in the promise of Jesus! "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

But some one will say, What am I to do with all my sins?" Do as Luther did. One night the devil came and wrote out a record of his sins, which covered the four walls of his cell all over, and then began to mock him with the question what he could do with all that load of guilt. But Luther answered, "Devil, you forget one thing. Just write underneath, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin.'"

LAST THINGS.

HEAVEN.

IN the East London meetings, before a vast congregation in which the lower classes predominated, Mr. Moody commenced by saying:—

IF I were going to talk to you to-night about America all of you would be very anxious to hear what I had to say; but now I am going to talk to you about heaven a good many of you wont care any thing for it; and yet heaven is a great deal the better place of the two.

The Chicago version of this discourse is as follows:—

I was walking down to the Depot Church in Philadelphia one night when a friend said to me, "Moody, what are you going to preach about to-night?" I said I thought I would try and preach about heaven. I noticed a little scowl came over his face at that, so I said, "What is the matter?"

"O!" said he, "why don't you give us something practical? Nobody knows any thing about heaven; it is all guess-work to preach about that."

"Well," said I, "if the Lord didn't mean us to talk about heaven he wouldn't have talked so much about it himself." We are told that all Scripture is profitable for doctrine, and we find that a good deal of the Scripture is on the subject of heaven. Stephen had a glimpse of it, and John had a great revelation of it.

It would be better if we read more and talked more

about heaven, for that would help us to cut loose from this world, and to set our affections on things above.

If you were going to emigrate to Russia, and I had just come from that country, and was here to lecture about it, you would listen to find out all you could about it: about the soil, and the climate, and the people. Now here is an account of heaven which is given by One who came down from heaven, even the Son of God. Besides that, there are accounts of some of the angels and other people who live there, and as you all want to go to heaven some time I think you ought to be interested to know all about it.

First of all, I want to say that heaven is a place, just as much as Chicago. A pantheist once undertook to tell me that God was not in any particular place, but that he was every-where in general; that is, every-where and no-where. But any body who is well acquainted with the Bible knows that God lives in heaven.

Do you ask me how far away heaven is?

Well, I don't know. The sun is ninety-five millions of miles from Chicago, but it shines here every day. So I am sure that God, who lives in heaven, however far away it may be, is able to shine in upon us. His eye sees us, and his ear hears the faintest whisper of our prayers. He is a God at hand, and not afar off.

Do you want to know who else besides God is there? The Bible says that Jesus Christ is there. His disciples saw him ascend from mount Olivet, and he is there at the right hand of the Father advocating our cause for us. The angels are there, and sometimes they come down to us; for we read concerning them, "Are they not all min-

istering spirits sent to minister unto the heirs of salvation." The saints are there. We have an account of that in the Revelation. The little children are there, for the Scripture expressly says, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And I hope, my friends, that some time all this congregation will be there.

Some people are anxious to know whether they shall recognize their friends in heaven. Now I will give you a passage of the Scripture that settles that question for me. It is this:—

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

I suppose that means we are to have every thing we want. Do you want to recognize your friends in heaven? Then you will recognize them.

Some man says, in speaking on this subject: "I do not feel at all troubled about the question of whether I shall recognize my friends in heaven. I have *no* difficulty in recognizing them here, and I don't expect to know any less when I go to heaven than I do now."

In Luke x, 20, Christ tells his disciples to rejoice because their names are written in heaven. I remember how some of us were unable to find accommodation at the Great North-western Hotel, in Liverpool, and we asked one of our party where to go.

"I am to stay there," he said.

"How is that?"

"O I sent on my name in advance, and they kept a room for me!"

That is just how you ought to do, my friends: send up your names, and have them written in heaven, and

there will be a place all ready and waiting for you when you arrive, prepared by Jesus Christ himself.

Now just let this question go around this audience: "Is my name written in heaven?"

"O yes!" says some one, "I belong to the First Presbyterian Church."

Well, that is a different thing. God keeps his books altogether different from what they keep the Church books. Judas was one of the twelve. Satan himself once sang halleluiahs in glory. Settle this question with yourselves, and then you who are parents ask yourselves another question, "Are my children's names all written in heaven?" If not, whose fault is it?

Again Christ tells his disciples:—

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Some people seem to think that there are only ten commandments. They forget the eleventh, and a great many others besides. Now these words of Christ are just as much a commandment as "Thou shalt not steal;" or, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." There are a great many sad hearts in Chicago because so many people have been breaking this commandment. They have been laying up treasures for themselves on earth, and the fire has swept them away, or the fall in real estate has made them poor, or they have lost their business, and they feel as if they had lost all they

had in the world. Their hearts are broken because their treasure is gone; but the difficulty was, they laid up their treasure in the wrong place.

It don't take long to find out where a man's heart is. It is certain to be along with his treasure. You begin to talk with some men these days, and you find them all taken up with politics. Just mention the names of Hayes and Wheeler, or Tilden and Hendricks, and their eyes light up at once. They are full of politics: they think more about politics than they do about heaven. They talk more about the presidential election than they do about the election to eternal life.

Why, my friends, perhaps up among the saints and angels they don't even know there is going to be an election here, or if they do know it they think of it as the merest trifle, hardly worth a moment's notice.

Then there are others whose hearts are given to pleasure. You just begin to talk to them about the last new play at the theater, or some dance or party, and their eyes light up immediately.

Other people give their hearts to their business. They think about it by day, and dream about it by night. When they go home from the office they haven't any time to spend with their children, they are so busy in thinking how they can make a few thousand dollars. It is business, business, business all the week, and when they go to church and the minister talks to them about heaven, they go to sleep under the sermon, or else they go on thinking about their business.

An acquaintance of mine was very fond of investing his money in real estate, and when I asked him the rea-

son of it he said, "O, I like to have my property where I can see it." And this is one reason why people don't like to lay up treasure in heaven. They forget what the apostle says, "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

We have a way of saying, "Such and such a man died worth his millions." Not at all. The man when he died was worth only what he had laid up in heaven. If he were ever so rich in this world, and hadn't any thing laid up there, he actually died a pauper. His heirs and the lawyers got all he had in this world, and when he went into the next he was worth absolutely nothing. Let every one in the house to-night ask himself this question, Where is my treasure? Is it in wealth, in houses, in lands, in money? Possibly these riches may take to themselves wings and fly away. Is it in reputation and honor? The tongue of slander may ruin the one, and you may ruin the other. Is it love and home and friends? Death will come and take them all away.

You remember that just before the great Chicago fire every body was wild about real estate. If a man only could get a corner lot somewhere he thought his fortune was made. During those days there was a minister down in Illinois who had a son in the real estate business in Chicago, and the old gentleman, being out of health, came up to visit his son and spend some time with him. He was very much troubled to see the young man so entirely given up to making money, and one day he said to him, "I would rather have standing room in the New Jerusalem than all the corner lots in Chicago." Sometimes when the son was busy he used to get his father to

stay in the office for him, and when people came in to talk about real estate, he would show them the lots that were for sale, and then, before they got through, he would always have something to say to them about their souls. The speculating men didn't like that, and the young man was obliged to send his father out of the office.

"We can't sell any real estate while the old gentleman is there," said he; "he is sure to turn men's minds away by talking to them about treasures in heaven."

I once went out to California, hoping that God would give me a few souls on the Pacific Coast. The first Sunday I was there it rained; but I hunted up a Sunday-school, and found the superintendent just about to dismiss it because of the small attendance. "I wouldn't do that," said I, "but rather thank God that so many have come out in the rain." Then he asked me to take charge of the school, as there were hardly any teachers present, and I did so. The lesson was this very text that we have to-night. So I asked for some one who could write well on the blackboard, and told him to put down in two columns the different kinds of treasure, treasures on earth and treasures in heaven.

"What are the earthly treasures?" I asked. The first answer was gold; the second, land; the third, houses; the fourth, horses—for they think a great deal of fast horses out there in California. Then somebody named tobacco. The teacher who was writing did not like to write it, but I said, "That is one of the treasures of this world; put it down." Then some one else mentioned rum. "Yes; that is one of the treasures of this world;

there are thousands of people who sell their souls and bodies for rum; put it down."

Here are the two lists:—

EARTHLY TREASURES.	HEAVENLY TREASURES.
Gold,	Jesus our Saviour,
Land,	Mansions,
Houses,	Crowns,
Fast Horses,	Peace,
Tobacco,	Joy,
Rum.	Love,
	Eternal Life.

It didn't take much preaching after that.

The man who did the writing wasn't a Christian. He had come out from the East full of a desire to make himself rich out of California gold, and when he saw these two lists he was convicted on the spot and converted to God right there at the blackboard.

When people go up in balloons they take along a good many bags of sand for ballast, and when they wish to rise higher they throw out part of the sand. That is just what is needed in the case of a good many of this congregation. You are weighted down with the treasures of this world, and you want to throw out more ballast. Give away more of your money; lay it up by giving it to the poor; and then, instead of shaming you and keeping you from rising to God, it will be a precious treasure waiting for you in heaven.

The next thing which we have in heaven is, rest. It is a common mistake to think of the Church as a place of rest. No, my friends, the Church is a place for work. "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God." You have got an eternity to rest in; surely you

do not need to rest in the Church. This is the time for hard work, and that ought to be a joy to you; for your work in the Church may add to the joy of heaven. The Scripture says, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

You have heard of that great rich farmer in this State who gave his check for ten thousand dollars to the Christian Commission. When he had done it he took the agent of the Commission up to the top of his house, and showed him his farm stretching in every direction as far as the eye could reach. "All that you see is mine," said the farmer, proudly.

"And what have you got up yonder?"

"Well, I don't know as I have any thing laid up in heaven."

"Is it possible? A man of your sagacity to lay up all your treasure where you will have to leave it all behind you in a little while!"

Before long that man died as he had lived; and what a poor, poor man he must have found himself when he came up before God to give account of his stewardship!

Mr. Moorehouse was telling me that he once saw a water-logged vessel coming up the Mersey to Liverpool. It was loaded with lumber and couldn't sink, but it was down to the rail in the water, and had to be hauled up to the dock by a steam-tug. Just at the same time another timber-laden vessel came up the river with all sail set; and Mr. Moorehouse said, "I thought those two vessels were like two kinds of people we have in the Church. There are the worldly professors of religion, who are so deep down in the cares of this life that it

takes all the power of the Church to drag them along. They are water-logged; out of all sympathy with the work of the Church; full of complaints about the minister and the members, and have to be taken care of very tenderly to save them from going down altogether. Give me the Christian whose heart is above the world, whose sails are filled with the gales of grace, and who, by the power of the Holy Spirit, sweeps through the stormy waters of this life right up to the port of heaven.

HELL.

"But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy life-time receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented."—LUKE xvi, 25.

A MAN came to me the other day and said: "I like your preaching. You don't preach hell, and I suppose you don't believe in one." Now I don't want any one to rise up in the judgment and say that I was not a faithful preacher of the word of God. It is my duty to preach God's word just as he gives it to me; I have no right to pick out a text here and there, and say, "I don't believe that." If I throw out one text I must throw out all, for in the same Bible I read of rewards and punishments, heaven and hell.

No one ever drew such a picture of hell as the Son of God. No one could do it, for he alone knew what the future would be. He didn't keep back this doctrine of retribution, but preached it out plainly; preached it, too, with pure love, just as a mother would warn her son of the end of his course of sin.

The Spirit of God tells us that we shall carry our memory with us into the other world. There are many things we would like to forget. I have heard Mr. Gough say he would give his right hand if he could forget how badly he had treated his mother. I believe the worm that dieth not is our memory. We say now that we forget, and we think we do; but the time is coming when we shall remember, and cannot forget. We talk about the recording angel keeping record of our life. God makes us keep our own record.

We wont need any one to condemn us at the bar of God: it will be our own conscience that will come up as a witness against us. God wont condemn us at his bar; we shall condemn ourselves. Memory is God's officer, and when he shall touch these secret springs and say, "Son, daughter, remember"—then tramp, tramp, tramp will come before us, in a long procession, all the sins we have ever committed.

I have been twice in the jaws of death. Once I was drowning, and was about to sink, when I was rescued. In the twinkling of an eye every thing I had said, done, or thought of flashed across my mind. I do not understand how every thing in a man's life can be crowded into his recollection in an instant of time, but it all flashed through my mind at once. Another time I was caught in the Clark-street bridge, and thought I was dying. Then memory seemed to bring all my life back to me again. It is just so that all things we think we have forgotten will come back by and by. It is only a question of time. We shall hear the words, "Son, remember;" and it is a good deal better to remember our

sins now, and be saved from them, than to put off repentance till it is too late to do any good.

The scientific men say that every thought comes back again, sooner or later. I heard of a servant girl whose master used to read Hebrew in her hearing, and some time afterward, when she was sick of a fever, she would talk Hebrew by the hour.

Do you think Cain has forgotten the face of his murdered brother, whom he killed six thousand years ago? Do you think Judas has forgotten that kiss with which he betrayed his Master, or the look that Master gave him as he said, "Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" Do you think these antediluvians have forgotten the ark, and the flood that came and swept them all away?

My friends, it is a good thing to be warned in time. Satan told Eve that she should not surely die; and there are many men and women now who think that all souls will at last be saved in spite of all their sins.

Do you suppose those antediluvians who perished in Noah's day—those men too vile and sinful for the world—do you think God swept those men right into heaven, and left Noah, the only righteous man, to struggle through the deluge? Do you think when the judgment came upon Sodom that those wicked men were taken right into the presence of God, and the only righteous man was left behind to suffer?

There will be no tender, loving Jesus coming and offering you salvation there; no loving wife or mother to pray for you there. Many in that lost world would give millions, if they had them, if they had their mothers

to pray them out of that place; but it will be too late. They have been neglecting salvation until the time has come when God says, "Cut them down; the day of mercy is ended."

You laugh at the Bible; but how many there are in that lost world to-day who would give countless treasures if they had the blessed Bible there! You may make sport of ministers, but bear in mind there will be no preaching of the Gospel there. Here they are God's messengers to you—loving friends that look after your soul. You may have some friends praying for your salvation to-day; but remember, you will not have one in that lost world. There will be no one to come and put his hand on your shoulder and weep over you there and invite you to come to Christ.

There are some people who ridicule these revival meetings, but remember, there will be no revivals in hell.

There was a man in an insane asylum who used to say over to himself in a voice of horror, "If I only had—" He had been in charge of a railway drawbridge, and had received orders to keep it closed until the passage of an extra express train; but a friend came along with a vessel, and persuaded him to open the bridge just for him, and while it was open the train came thundering along, and leaped into destruction. Many were killed, and the poor bridge-tender went mad over the result of his own neglect of duty. "If I only had!"

A good man was one day passing a saloon as a young man was coming out, and thinking to make sport of him he called out, "Deacon, how far is it to hell?" The deacon gave no answer, but after riding a few rods he

turned to look after the scoffer, and found that his horse had thrown him to the ground and broken his neck. I tell you, my friends, I would sooner give that right hand than to trifle with eternal things.

To-night you may be saved. We are trying to win you to Christ, and if you go down from this building to hell you will remember the meetings we had here. You will remember how these ministers looked, how the people looked, and how it has seemed sometimes as if we were in the very presence of God himself. In that lost world you wont hear that beautiful hymn, "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By." He will have passed by. There will be no Jesus passing that way. There will be no sweet songs of Zion there. No little children either to pray for their impenitent fathers and mothers.

It is now a day of grace and a day of mercy. God is calling the world to himself. He says, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?"

O, if you neglect this salvation, how shall you escape? What hope is there? May your memories be wide awake to-day, and may you remember that Christ stands right here! He is in this assembly, offering salvation to every soul. He is not willing that any should perish, but turn to him and live.

When I was at the Paris Exhibition, in 1867, I noticed there a little oil-painting, only about a foot square, and the face was the most hideous I had ever seen. It was said to be about seven hundred years old. On the paper attached to the painting were the words, "Sowing the

tares." The face looked more like a demon's than a man's, and as he sowed these tares, up came serpents and reptiles; they were crawling up on his body; and all around were woods with wolves and animals prowling in them. I have seen that picture many times since. Ah! the reaping time is coming. If you sow to the flesh you must reap corruption. If you sow to the wind you must reap the whirlwind. God wants you to come to him and receive salvation as a gift: you can decide your destiny to-day if you will. Heaven and hell are set before this audience, and you are called upon to choose. Which will you have? If you will take Christ he will receive you to his arms; if you reject him he will reject you.

Now, my friends, will Christ ever be more willing to save you than he is now? Will he ever have more power than he has now? Why not make up your mind to be saved while mercy is offered to you?

I remember a few years ago, while the Spirit of God was working in my Church, I closed the meeting one night by asking any that would like to become Christians to rise, and, to my great joy, a man arose who had been anxious for some time. I went up to him and took him by the hand and shook it, and said, "I am glad to see you get up. You are coming out for the Lord now in earnest, are you not?"

"Yes," said he, "I think so. That is, there is only one thing in my way."

"What's that?" said I.

"Well," said he, "I lack moral courage. I confess to you that if such a man [naming a friend of his] had been here to-night I should not have risen. He would

laugh at me if he knew of this, and I don't believe I have the courage to tell him."

"But," said I, "you have got to come out boldly for the Lord if you come out at all."

While I talked with him he was trembling from head to foot, and I believe the Spirit was striving earnestly with him. He came back the next night, and the next, and the next; the Spirit of God strove with him for weeks; it seemed as if he came to the very threshold of heaven, and was almost stepping over into the blessed world. I never could find out any reason for his hesitation, except that he feared his old companions would laugh at him.

At last the Spirit of God seemed to leave him; conviction was gone. Six months from that time I got a message from him that he was sick and wanted to see me. I went to him in great haste. He was very sick, and thought he was dying. He asked me if there was any hope. Yes, I told him, God had sent Christ to save him; and I prayed with him.

Contrary to all expectations he recovered. One day I went down to see him. It was a bright, beautiful day, and he was sitting out in front of his house.

"You are coming out for God now, aren't you? You will be well enough soon to come back to our meetings again."

"Mr. Moody," said he, "I have made up my mind to become a Christian. My mind is fully made up to that, but I wont be one just now. I am going to Michigan to buy a farm and settle down, and then I will become a Christian."

"But you don't know yet that you will get well."

"O," said he, "I shall be perfectly well in a few days. I have got a new lease of life."

I pleaded with him, and tried every way to get him to take his stand. At last he said, "Mr. Moody, I can't be a Christian in Chicago. When I get away from Chicago, and get to Michigan, away from my friends and acquaintances, who laugh at me, I will be ready to go to Christ."

"If God has not grace enough to save you in Chicago, he has not in Michigan," I answered.

At last he got a little irritated and said, "Mr. Moody, I'll take the risk," and so I left him.

I well remember the day of the week, Thursday, about noon, just one week from that very day, when I was sent for by his wife to come in great haste. I hurried there at once. His poor wife met me at the door, and I asked her what was the matter.

"My husband," she said, "has had a relapse; I have just had a council of physicians here, and they have all given him up to die."

"Does he want to see me?" I asked.

"No."

"Then why did you send for me?"

"I cannot bear to see him die in this terrible state of mind."

"What does he say?" I asked.

"He says his damnation is sealed, and he will be in hell in a little while."

I went in, and he at once fixed his eyes upon me. I called him by name, but he was silent. I went around to the foot of the bed, and looked in his face and said,

"Wont you speak to me?" and at last he fixed that terrible deathly look upon me and said,

"Mr. Moody, you need not talk to me any more. It is too late. You can talk to my wife and children; pray for them; but my heart is as hard as the iron in that stove there. My damnation is sealed, and I shall be in hell in a little while."

I tried to tell him of Jesus' love and God's forgiveness, but he said, "Mr. Moody, I tell you there is no hope for me." And as I fell on my knees, he said, "You need not pray for me. My wife will soon be left a widow and my children will be fatherless; they need your prayers, but you need not pray for me."

I tried to pray, but it seemed as if my prayers didn't go higher than my head, and as if heaven above me was like brass. The next day, his wife told me, he lingered until the sun went down, and from noon until he died all he was heard to say was, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." After lingering along for an hour he would say again those awful words, and just as he was expiring his wife noticed his lips quiver, and that he was trying to say something, and as she bent over him she heard him mutter, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." He lived a Christless life; he died a Christless death; we wrapped him in a Christless shroud, and bore him away to a Christless grave.

Are there some here that are almost persuaded to be Christians? Take my advice and don't let any thing keep you away. Fly to the arms of Jesus this hour. You can be saved if you will.

Mr. Moody closed by reading the following piece of poetry, which, he said, had affected him deeply:—

"I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time was o'er,
And we talked of my former living
In the land of the evermore;
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

"The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought had perished
Were alive with a terrible might.
And the vision of life's dark record
Was an awful thing to face—
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

"And I thought of a far-away warning,
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time.
And I thought of my former thinking
Of the judgment-day to be,
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.

"And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by.
For it was but the thought of a future
Become an eternity.

"Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday;
And I pray that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

I have learned a solemn lesson
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learned it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.

"So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to fathom the future
In the land where time will cease;
And I know of the future judgment
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me."

THE RETURN OF OUR LORD.

IN 2 Timothy iii, 16, Paul declares: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;" but there are some people who tell us when we take up prophecy that it is all very well to be believed, but that there is no use in trying to understand it: these future events are things that the Church doesn't agree about, and it is better to let them alone, and deal only with those prophecies which have already been fulfilled. But Paul doesn't talk that way; he says: "All Scripture is . . . profitable for doctrine." If these people are right, he ought to have said: "*Some* Scripture is profitable; but you can't understand the prophecies, so you had better let them alone." If God didn't mean to have us study the prophecies he wouldn't have put them into the Bible. Some of them are fulfilled, and he is at work fulfilling the rest, so that if we do not see them all completed in this life, we shall in the world to come.

I don't want to teach any thing to-day, dogmatically, on

my own authority; but to my mind this precious doctrine —for such I must call it—of the return of the Lord to this earth is taught in the New Testament as clearly as any other doctrine in it; yet I was in the Church fifteen or sixteen years before I ever heard a sermon on it. There is hardly any Church that doesn't make a great deal of baptism, but the New Testament only speaks about baptism thirteen times, while it speaks of the return of our Lord fifty times; and yet the Church has had very little to say about it.

Now I can see a reason for this: the devil does not want us to see this truth, for nothing would wake up the Church so much. The moment a man takes hold of the truth that Jesus Christ is coming back again to receive his friends to himself, this world loses its hold upon him; gas-stocks, and water-stocks, and stocks in banks and in horse railroads, are of very much less consequence to him then. His heart is free, and he looks for the blessed appearing of his Lord, who at his coming will take him into his blessed kingdom.

In 2 Peter i, 20, we read: "No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation." Some people say, "O yes, the prophecies are all well enough for the priests and doctors, but not for the rank and file of the Church." But Peter says, "The prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," and those men are the very ones who tell us of the return of our Lord. Look at Daniel ii, 45, where he tells us the meaning of that stone which the king saw in his dream that was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that brake in pieces the iron, the

brass, the clay, the silver, and the gold. "The dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure," says Daniel. Now we have seen the fulfillment of that prophecy, all but the closing part of it. The kingdoms of Babylon, and Medo-Persia, and Greece, and Rome, have all been broken in pieces, and now it only remains for this Stone cut out of the mountain without hands to smite the image and break it in pieces till it becomes like the dust of the summer threshing-floor, and for this Stone to become a great mountain and fill the whole earth.

But how will he come? We are told how he will come. When those disciples stood looking up to heaven at the time of his ascension, there appeared two angels, who said unto them, (Acts i, 11,) "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." How did he go up? He took his flesh and bones up with him. "Look at me; handle me; give me something to eat; a spirit has not flesh and bones as ye see me have; I am the identical one whom they crucified and laid in the grave. Now I am risen from the dead, and am going up to heaven."

An angel was sent to announce his birth of the Virgin; angels sang of his advent in Bethlehem; an angel told the women of his resurrection; and two angels told the disciples of his coming again. It is the same kind of testimony in all these cases.

I don't know why people shouldn't like to study the Bible, and find out all about this precious doctrine of our Lord's return. Some have gone beyond prophecy, and tried to tell the very day he would come. Perhaps that is one

reason why people don't believe this doctrine. That he is coming, we know; but just when he will come we don't know. Matthew xxiv, 36, settles that. The angels don't know, and Christ says that even he doesn't know; that is something the Father keeps to himself.

If Christ had said, "I will not come back for two thousand years, none of his disciples would have begun to watch for him; but it is the proper attitude of a Christian to be always looking for his Lord's return. So God does not tell us when he is to come, but Christ tells us to watch. In this same chapter we find that he is to come unexpectedly and suddenly. In the twenty-seventh verse we have these words: "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." And again in the forty-fourth verse: "Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Some people say that means death; but the word of God doesn't say it means death. Death is our enemy, but our Lord hath the keys of death; he has conquered death, hell, and the grave, and at any moment he may come to set us free from death, and destroy our last enemy for us; so the proper state for a believer in Christ is waiting and watching for his Lord's return.

In the last chapter of John there is a text that seems to settle this matter. Peter asks the question about John, "Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus said unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me. Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die." They didn't think that the coming of the Lord meant death;

there was a great difference between these two things in their minds. Christ is the prince of life; there is no death where he is; death flees at his coming; dead bodies sprang to life when he touched them or spoke to them. His coming is not death: he is the resurrection and the life, and when he sets up his kingdom there is to be no death, but life for evermore.

There is another mistake, you will find, if you read your Bibles carefully. Some people think that at the coming of Christ every thing is to be all done up in a few minutes; but I do not so understand it. The first thing he is to do is to take his Church out of the world. He calls the Church his bride, and he says he is going to prepare a place for her. "We may judge," says one, "what a glorious place it will be from the length of time he is in preparing it; and when the place is ready he will come and take the Church to himself."

Toward the close of the fourth chapter of First Thessalonians Paul says: "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. . . . We which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words." That is the comfort of the Church. There was a time when I used to mourn that I should not be alive in the millennium; but

now I expect to be in the millennium. Dean Alford says —almost every body bows to him in the matter of interpretation—that he must insist that this coming of Christ to take his Church to himself in the clouds is not the same event as his coming to judge the world at the last day. The deliverance of the Church is one thing, judgment is another. Now, I can't find any place in the Bible where it tells me to wait for signs of the coming of the millennium, as the return of the Jews, and such like; but it tells me to look for the coming of the Lord; to watch for it; to be ready at midnight to meet him, like those five wise virgins. The trump of God may be sounded, for any thing we know, before I finish this sermon; at any rate we are told that he will come as a thief in the night, and at an hour when many look not for him.

Some of you may shake your heads and say, "O, well, that is too deep for the most of us; such things ought not to be said before these young converts; only the very wisest characters, such as the ministers and the professors in theological seminaries, can understand them." But, my friends, you find that Paul wrote about these things to those young converts among the Thessalonians, and he tells them to comfort one another with these words. Here in the first chapter of First Thessalonians Paul says, "Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come." To wait for his Son; that is the true attitude of every child of God. If he is doing that he is ready for the duties of life, ready for God's work; aye, that makes him feel that he is just ready to begin to work for God.

Then in the second chapter and nineteenth verse he says: "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" And again, in the third chapter, at the thirteenth verse, "To the end that he may establish your hearts unblamable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints." Still again, in the fifth chapter and second verse, "For ye yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night." He has something to say about this same thing in every chapter; indeed, I have thought this Epistle to the Thessalonians might be called the Gospel of Christ's Coming Again.

There are three great facts foretold in the word of God: First, that Christ should come; that has been fulfilled. Second, that the Holy Ghost should come; that was fulfilled at Pentecost, and the Church is able to testify to it by its experience of his saving grace. Third, the return of our Lord again from heaven: for this we are told to watch and wait "till he come." Look at that account of the last hours of Christ with his disciples. What does Christ say to them? If I go away I will send death after you to bring you to me? Not at all. He says, "I will come again and receive you unto myself." If my wife were in a foreign country, and I had a beautiful mansion all ready for her, she would a good deal rather I should come and take her unto it than to have me send some one else to bring her. So the Church is the Lamb's wife; he has prepared a mansion for his bride, and he promises for our joy and comfort that he will come himself and take us to the place he has been all this while preparing.

My friends, it is perfectly safe to take the word of God just as we find it. If he tells us to watch, then watch. If he tells us to pray, then pray. If he tells us he will come again, wait for him. Let the Church bow to the word of God, rather than be trying to find out how these things can be. "Behold, I come quickly," said Christ. "Even so; come, Lord Jesus," should be the prayer of the Church.

Take the account of the words of Christ at the communion table. It seems to me the devil has covered up the most precious thing about it. "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death *till he come.*" Most people seem to think that the Lord's table is the place for self-examination and repentance, and making good resolutions. Not at all; you spoil it that way; it is to show forth the Lord's death; and we are to keep it up till he comes.

Some people say, "I believe Christ will come on the other side of the millennium." Where do you get it? I can't find it. The word of God nowhere tells me to watch and wait for the coming of the millennium, but for the coming of the Lord. I don't find any place where God says the world is to grow better and better, and that Christ is to have a spiritual reign on earth of a thousand years. I find that the earth is to grow worse and worse, and that at length there is going to be a separation. "Two women grinding at a mill; one taken and the other left; two men in one bed, one taken and the other left." The Church is to be translated out of the world; and of this we have two examples already, two representatives, as we might say, in Christ's kingdom, of what is to be done for all his true

believers. Enoch is the representative of the first dispensation, Elijah of the second, and as the representative of the third dispensation we have the Saviour himself, who is entered into the heavens for us, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. We are not to wait for the great white-throne judgment, but the glorified Church is sit on the throne with Christ, and help to judge the world.

Now, some of you think this is a new and strange doctrine, and that they who preach it are speckled birds; but let me tell you that most of the spiritual men in the pulpits of Great Britain are firm in this faith. Spurgeon preaches it. I have heard Newman Hall say that he knew no reason why Christ might not come before he got through with his sermon. But in certain wealthy and fashionable Churches, where they have the form of godliness but deny the power thereof—just the state of things which Paul declares shall be in the last days—this doctrine is not preached or believed. They don't want sinners to cry out in their meeting, "What must I do to be saved?" They want intellectual preachers, who will cultivate their taste; brilliant preachers, who will please their imagination; but they don't want the preaching that has in it the power of the Holy Ghost. We live in the day of shams in religion. The Church is cold and formal; may God wake us up! And I know of no better way to do it than to set the Church to looking for the return of our Lord.

Some people say, "O, you will discourage the young converts if you preach that doctrine." Well, my friends, that hasn't been my experience. I have felt like working three times as hard ever since I came to understand that my Lord was coming back again. I look on this world as

a wrecked vessel. God has given me a life-boat, and said to me, "Moody, save all you can." God will come in judgment and burn up this world, but the children of God don't belong to this world; they are in it, but not of it, like a ship in the water. This world is getting darker and darker; its ruin is coming nearer and nearer; if you have any friends on this wreck unsaved you had better lose no time in getting them off. But some one will say, "Do you, then, make the grace of God a failure?" No; grace is not a failure, but man is. The antediluvian world was a failure; the Jewish world was a failure; man has been a failure every-where, when he has had his own way and been left to himself. Christ will save his Church, but he will save them finally by taking them out of the world. Now, don't take my word for it; look this doctrine up in your Bibles, and, if you find it there, bow down to it and receive it as the word of God. Take Matthew xxiv, 50: "The Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Take 2 Peter iii, 3, 5: "There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." Go out on the streets of Chicago and ask men about the return of our Lord, and that is just what they would say: "Ah, yes, the Lord delayeth his coming!"

"Behold, I come quickly," said Christ to John, and the last prayer in the Bible is, "Even so, come Lord Jesus."

Were the early Christians disappointed then? No; no man is disappointed who obeys the voice of God. The world waited for the first coming of the Lord—waited for four thousand years, and then he came. He was here only thirty-three years, and then he went away; but he left us a promise that he would come again; and as the world watched and waited for his first coming and did not watch in vain, so now to them who wait for his appearing shall he appear a second time unto salvation.

Now let the question go round, "Am I ready to meet the Lord if he comes to-night?" "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

In the third verse of the fourteenth chapter of John Christ tells his disciples: "And if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again, and receive you unto myself." I like that text. What we want, and what the Church wants, is to be looking for Christ's coming again. We are nowhere told in the word of God to be looking for death, but we are told to be watching for the coming of the Son of man.

Some people think we are to look for the restoration of the Jews, and the millennium, before the second coming of Christ, but the Bible don't say so. There is no command in the Bible for looking after the coming of the Jews, or the millennium, but we are commanded to watch, "for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh," and it is perfectly safe to do what the word of God commands us to do. If the Church, instead of looking for the Jews to be restored were only watching and waiting for the Lord to return, as he says he will, there would be a great deal more life and power among its members.

There is another thought I want to call your attention to, and that is, Christ will bring all our friends with him when he comes. All who have died in the Lord are to be with him when he comes in the clouds of heaven. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years." Rev. xx, 6. "But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection." Verse 5. That looks as if the Church were to have a thousand years with Christ before the final judgment, when Satan shall be cast out, and there shall be new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

Now I want to give you some texts to study at home:

When we eat the Lord's supper, we show forth his death until he come. 1 Cor. xi, 26.

We are using our talents, until he come. Luke xix, 13.

We are fighting the good fight of faith, until he come. 1 Tim. vi, 12–14.

We are enduring tribulation, until he come. 2 Thess. i, 7.

We are to be patient, until he come. James v, 8.

We wait for the crown of righteousness, until he come. 2 Tim. iv, 8.

We wait for the crown of glory, until he come. 1 Peter v, 4.

We wait for re-union with departed friends, until he come. 1 Thess. iv, 13–18.

We wait for Satan to be bound, until he come. Rev. xx, 3.

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

PART IV.

MR. MOODY'S CO-WORKERS.

"BISHOP" MOODY.

ANY one who ever saw Brother Moody, during his early life in Chicago, sitting in that abandoned saloon-shanty on the North Side, holding a small colored boy on his lap, and trying, by the light of one tallow candle, to teach the little fellow the parable of the Prodigal Son—the teacher himself having to stop now and then to spell out the long words, and being obliged to skip some of them altogether—would have been surprised to learn that this man was one day to become a bishop!

"Bishop" Moody! Not over a diocese, organized in the usual form of the Episcopal Church, nor yet a general superintendent, after the manner of the Methodists; but a bishop of Christian workers, with a company of the leading evangelists, both from England and America, preaching and teaching and singing under his direction; for whose services he receives applications, and whom he assigns to fields of labor with a wisdom thought by many to be inspired of God, and an authority undisputed by man.

More than this, Mr. Moody is, to some extent, personally responsible for the support of these evangelists, whom, by the direction of the Lord and the exercise of a consummate judgment, he has called to his assistance.

To some of these persons he has paid a regular salary; others have shared with him in the gifts of the people; and

still others, who have some resources of their own, have been authorized to draw on his treasury to supply any short-comings in the supply of their needs.

In view of these facts two questions have arisen: First, How does Mr. Moody get his men and women? and, second, Where does he get his money?

Both these questions admit of the same answer: From the Lord.

There is a very large class of Christian people who believe that Mr. Moody is a prophet of God, raised up to be the leader of a new religious movement, which movement has come to be a necessity from the constantly increasing materialism and formalism which have cursed the doctrines and methods of the Church. The means of God's providence are always sufficient for their ends: thus, the necessary funds for sustaining this work, as well as the right people to do it, come into Mr. Moody's hands, and act under his direction, by providential leadings.

When Mr. Moody finds workers in any of his departments who appear to him pre-eminently fitted therefor he gives them a call to join him, and that call is rarely refused. It is regarded as a privilege and honor, among a large class of Christian people, to work under his direction; and devout men and women are not wanting who feel moved to place a portion of their wealth at his disposal to help on his various enterprises in connection with the kingdom of Christ.

Mr. Moody asks no money for himself, but during the past three years he has raised not far from half a million of dollars for various Christian works in which he feels an especial interest; notably, for the Young Men's Christian Associations in London, Liverpool, Philadelphia, New York, and Chicago.

His methods are apostolic. He has read that the Saviour sent out his disciples two by two, therefore he enlists Mr. Sankey as a comrade for himself, and sends out his helpers two by two, as far as possible.

Besides this evangelistic work there are two large places

of worship in the city of Chicago under his immediate control, known respectively as "Mr. Moody's North Side Church," and "Mr. Moody's West Side Tabernacle," the pastors and congregations of which acknowledge him as their ecclesiastical head as well as their leader in spiritual things.

Here, then, is a system with Mr. Moody for its apostle, whereby it appears that he has already achieved the substance if not the form and name of an evangelistic bishop.

In the authority with which he directs his great evangelistic campaigns also appears something very like the exercise of episcopal functions. For instance, at a recent ministers' meeting in Boston the question was under consideration whether to appoint a number of noonday prayer-meetings in different parts of the city and suburbs. When many eminent clergy had spoken, it was agreed that *if Mr. Moody would send* men to take charge of the various meetings the people would attend them, but if not the meetings would fail.

No evangelist ever received such universal and cordial support from the ministers of all evangelical orders: they believe that God is with him, and for that reason they aid him with money, labor, and prayer.

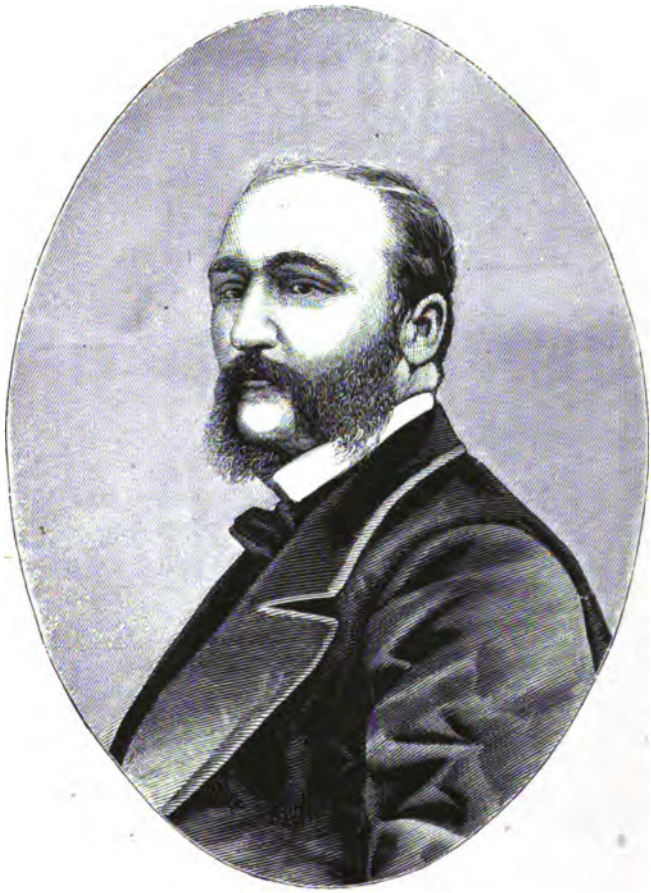
IRA D. SANKEY.

IRA DAVID SANKEY was born in Edinburgh, Pennsylvania, in the year 1840. His paternal ancestors were English: his mother's family originally from the north of Ireland. His father was an influential man in the State, being for a length of time a member of the lower, and afterward of the upper, house of the Legislature of Pennsylvania; while his wealth and influence made him an exceedingly useful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which he was also leader and exhorter.

Very early in his childhood the wonderful gift of song with which God has endowed Mr. Sankey began to manifest itself. In the day-school and in the Sunday-school his was a leading voice. He was full of music, and sensitive to musical impressions. Tunes which he once heard he could sing again; and before he was sixteen years of age he began to compose tunes for himself.

He was converted in his sixteenth year, during a series of revival meetings, and, with a large number of others, was received as a probationer at King's Chapel, Edinburgh, Pennsylvania; but before his term of probation expired the family removed to Newcastle, in the same State, where he was received into full membership in the Jefferson-street Methodist Episcopal Church. When about twenty years of age he was elected superintendent of the Sunday-school. It was at this time that he commenced his solo singing—singing the Gospel, as he is now accustomed to call it—which, from the first, proved a very great attraction. Largely because of this new means of grace the school was soon filled to overflowing, and presently became famous for its musical acquirements.

Not long after this he was appointed to the leadership of a class of sixty or eighty men and women; a responsibility which led him to a closer study of the Bible, and to a habit



IRA D. SANKEY.

of measuring his own state of grace by Scripture tests rather than by his feelings, or by the experiences of others. This idea he sought to impress upon his class, saying: "Tell us your condition in Bible language. The Scriptures abound with accounts of religious experience. There is no state of grace which may not be described by a text."

During the winter of 1867 a Young Men's Christian Association was organized at Newcastle, in which Mr. Sankey was an active worker, and of which he afterward became president.

His musical ability made his services in great request at conventions, mass meetings, and other public religious services, both to conduct the music of the congregation and to sing his admirable solos, which became extremely popular. His singing was a part of his religion; he was accustomed to pray over it as a minister prays over his sermons; and thus receiving the baptism of the Holy Spirit, he was enabled to lead thousands to understand and join in the service of song as they had never done before.

At the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association held at Indianapolis, Ind., early in 1871, Mr. Sankey first met Mr. Moody.

Their interview was characteristic, and took place at one of the meetings of the Convention, where Mr. Sankey had lifted the singing from the customary slow drawl into one of his own heavenward flights of song. At the close of the services Mr. Moody saluted him with the question,

"Where do you live?"

"In Newcastle, Pennsylvania," was the reply.

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"How many children have you?"

"One child."

"I want you."

"What for?"

"To help me in my work at Chicago."

"I cannot leave my business."

"You must. I have been looking for you for the last eight years. You must give up your business, and come to Chicago with me."

Mr. Sankey replied that he would think and pray over the matter, and see what the Lord would direct. It was no small sacrifice for him to resign his profitable situation, break up his home, go to a strange city, and unite his fortunes with a man of whom he knew so little, but whom he understood to be wholly given to the work of the Lord, and ready to go at a moment's notice any where in the world on a mission in his name. But feeling that the invitation from Mr. Moody might be a call from Heaven, he determined to go to Chicago for a week and labor with him, hoping the Lord would there more clearly indicate his will.

The result of that week's work was the union of these two men in a brotherhood which is now known all over the Christian world, the Lord honoring his word by bringing multitudes of sinners to Christ through the ministry of both speaker and singer.

Mr. Moody having determined upon a third visit to England, induced Mr. Sankey to accompany him, where the blessing which attended his gospel singing abundantly proved the divine approval of his labors.

At York, the first field of labor in England, the singing of Mr. Sankey made a profound impression.

One instance is related of a woman who was deeply convicted of sin while listening to one of these hymns in the street, and who, on asking and obtaining an interview with the singer, was led immediately to the Saviour

When the evangelists proposed to visit Scotland, one of the apparent difficulties in the way was the fact that Mr. Sankey did not sing according to the Scottish tradition. In the first place, he sang but few of the psalms at all; and those he did sing were not in the accepted versions. But the chief abomination was the "kist fu' o' whustles," with which he accompanied his voice; and which, by universal consent, had been kept out of Scottish sanctuaries for more

than three hundred years. Nevertheless, the Lord opened his way to the hearts of that people, and from Edinburgh to John o' Groat's House Moody and Sankey went, preaching and singing to crowds of people under the sky, the only roof large enough to cover them; Mr. Moody being everywhere regarded as a prophet of the Lord sent to bless his people in Scotland, and Mr. Sankey, notwithstanding his organ, being received as an humble successor of the Psalmist himself.

Occasionally some of the elders of the Highland Churches felt a little troubled about Mr. Sankey's hymns, so unlike the psalms in Rouse's version. One of them came to his pastor with no little anxiety, saying, "I cannot do with the hymns. They are all the time in my head, and I cannot get them out. The psalms never trouble me that way."

"Then I think you should keep to the hymns," said the pastor.

One day, while in the Highlands, Mr. Sankey found in the corner of a newspaper that beautiful hymn, "The Ninety and Nine." The melody to which he sings it came to him like an inspiration, and he sang it for the first time in the presence of a great congregation, without ever having written it out. This was the favorite of all of Mr. Sankey's songs in Scotland, as it also came to be through England and Ireland.

Mr. Sankey relates this touching incident in connection with this hymn after their return to America:—

"While we were holding meetings in Northfield, Mass., the home of Mr. Moody, at the close of a service a gentleman took me by the hand and said, with deep emotion, 'When you came here last year I did not believe in religion, and would not attend your meetings. But one evening, when the audience was too large for the church, Mr. Moody held the meeting in the open air. I was sitting under the porch of my house, on the mountain side, across the river, and the still air of evening wafted to me a line of your song, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own." Then I knew that on that mountain side the good Shepherd was looking for me;

but I said, I would not be caught by Moody and Sankey, so I still kept away from the meetings. But the influence remained, and after you were gone I went to the church, and the good Shepherd found me; and now I, with my family, belong to this Church.'

"When I heard that, I said to myself, I will keep on singing this little song, since the Lord is still using it to bring back the wanderers to his fold."

At the Christian Convention which was held in Chicago, one subject was, "How shall the music be conducted in the Lord's work?" Mr. Sankey opened the discussion by urging the need of *Christian* singing. "Those who love Christ," said he, "should lead in the service of song as well as in the service of preaching or prayer." His preference was for a *large* choir, to lead, not to sing for, the congregation; but he had no prejudice against quartettes, provided they were Christian singers, and sung in the spirit of worship.

The question was asked, "What would you do if you could not get Christian people to make up your choir?"

Mr. Sankey replied that he would go down into the Sabbath-school and bring the best singers among the scholars up stairs, and set them to lead the singing. The effect would be to get hearty and inartistic singing, and it would often encourage the congregation to join, because the class of hymns likely to be sung would be those simpler ones which all could sing. Again, this course would be a great encouragement to the Sabbath-school itself, so that we should see the children coming from the Sabbath-school up into the Church instead of going away from the preaching of the word.

Another essential of good singing, Mr. Sankey thought, was the plain pronunciation of the words of the hymn. He had often heard singing where a person who didn't know what the hymn was couldn't understand a word of it. One of the most important things to be rigidly insisted upon was plain speaking. In fact, the singing of hymns in a voice that could not be understood was barbarous, and to prove this the speaker quoted the following: "So likewise ye, except ye

utter by the tongue words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? for ye shall speak into the air. There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification. Therefore if I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh a barbarian, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me. . . . What is it then? I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also: I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also." 1 Cor. xiv, 9–11, 15.

This is a marked peculiarity of Mr. Sankey's own singing; every syllable can be clearly heard throughout the great halls in which he is accustomed to sing; every sentiment of his hymns is thrillingly rendered.

As the time approached for the departure of the evangelists from Chicago a most delightful farewell entertainment was given to Mr. Sankey by Rev. Dr. Arthur Edwards, editor of the NORTH-WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, at which many of the clergymen and leading laymen of the city met to enjoy a final interview with the genial and gifted singer, and to testify their appreciation of his work.

Mr. Sankey's life is a psalm replete with loving melodies, while his brotherly and winning address opens the door of many closed hearts to the entering footsteps of the Saviour.

At the opening of the revival work in Boston Mr. Sankey at once became a favorite with the people. It was plainly seen that he was not and did not pretend to be an artist in music; but his ambition was a higher one—he aspired to a song-ministry, a preaching of the Gospel in tune and rhythm. There is no break in the flow of devotional feeling where his solo comes in: it belongs with the Scripture reading, the prayer, and the sermon. It is not a musical performance, but a musical exhortation.

At the New England Christian Convention, held in the Boston Tabernacle, March 14–16, Mr. Sankey rendered good service. The east winds have not agreed very well with his

voice, but he has manfully kept at his post, and aided by his presence and counsels in the service of song.

This little extract from one of the Boston reports will help to give the reader a glimpse of the spirit of the singer as well as the nature of his songs:—

At one of the Tabernacle meetings Mr. Sankey made an address in place of a song, saying that he was too hoarse to sing. He said that a lady had given him a thought in regard to the well of living waters. Some people, she said, seem to give at once to those with whom they talk that which helps and comforts them, while others are unable to do so. She told him that when a little girl she had a garden, which, despite good soil and continual watering, did not flourish. Her mother asked her about her flowers, and was told that they did not grow. Her mother soon learned the reason. She had drawn the water from a cold spring when she should have taken it from some sunlit place. So it is when we try to give the people the water of life. If we give it out from cold hearts it will chill rather than invigorate. Let us all learn the lesson, and infuse more life into our work, and so have the word in the heart as well as in the mouth.

Dr. Eben Tourjee, the leader of the chorus, has achieved success in his department of the revival work, and the sacred concerts, as they might be called, with which the principal services are opened, are of themselves great attractions, and are in no small degree in keeping with the public interest in the Moody and Sankey revival meetings.

P. P. BLISS.

MRS. P. P. BLISS.

MR. AND MRS. P. P. BLISS.

PAUL P. BLISS, the composer and singer, whose hymns and tunes have become so widely popular and useful, was a native of northern Pennsylvania. He was of humble extraction, and in his early life had few advantages for education or culture; but God had given him a noble nature, and endowed him with at least three great talents. He married young a lady of his own social position, possessing great strength of character and deep religious principle, through whose influence Mr. Bliss was converted, and led to consecrate all the energies of his great soul to the Master's service. On coming to Chicago he united with the First Congregational Church, Rev. Dr. Goodwin, pastor, where he labored lovingly and faithfully for many years as leader of the choir and superintendent of the Sunday-school; also becoming widely known throughout the North-west by his work in musical conventions. He was an accomplished vocalist, possessing a rich baritone voice; while as a composer he will be long remembered as author of many of the Gospel Songs sung at the Moody and Sankey meetings—such as "Hold the Fort;" "That will be Heaven for Me;" "Where Are the Nine?" "Whosoever Will;" "What Shall the Harvest Be?" "Hallelujah, 'tis Done;" "More to Follow;" "My Prayer;" "Almost Persuaded;" "Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-day?" "When Jesus Comes;" "Let the Lower Lights be Burning;" "Pull for the Shore;" "Only an Armor-bearer," and others. In many cases both the words and music were of his composition.

Mrs. Bliss, who possessed much musical ability, also composed words and music for some of the pieces contained in his collection, under the *nom de plume* of "Paulina."

The tie between this husband and wife was of the closest and tenderest nature. She it was who inspired him with confidence in his musical abilities, and aided and encouraged their

development. "All that I am I owe to that dear wife," was his own testimony to her loving helpfulness.

Soon after Major Whittle entered upon the revival work Mr. Bliss decided to give up his business and accompany him. Together they traveled through the West and South during the years 1874, '75, and '76, Major Whittle preaching, and Mr. Bliss singing, the Gospel. Possessed of easy and polished manners, a joyous and hopeful temperament, with a wealth of sympathy for need or sorrow, and a most childlike trust in God, he seemed especially endowed for the work he had undertaken. Generous and kind in the extreme, he devoted his share of the royalty upon the "Gospel Songs," which had altogether amounted to over $60,000, to charity. He had no private fortune, not even owning the house in which he lived; but he knew that God would take care of him and his.

During the last three months of his life, in connection with Major Whittle, he held revival services at Kalamazoo, Mich., and afterward at Peoria, Ill. These meetings were crowned with great success, large numbers of people being led to the cross of Christ.

It had been arranged that at the close of the Moody and Sankey meetings in Chicago Messrs. Whittle and Bliss should carry on the revival work. But God had other plans for "the sweet singer of Israel." Mr. and Mrs. Bliss and their two little children, Paul, and George Goodwin, went to Pennsylvania to spend the Christmas holidays. "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

The visit was brief, for Mr. Bliss was to begin his work in Chicago Sunday, December 31. The cold was intense, and a wild snow-storm was raging; so leaving their two little ones at the house of a relative in Avon, N. Y., whom they had also visited, the devoted pair set out upon their journey, Mr. Bliss telegraphing to Major Whittle, "We're going home to morrow."

But the home which awaited them was nearer than Chicago. The work of a life-time had been done in a few earnest years, and the voice of the Master said, "Come up higher."

On the night of Friday, December 29, all that was mortal of Mr. Bliss and his faithful wife perished in the terrible railway accident at Ashtabula, Ohio.

Their transition from one world to the other was thus instantaneous, but it deserves not to be called unexpected, since toward those opening gates he was already looking with a sense of approaching death and glory. He already belonged in heaven; his citizenship was there.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICES.

When the sad news of his death and that of his family—for the first report was that parents and children had all perished together—reached Chicago, the burden of loss and sorrow seemed almost too heavy to bear.

On Sunday, December 31, a Memorial Service was held in the Tabernacle, the vast building being draped with mourning, and decorated with pure white crowns of flowers, which are every-where sacred to death. A large congregation assembled, while the great choir sang, softly and lovingly, several of his beautiful hymns who had just entered into the heaven of which he loved to sing.

Presently Mr. Moody entered, and all eyes were turned to see how this man, twice bowed under the weight of affliction since the Chicago revival began, would bear himself, and all ears were listening for his first word in his great sorrow.

He stood up in his place, and, with manifest effort to keep back the sobs and tears, repeated those words of David, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen in Israel?" Then, almost unable to speak for weeping, he said, "Let us lift up our hearts to God in silent prayer."

A long period of silence followed, broken at length by sounds of overpowering emotion, in the midst of which the voice of Dr. Chamberlain was heard giving thanks to God for the hope of eternal life on behalf of those who had been borne on angels' wings from the place of terror and death up to the bosom of God.

Mr. Moody then arose and said: "For the past three months

I have seemed to stand between the living and the dead; and now I am to stand in the place of the dead. Mr. Whittle and Mr. Bliss were announced to hold the four o'clock meeting in the Tabernacle to-day, and now Mr. Farwell, and Mr. Jacobs, and Mr. Whittle, with other friends, have gone to see if they can find his remains to take them away for burial. I have been looking over his hymns to see if I could find one appropriate to this occasion, but I find that they are all, like himself, full of hope and cheer. In all the years I have known and worked with him I have never once seen him cast down. But here is a hymn of his that I thought we might sing. Once, after the wreck of that steamer at Cleveland, I was speaking of the circumstance that the lower lights were out, and the next time we met he sang this hymn for me. It is the sixty-fifth in our collection: let us sing it now. It begins, 'Brightly beams our Father's mercy;' but still more brightly beam the 'lights along the shore' to which he has passed. It was in the midst of a terrible storm he passed away, but the lights which he kindled are burning all along the shore. He has died young—only about thirty-eight years old—but his hymns are sung round the world. Only a little while ago we received a copy of these hymns translated into the Chinese language."

After the singing the Rev. Dr. Goodwin, of whose Church Mr. Bliss had for many years been a loved and honored member, came forward and said:—

"Ever since these sad tidings came I have been trying to say, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.' I don't know of any death that has come so near to me. For years I have been almost as a part of that household; one of the little ones bore my name; we have worked and prayed together, and I have known very much of his heart in connection with the great mission of his life, and shared in his ever-increasing delight that God was using him and his music so wonderfully. It was hours after the awful news came before I could see any light; but at last I seemed to see a vision of a great praise service in heaven, with Brother Bliss leading it—he was to

have led a praise meeting at our Sunday-school this afternoon —and then I found light in this darkness. Out of the fifty Sunday-school scholars who are now waiting to be received into the fellowship of our Church, there is hardly one but can bear witness to his helpfulness in leading them to Christ.

"Out of this affliction has come to them an exceeding and eternal weight of glory, and so I begin to feel, as well as say, All is well, all is well; 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints,' and 'The day of his death is better than the day of his birth.'

"This man's work has reached all round the world. The other day I received a letter from a missionary in South Africa. He said he was going out some time ago to establish a new mission, and when he took refuge in a Zulu hut the first sound he heard was the song, 'Hold the Fort,' sung in the Zulu language. Here is that thirteenth hymn which he sung for us the other night. He began by saying, 'Brethren, I don't know as I shall ever sing here again, [and he never did,] but I want to sing this as the language of my heart.'"

"Let us sing that hymn," said Mr. Moody, which was done as follows:—

"I know not the hour when my Lord will come
To take me away to his own dear home;
But I know that his presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.

CHORUS.—And that will be glory for me,
O, that will be glory for me;
But I know that his presence will lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.

"I know not the song that the angels sing,
I know not the sound of the harps' glad ring;
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,
And that will be music for me.

CHORUS.—And that will be music for me, etc.

"I know not the form of my mansion fair,
I know not the name that I then shall bear;
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,
And that will be heaven for me.

CHORUS.—And that will be heaven for me, etc.

Mr. Moody immediately arranged for a subscription for a monument to commemorate the life which had been so helpful, and as soon as the safety of the orphan children was assured, a subscription for their benefit was also circulated.

Every heart was open, and soon the sum of ten thousand dollars was raised, five thousand dollars of it being the gift of Mr. R. C. Morgan, of London, publisher of the English edition of "Gospel Songs."

A work so wholly for Christ as that of Mr. Bliss could not end at his death. The hymns he wrote will yet inspire thousands of souls with love for the Saviour, and comfort heavy-laden hearts with the cheer which filled his own. "He being dead, yet speaketh," both in life and song.

The following hymn, the last one ever penned by P. P. Bliss, was found in his trunk, which had been forwarded to Chicago by another train than the one on which he perished, and was not quite completed nor revised at the time of his death. How near it comes to being a prophecy!

I know not what awaits me,
God kindly vails mine eyes,
And o'er each step on my onward way
He makes new scenes arise;
And every joy he sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

CHORUS.—Where he may lead I'll follow,
My trust in him repose,
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, "He knows, he knows."

One step I see before me,
'Tis all I need to see,
The light of heaven more brightly shines
When earth's illusions flee;
And sweetly through the silence comes
His loving "Follow me."

CHORUS—Where he may lead I'll follow, etc.

O blissful lack of wisdom!
'Tis blessed not to know!
He holds me with his own right hand,
And will not let me go.
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.
CHORUS—Where he may lead I'll follow, etc.

So on I go, not knowing:
I would not if I might:
I'd rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith in him
Than go alone by sight.
CHORUS—Where he may lead I'll follow, etc.

D. W. WHITTLE.

NEXT to Mr. Moody, as a preaching evangelist, stands Major Whittle, a man of plain speech and solid piety, whose words have been already owned of God to the awakening of thousands of souls.

Major Whittle is a native of Vermont, is about forty years of age, and has been a resident of Chicago since 1857, where he was converted, and united with the First Congregational Church, under the pastorate of Rev. W. W. Patton, D.D.

Mr. Whittle was employed in the office of Fargo & Co.'s Express until the breaking out of the war, when he enlisted a company in Chicago and joined the army as a captain of infantry.

During his army life he maintained his Christian profession, and for a long time kept up a company prayer-meeting.

At the close of the war he returned with the brevet rank of major, and soon after was offered a situation as business manager of the Elgin Watch Company, with a salary of five thousand dollars a year, which he accepted.

His work as superintendent of the West Side Tabernacle Sunday-School, a mission opened by the First Congregational

Church, was greatly blessed, and for some time before his entrance upon the work of an evangelist his services were in considerable demand as a Bible reader and helper in revivals of religion.

At length, feeling called of God to a wider field of Christian labor, he resigned his position, with its ample salary, and gave himself wholly up to Christ, trusting in him for direction and support.

His line of work during the past three years has embraced the cities of Baraboo, Wis.; Lexington, Ky.; Kalamazoo, Mich.; Peoria, Ill.; and others; at all of which, except the first, he was accompanied by his friend Mr. Bliss, and at all of which their preaching and singing was accompanied with the mighty power of God's Spirit.

When Mr. Moody was suddenly called away, during the first week of the Chicago revival, Major Whittle was designated to take his place. His success in that great and trying emergency will appear from the following notice of him, taken from the "Chicago Tribune:"—

Major Whittle is not quite so loving as Mr. Moody, but none the less terrible to cold-hearted, worldly-minded professors of religion. He seems to have heard the same command that was given to the old prophet Isaiah: "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins." And what is remarkable, the house of Jacob, instead of being angry with the modern prophet, weep over their transgressions, and ask for prayers that they may be saved from their sins.

It was a memorable day when the most eminent and successful ministers of Chicago began to feel so oppressed with a sense of their own shortcomings that they arose in the presence of the great congregations and desired Mr. Moody and the people to pray for them. Yesterday the request came also from the laity, who responded in large numbers to the most searching invitation which has thus far been given, and arose to confess, some of them in tears, that they felt convicted of certain neglected duties to their neighbors, and to pledge themselves, by the help of God's Holy Spirit, to go and make confessions and restitution. When a hundred or more persons publicly respond to such a call as that there must be something more

than the ordinary every-day religious life among the members of the Churches.

Major Whittle has a clear, ringing voice, and, like all the evangelists of the school to which he belongs, he knows how to handle a Bible. It is a singular fact that with all our theological seminaries and learned treatises on homiletics, it should fall to the lot of laymen to teach the ministers of this generation how to "preach the word." The traditional sermon, with its introduction, critical examination, heads, sub-heads, illustrations, inferences, conclusions, exhortations, applications, "finalies," "lastlies," "and suffer a few words more," has become a theory of the past.

It has remained for Harry Moorehouse, D. L. Moody, Major Whittle, and other lay evangelists, to open the biblical era of preaching in America, and to set all our ministers expounding the word of God from the inside thereof; trying to find out what was in the heart of Christ, and of his prophet or apostles when they spoke and wrote it, and to bring forth that power and infuse it into the hearts of their hearers.

There was a whole system of theology in Major Whittle's discourse yesterday afternoon, and he quoted Scripture enough to have served an old-fashioned theologian for half his natural life.

As a specimen of his plainness and pungency take this extract from his sermon on the "Responsibilities of Christians for each other's sins:"—

In Leviticus, sixth chapter and verses 1 to 5, are these words:—

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, If a soul sin, and commit a trespass against the Lord, and lie unto his neighbor in that which was delivered him to keep, or in fellowship, [margin, in dealing,] or in a thing taken away by violence, or hath deceived his neighbor; or have found that which was lost, and lieth concerning it, and sweareth falsely; . . . he shall restore that which he took violently away, or the thing which he hath deceitfully gotten, or that which was delivered him to keep, or the lost thing which he found, . . . he shall even restore it in the principal, and shall add the fifth part more thereto, . . . and he shall bring his trespass offering unto the Lord, . . . and the priest shall make an atonement for him before the Lord: and it shall be forgiven him." Also Leviticus xix. 17–18: "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart: thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him. Thou shalt not avenge,

nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

My friends, it is our purpose to come together to-morrow to fast and pray before the Lord, to confess our sins to him and pray for the outpouring of his Spirit upon us; but there are some things in the way of preparation which should go before our attempt to worship God in this solemn manner. Sin against our neighbor is also sin against God. What we do against our neighbor God takes it up.

If we are going to appear before the Lord we must first be honest, and meet this duty of confession and restitution. It is in vain for any one to come to God with prayers and sacrifices while he is trampling on the rights of one of God's little ones. A man might as well abuse my children on his way to my house, and then come and talk pleasantly to me in the parlor while my children were crying in the kitchen over the wrongs he had done them.

The first thing for us to do, if we wish to draw nigh to God, is to restore what we have wrongfully taken from our neighbors. If you have lied in your business, or deceived any one, or overreached any one, or borne a grudge against any one, it is of no use to pray for the blessing of God till you have made full restitution.

There was a Church member sent to jail the other day for cheating and lying about some business matter, and she made this excuse: "Every body lies in business." Now, that isn't true, but the standard of business honesty, even among professing Christians, is far too low. It makes no difference if the world is given to lying. God tells his children not to lie.

Go and confess to your neighbor if you have wronged him in his business or in his reputation. Some of you have not set a Christian example before your husbands, or wives, or children. Go and confess it. There is many a wife who is going down to an early grave because her professedly Christian husband is disobeying the law of God in his family relations: there are sons and daughters who are drifting away from God and the Church because they fail to see a Christian life and spirit in their professedly Christian parents.

There are "things delivered unto you to keep" in the family, in the Church, in the community; and every Christian who has trespassed against his neighbor, or his brother or sister in the Church, or the members of his own household, either by fraud, or lying, or dishonesty, or pride, or anger, has the duty plainly set before him of going to the one against whom he has sinned and confessing the wrong and making full restitution. Then, after that, not before, let

him come to God with faith in the sacrifice of the Lamb, whose blood was shed on Calvary for a sin offering, and in the promise that the sin shall be forgiven.

In Ephesians v, 11, we are told to "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." In 1 Thessalonians v, 14, are these words: "Now we exhort you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men." Also Galatians vi, 1: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

All true Christians are branches of the same vine. It is my duty to be willing to be clipped and pruned if thereby not myself, but some other branch, becomes more healthful and fruitful. We are living stones in the same temple, and we ought to rejoice, not in our own individual strength and beauty, but in the strength and beauty of the whole edifice. Now I suppose that not more than one in ten of the members of the Churches in this city have been with us in these meetings for prayer and self-examination. And it is your duty who have been here, and have been blessed by coming, to go to your brethren and invite them to the house and work of the Lord. God has blessed us so much with a spirit of meekness and gentleness that we can invite them much more effectively than if we had gone to them with that spirit of fault-finding which used to be so prevalent among us. God will not bless a Church whose members neglect one another.

I once read something of three little children who were out in a boat together, when it capsized, and the two smallest of them were drowned. The oldest one had tried his best to save them, and was himself taken out of the water almost dead. When he came to himself and remembered the terrible scene through which he had passed, he broke out into sobs and cries as if his heart would break, saying, "How can I go to my mother! When she sees me she will say, 'Why didn't you save Johnny? Why didn't you save Mary?'" My friends, we can sympathize with that boy; but suppose he had made no effort to save his brother and sister, and had come to his mother, saying, "It is true Johnny and Mary are drowned; but then I thought you would be so glad that I was saved:" what would you think of him? Would not that mother be in doubt which to mourn over the most, the death of the two who were drowned, or the selfishness of the one who was saved?

At the close of Mr. Moody's labors in Chicago Major Whittle, assisted by Mr. George C. Stebbins, commenced a series of revival meetings at Plymouth Congregational Church, and using the great Tabernacle on Sundays, which has thus far continued to be well filled. In all respects Major Whittle has proved himself a worthy comrade and co-worker of the great evangelist, who, years ago, saw the power and grace that was in him, and predicted for him, and urged upon him, the work of a lay evangelist.

CHARLES M. MORTON.

AMONG the men brought out and trained by Mr. Moody is Charles M. Morton, the State Secretary for Illinois of the Young Men's Christian Association. His was a very unpromising case, as will appear from this account he once gave of himself. He says: "I grew up without a knowledge of the Saviour, and scarcely knew or believed that there was a God. When the war broke out we shouldered our rifles and went to the front. Our lives then were wicked. I was a ringleader in drinking and in gambling, and it used to be my boast that I could blaspheme the name of God in more ways than any other man about."

Having lost his right arm, he left the army and went to Chicago, where he continued his life of sin until his money was all gone, and then applied to the Employment Bureau of the Young Men's Christian Association for work. Mr. Gibbs, who was then in charge, (to whom a soldier with an empty sleeve was always an object of tender interest,) spoke to him about Christ; and, having no chance of employment for a man with only one arm, he gave him a place as man-of-all-work about the Association rooms, which were then in the Methodist Church Block.

Mr. Rockwell, superintendent of the mission work, who had himself been brought into the association by Mr. Moody, gave him lodgings in his own room in the same building.

Mr. R. gives the following account of his conversion:—

"When Morton came to be my room-mate, he brought, along with his other small properties, a pouch of tobacco and a pipe, and when I came home that evening I found him sitting with his chair tipped back, his heels on the window-sill, his hat stuck on the back of his head, smoking till all was blue. Taking up the Bible, I mentioned that I was in the habit of reading a chapter and offering prayer before I went to bed, and asked him if he had any objections.

"'Objections! no; none at all. You can pray as much as you like without disturbing me.' And, as far as I know, he did not stir from his place, or even stop his smoking, while the reading and praying were going on. The next night he was in his old attitude, lost in smoke as usual; though, from the account he gave of himself afterward, I learned that this time he did take off his hat during the prayer, but must have put it on again very quickly, for I did not see the action.

"Feeling a deep interest in his case I presented him at the noon meeting for prayers, and this I continued to do twenty-one days in succession. During this time he spoke with great freedom of his doubts concerning religion, saying it was only fit for foolish people, and declaring that Burns had written better things than any contained in the Bible. But, as I afterward learned, though he still concealed it all from me, he gradually became more attentive at prayers. On the third evening he stopped smoking; on the fourth he took down his feet from the window-sill; on the fifth he got down on one knee; on the sixth on both knees; but every time he was up and in his old place before I reached the 'Amen,' so I did not see how fast he was coming on.

"On the evening of the twenty-first day we had a little prayer-meeting down in a Baptist church in DeKoven-street, and there we prayed for Morton till the heavens seemed to bend. It was late when I reached home, and I found him in bed; so I sat down beside him, and said to him:—

"'Charley, we have been praying for you to-night.'

"'Have you? I thank you, Frank,' said he, his voice

choking with emotion; and then he turned away and buried his face in the pillow. About midnight he arose, and went into the prayer-room adjoining, where, after an hour of mighty wrestling with God, he felt his sins forgiven; and, when he came back, his infidelity had vanished, and he was a saved and happy man."

A little while before his acquaintance with the Young Men's Christian Association, he and a comrade, named Stewart, had been on a drinking bout together, trying who could drink the most liquor before being overcome by it. While Morton was seeking and finding the Saviour at the Association rooms, Stewart was doing the same thing at the church, and the very next time they met after their great debauch together, each was surprised and overjoyed to find the other happy in the love of Christ.

Mr. Moody, after his usual fashion, called out the young convert, and almost compelled him to take part in the Association prayer-meetings. The first time he was called on he was unable to utter a word, though he made a desperate effort to open his mouth. The next time he was able to talk with the Lord in a sentence or two. At length the real power and genius of the man began to appear; and Mr. Moody, who was quick to notice such marks of promise, took him over to his Illinois-street Church and made him a kind of assistant pastor. His duty was to visit from house to house, hold cottage prayer-meetings and street meetings, and to preach in the Illinois-street Church on Sunday evenings, while Mr. Moody was holding service at Farwell Hall.

These two men used to attend a good many conventions together; and Morton became, like his leader, a very effective platform speaker, drawing largely from his own strange experience, and exhorting with great earnestness and power. It was while attending the National Sunday-school Convention, at Newark, New Jersey, in April, 1869, that he attracted the attention of some of the Brooklyn brethren, who were on the lookout for a man to take charge of the Plymouth Bethel. They invited him to Brooklyn, tested his quality, and installed

him in the place, where he came to be regarded as one of the most successful missionaries in America.

Judge Culver, of Pontiac, who was his fellow-laborer in the Sunday-school canvass of this State made several years ago, speaks of his zeal and faithfulness in the highest terms. "I have seen him," he says, "kneeling beside the highway or the railroad track, or in any sort of place where he could persuade a sinner to join him in prayer."

At the last Annual State Convention Mr. Morton was elected State Secretary for Illinois of the Young Men's Christian Association, in which work he has thus far met with great success. Mr. Morton is in no sense under Mr. Moody's direction; but as one of the men called out and trained by the great evangelist, to whom he is a brother in love and counsel, this record of Mr. Moody's Co-Workers would be incomplete without him.

MISS EMELINE DRYER.

A SHORT time before Mr. Moody left Chicago for his third journey to Europe he began the development of a plan in which those men and women entering upon mission or evangelistic work might receive systematic training in the Bible.

Mr. Moody's Theological Seminary, if in its small beginnings it will bear so large a name, proposed to dispense with homiletics, dialectics, and other traditional forms of theologic lore, and to replace them by the eternal word of God. He judged that whatever is taught in the Bible can be more effectually studied there than in any other book; and that whatever is not taught in the Bible is not worth the learning at all by those whose only work was to spread the Gospel of Christ.

This new and important branch of the work Mr. Moody was able to confide to faithful and efficient hands.

Miss Emeline Dryer, a lady of extensive culture and thorough refinement, actuated by a purpose to devote herself wholly to religious work, had been led to relinquish a position

of high honor and great usefulness, which she had long held as preceptress of the State Normal University, Illinois, and was at this time engaged in charitable and philanthropic work in Chicago. Her knowledge of the Scriptures and her devotion to the cause of Christ, together with her marked ability as a leader and instructor, attracted Mr. Moody's notice, and he at once secured her services for this important trust. So heartily did Miss Dryer enter into the work, and so efficient have her labors been found, that a steady increase of numbers and power has characterized this branch of effort from its foundation. The plan has been to call together all those Christian persons who are willing to give their time to religious work, and drill them daily in the histories, biographies, teachings, exhortations, warnings, commands, prophecies and promises of the Bible, in the assurance that from this heavenly armory may be drawn all weapons and defenses needful in the warfare against the enemy of souls; while, at the same time, the strength thus obtained is used in Christian effort among neglected sinners.

During the past year Miss Dryer and her Bible readers have held 673 cottage prayer-meetings, 78 mothers' meetings, 165 school prayer-meetings; have directed 502 sessions of sewing-schools, made 2,820 calls for Bible reading, 479 visits to the sick, and distributed 10,628 tracts and religious papers; this in addition to their own regular hours for daily Bible study. Miss Dryer devotes her entire time and effort to these varied labors, receiving no salary, but trusting in the Lord alone for support and direction. She has also aided most efficiently in revival work, by holding meetings and giving Bible readings in the various churches of the city. She was with Messrs. Moody and Sankey during a part of the New York revival, and rendered valuable service in the inquiry room, and in other branches of Christian work.

This devoted Christian woman was born in Massachusetts, but removed early to New York State; graduated with the highest honors from Le Roy Female Seminary, and was the first preceptress of the Knoxville Female College. Thor-

oughly educated, she also possesses a most winning address and gentle manners, which every-where surround her with loving and appreciative friends.

REV. W. J. ERDMAN.

THE present pastor of Mr. Moody's North Side Church, as it is usually called, or more properly, of the Chicago Avenue Church, is Rev. W. J. Erdman, a member of the Chicago Presbytery, though holding a somewhat peculiar position for a member of that ministerial body.

He was born in the State of Pennsylvania, is of Dutch extraction, and was brought up religiously in the doctrines and usages of the Dutch Reformed Church. His father, though a layman, was a great Bible student, and two of his sons now in the ministry have inherited his tastes in that direction.

Mr. Erdman received his theological education at the Union Theological Seminary, New York, where he was a classmate of Rev. Drs. Goodwin and Mitchell, two leading Chicago clergymen of the Congregational and Presbyterian bodies. He was settled over the Presbyterian Churches in Jamestown, N. Y., and Ann Arbor, Mich., where he was regarded as a man of unusual poetic genius; but at length he became convinced that the only true course for a preacher was to "preach the word," and from that time he devoted himself to exegetical study and discourse, in which he has become eminent.

Major Whittle, who during a part of Mr. Moody's absence in Great Britain was the chief leader in his Church, made the acquaintance of Mr. Erdman, and judging him to be a man of rare qualities for the work of the Bible school, secured his services as a Bible teacher, in which he was so successful, and through which he became so much endeared to that congregation, that, with Mr. Moody's consent, they elected him their pastor; which position he has held for about two years with increasing usefulness and widening in-

fluence, both in his own Church and in the city and country at large. His Bible readings in other Churches have been much enjoyed. At the date of this writing he has a Bible class in the First Congregational Church on Sunday afternoons with an attendance of six hundred persons; while the Bible school, whose daily sessions are held at Farwell Hall, under such teachings as Messrs. Erdman, Jacobs, and Miss Dryer, with occasional assistance from leading city pastors, is coming to be a power for good, and gives promise of becoming at no distant day a Bible college after the manner of Mr. Spurgeon's famous college in London.

MAJOR COLE.

MR. J. H. COLE is another lay evangelist, whose labors both in this country and in Great Britain have been remarkably blessed. He was formerly a successful business man in Chicago, but on account of habits of dissipation he lost his property and was leading a wretched life, when the Spirit of God awakened and converted him, not only giving him the assurance of the pardon of his sins and the possession of a new heart, but saving him at once from the appetite for strong drink. He soon became prominent and useful in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association in Chicago, and on Mr. Moody's last departure for Europe he was left in charge of the association meetings.

It was not long before he felt moved to give up his business and devote himself entirely to the work of the Lord, and although his fortunes were recovering from the effects of his dissipation, he resolved to obey the heavenly call.

It was not without sore trials of his faith that he became fully separated from the world; but privations, loss of property, and even the deprivation of what he had been accustomed to call the necessaries of life, only drove him to seek a larger share in the riches of grace. At one time he was in actual sight of want of food for himself and family; but

from this approaching distress he was delivered by means so evidently providential that from that time all doubt of God's personal care for him and his house vanished, and he and his wife and daughter thenceforward gave themselves wholly up to God, taking him for their portion, and devoting themselves to such service as he might from time to time appoint.

"And since that day," said he, "God has not suffered me or my family to want any good thing."

Early in May, 1875, Mr. Cole rejoined his old friend Mr. Moody in London, who first assigned him to the charge of the Young Men's Meeting in the tent near the Bow Road Hall, at the east end of London. His next work was a series of Children's Meetings, which reached an attendance of nearly five thousand.

During the last month in London of the American evangelists, while Messrs. Moody and Sankey were speaking and singing to the great congregations at Camberwell Hall, in the south quarter of the city, it was determined to hold a series of revival meetings in the Victoria Theater, a low class playhouse in one of the worst parts of London, and of these meetings Mr. Cole was placed in charge. Night after night the old theater was filled with a crowd of people who had been accustomed to divide their spare time and money between the gin palaces and the cheap performances of this stage; who, attracted at first by the novelty of a religious service in a place which, by common consent, was given over to the devil and his friends, and held afterward by the evident power of God which attended the simple and tender preaching of his word.

This success of Mr. Cole, taking into account the difficulties under which he labored, was not less remarkable than that of Messrs. Moody and Sankey themselves; and, in the absence of those brethren, would have attracted great attention. On being asked how he prepared his sermons, he replied, "I pray to God for them."

His preparation for the work of an evangelist consists in

a good common-school education, thorough conversion and consecration to Christ, tender sympathy, great familiarity with the word of God, and the evident presence and power of the Holy Spirit with his word and work. His stay in England and Scotland was prolonged for about a year and a half after the return of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and a series of revivals crowned his labors, such as were only exceeded by those under the great evangelists themselves.

Major Cole has been admirably assisted by his wife and daughter, especially in the Gospel singing; the three voices making a very effective trio, and adding an indescribable charm to his simple preaching of the word.

In November last he returned to America, assisted Mr. Moody in the Chicago revival, and is now engaged in quiet personal labor for souls in Chicago and its vicinity.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD, A. M.

FRANCES E. WILLARD, now so widely known through her public efforts in the cause of Gospel Temperance, was born in the State of New York; but while still a child her father removed with his family to Janesville, Wisconsin. As the children grew older the parents, desiring to give them every educational advantage, again removed to Evanston, Illinois, where Miss Willard graduated at an early age from the Northwestern Female Seminary. Possessing rare natural ability and genius, to which was early added the grace of a true and unfailing trust in Christ, she seemed specially endowed for the calling of a teacher, which was her chosen pursuit; and she had already filled important trusts in Chicago, Kankakee, and Pittsburgh, when she was offered the position of preceptress at Lima Seminary, New York. While there she decided to devote some time to foreign travel for purposes of culture and enjoyment, and accordingly joined the party of the lamented Bishop Kingsley, making a two years' tour of Europe and the Holy Land.

Immediately upon her return she was offered the position of preceptress of the Ladies' College at Evanston, a work to which she gave herself with characteristic heartiness and great success; at the same time, by her genius and eloquence, rendering great service to the cause of missions, as represented by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. After some years the hitherto separate College for Women was added to the North-western University, Miss Willard still retaining the position of Dean.

But the desire to live for Christ, and assist in carrying forward his work, which had long been the animating purpose of her life, now led her to decide upon devoting herself to exclusively religious efforts. She therefore resigned her position at Evanston, and identified herself with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Chicago, an organization which originated in a meeting of the ladies of that city, called March 16, 1874, for the purpose of presenting to the Mayor and Common Council a protest against the sale of liquor on the Sabbath. This request was refused, but the society thus formed continued its meetings, circulating pledges, visiting saloons, and holding mass-meetings. In October of the same year a decided impetus was given to its workings by the election of Miss Willard to the office of president, which she still holds.

At once a daily prayer-meeting was started in lower Farwell Hall, which has ever since been regularly and successfully maintained; numerous auxiliary societies have been formed throughout the United State; Miss Willard, who has probably no superior among her own sex as a public speaker, made stirring appeals from platform and pulpit; and to her zeal and ability may be traced much of the growth in power and influence of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

When Mr. Moody came to Chicago in the fall of 1876 he met Miss Willard for the first time. Her thrilling addresses, tender and powerful prayers, and ardent devotion to the cause of Christ, made a deep impression upon him, and he at once endeavored to draw her into the ranks of his helpers.

Sending for the lady, whom he had never spoken with before, he began the conversation thus:—

"Miss Willard, will you go to Boston with me, and take charge of the Women's Meetings?"

"I cannot tell; I need to think and pray over it."

"Well, now is as good a time as any to pray;" and, accordingly, down on his knees he went to ask divine guidance for the lady in her decision.

Miss Willard, however, preferred to take a little more time to consider so important a question; but at the end of a few days consented to join the revivalist there.

Her work in Boston has been highly appreciated by many of the best Christian ladies of New England. Her Bible talks at the Women's Meeting in the Berkeley-street Church, her three hours of daily personal instruction of inquirers, and her public addresses before various Christian temperance societies, have placed her in the front rank of those women who in these days are eminent as helpers in the work of the Lord.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

THIS gentleman, who has recently joined Mr. Moody's evangelistic corps as a soloist and director of music, is a native of Orleans County, New York; is about thirty-one years of age, and has already distinguished himself as a leader of devotional music in the First Baptist Church, Chicago, and in the Clarendon-street Baptist Church and Tremont Temple, Boston. In the summer of 1876 Mr. Stebbins was invited by his friend, Major Whittle, to assist him at some revival meetings in Mr. Moody's old home at Northfield, and while there his talent and power as a gospel singer led to an engagement with Mr. Moody. His work in organizing the great chorus at the outset of the Chicago revival gave full proof of his spirit and capacity. Since then he has been the comrade of Mr. Needham, one of the English evangelists, in revivals East and West, where his singing has been greatly enjoyed.

CHARLES W. SAWYER.

CHARLES WILLIAM SAWYER, the Gospel Temperance worker, whose meetings have attracted such attention, and been so greatly blessed in connection with the revivals in New York, Chicago, and Boston, was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1835. His father was a seafaring man, in the West India trade, who died when Charles was but a lad, leaving him to the care of his mother, a godly woman, whose heart he nearly broke by his early fall into habits of drunkenness and dissipation. He was for some years a clerk in the Boston house of Jordan, Marsh, & Co., from which he went to the employ of Claflin & Co., of New York. During these years he proved his ability as a salesman when not under the power of strong drink; but this enemy at length became completely his master. Lower and lower he sank until he even broke off communication with his mother, who mourned over him for years, not knowing whether he was dead or alive. Her grief was not altogether hopeless, for she was able to cast her burden on the Lord; meanwhile giving herself to the most active efforts in the temperance cause; working to save the sons of others, in the hope that God would some time send some one to save her son, if, indeed, he were still alive.

He says of himself, "I had every thing behind me calculated to make my life a success, but at sixteen years of age I began to like the taste of blackberry brandy, and the appetite grew upon me year by year—you know how it is, down, down, down, all the time. You have heard of that man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho: he fell among thieves before he got to the city, but I had got right into the midst of Jericho. I was so completely lost that I had no power I could call my own. I drank myself out of house and home, and into absolute destitution. I had eyes, but I could see nothing; ears, but I could hear nothing; a heart that knew nothing."

Through the kind Christian counsel of a lawyer in Poughkeepsie, into whose office he stumbled while up from New York on a drunken debauch, he was led to seek Christ as the

only hope in his desperate case, and by grace he was saved through faith.

Of his appetite for liquor he says, "I do not know as it is dead, but God has covered it up so that I have not seen any thing of it since he gave me a new heart."

He was utterly destitute, but like a man thoroughly converted he began to look about the city for some honest way of living, and at last was employed by an old tanner, at four dollars a week. His next place was in a brick-yard, where he made himself useful among the men employed, preaching Christ to them, and leading them to the Gospel Temperance meetings, which had been commenced in Poughkeepsie.

At length he was able to secure an engagement in New York in his old employment; but the firm was broken up by the sudden death of one of the partners, and he was thrown back into the thorny path of privation, which was also the path of usefulness, for he continued to be more and more helpful as a temperance worker; and when Mr. Moody began his meetings in New York he found Mr. Sawyer preaching Christ among the saloons, and also publishing a temperance paper called "The Living Issue," which at one time reached a circulation of fifty thousand copies. He at once engaged his co-operation, and the result fully justified the action; large numbers of so-called hopeless cases being reached by the Gospel and brought into the light of the Lord.

The success of Mr. Sawyer's work in Chicago was so great that his support was pledged by an eminent Christian merchant if he would consent to remain permanently in that city; while of the hundreds of "reconstructed men," as these regenerated drunkards called themselves, a flourishing society has been formed for mutual encouragement, and for carrying forward the Gospel Temperance Revival.

Mr. Sawyer was well received in Boston, where he has been preaching Christ to the drunkards with good success; quietly though efficiently aided by his wife, who has been his good angel ever since the days when he first turned from the old way into the new.

PART V.

THE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE REVIVAL.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

THE work of saving men from drunkenness by means of the grace of Jesus Christ is nothing new in the Church, though somehow it seems to have received but little attention. It is one of the most striking features of the system of revival work under the leadership of Mr. Moody, that the Gospel is preached to drunkards and opium eaters, as a means of saving them from their appetites as well as from their sins.

The society known as the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," which was organized in Chicago in March, 1874, had been holding temperance prayer-meetings every day in Farwell Hall, at which some remarkable cases of reformation and regeneration occurred; and when Moody and Sankey arrived to resume their Gospel work in that city, every thing was in readiness for the Temperance Revival also. A band of devoted Christian women, with Miss Frances E. Willard at their head, joined hands at once with Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and on the third week of the Chicago revival the series of Friday noon temperance meetings was commenced, the record of which has thrilled the Christian world.

In Philadelphia and New York the work of reconstructing drunkards was among the wonders—perhaps we might say the miracles—of the Moody and Sankey revivals. But in

Chicago, more than ever before, the power of grace to save this class of sinners from the physical as well moral effect of their transgressions was gloriously manifest.

Every body is familiar with the old-fashioned temperance meetings: Some great lecturer stands up and instructs and amuses the people—chiefly the latter—giving statistics of the cost of rum and beer, and denouncing the men who make and sell them; telling stories of drunken men, with imitations of their drunken antics, and reciting the terrible experiences of drunkards' wives and children; the whole followed by an exhortation to sobriety, and the circulation of the temperance pledge.

Besides this old-fashioned process for carrying on the temperance reform, there are the various secret societies with their impressive initiations, grips, pass-words, regalia, etc., some of which have national and even international organizations, and which occasionally aspire to political as well as moral power. Yet, in spite of all these reformatory means and measures, the business of liquor making and liquor selling is one of the great "industries" of the country. The English Chancellor of the Exchequer was recently horrified to find that Great Britain paid the current expenses of its government chiefly by the tax on liquors; and it has been demonstrated that no bill can pass the British Parliament which the beer and spirit interests of the community oppose. The same power has been able to dictate terms to cities, counties, and even States, in America, and actually exerts so much power in the nation that great political parties hold its opinions in deference.

It would not be fair to say that the temperance movement has been a failure because it has not stopped the making and selling of strong drink, any more than to say that the Church of Jesus Christ has been a failure because it has not put a stop to all sin and sorrow. But the facts would seem to show that every year more liquor is made, and more money is made out of it—a showing which is not very hopeful in the direction of a gradually approaching millennium.

The Gospel Temperance Revival is, in one sense, a new departure in the temperance movement. Drunkards have, indeed, been converted, but the Church has not looked for their conversion; and when a man has once given himself up to the power of strong drink, it has been assumed that unless he could exercise an almost miraculous power of will his case was hopeless, and he was given over to the devil.

This Temperance Gospel, then, is, indeed, good news—'Glad tidings of great joy'—to all those people who are under the power of the devil; and of this temperance gospel Mr. Moody is a chief apostle. He does not make himself into the likeness of a drunken fool on the platform for the sake of drawing people to hear him. He comes before them with a Bible in his hand, and in the name of Jesus Christ invites the drunkards to be saved by the very same grace, and in fulfillment of the very same promise, which he offers to sinners seeking to be saved from other forms of sin. Mr. Sankey does not find it necessary to sing temperance songs, so called; but he sings the Gospel Songs and the grand old hymns of the Church, such as "Rescue the Perishing," "The Ninety and Nine," and "Jesus, lover of my soul." Prayer is offered for a thing which hitherto has been regarded as well-nigh impossible, namely, the deliverance of a drunkard from his own appetite for strong drink by the immediate exercise of divine grace; and in order to gain a place in these prayers written requests in great numbers are sent up to be read, every one of which is a revelation of some great and perhaps long-hidden sorrow.

"You lose much of the sense of power and tenderness which these letters would produce if you were to read them all as I do," said the Rev. Mr. Davis, into whose hands this prayer correspondence was committed. "I can only summarize them for you, but the writing on some of these pages is enough to make the angels weep."

At the first of the series of Chicago Gospel Temperance meetings Mr. Moody gave the following address, based on

the account of the boy possessed of the dumb devil, who was brought to the disciples by his father while Christ was on the mount of transfiguration.

THE DEVIL CAST OUT.

"The disciples were in great trouble. The scribes and Pharisees had gathered around them for the sake of getting up an argument, and right in the midst of it up comes this man, bringing his boy (foaming and writhing and gnashing his teeth) for the purpose of having the disciples cast the devil out of him; but the devil refused to go.

It seems they had got their eyes off from Christ. He and the leaders of the band, Peter, James, and John, were away on the mountain, and I suppose they felt weak and anxious on that account. Just so it is with the Church. Whenever they get their eyes off Christ their faith begins to fail, and then the devil has them at a disadvantage.

"But the Master comes back just in time, and when he hears what has happened he rebukes the disciples.

"'O faithless and perverse generation,' he says, 'how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? bring him unto me.'

"Now, my friends, a good many of you are just like those disciples. You say this rum devil is too hard to be cast out. But if the Master were to come he would rebuke you and say, 'O faithless generation! Was not the Son of God manifested to destroy the works of the devil?' And if this is not one of the works of the devil, I should like to know what is. It is easy enough for Christ to cast out this rum devil, and what we want to do is to bring the possessed drunkard to him.

"We read that when they brought the boy to Christ, 'Straightway the spirit tare him; and he fell on the ground, and wallowed foaming.' The devil always tries to throw people down when they are coming to Christ. That, above all others, is the very thing he don't want them to do.

"'How long has he been this way?' asks Christ.

"'From his childhood,' answers the father.

"Now there are a good many people who say, 'O there is no hope for such a man! He has been a drunkard for twenty years; he has always been fond of liquor; he inherited the love of it from his father or mother.' The father of this boy seems to have had much the same kind of a notion, for he says, 'If thou canst do any thing, have compassion on us and help us.' There is one of the devil's 'ifs,' you see. This man put the 'if' in the wrong place, and Christ had to show him where it belonged. "If thou canst do any thing,' says the man. 'If thou canst believe,' says Christ. That is where the 'if' comes in.

"Some of you mothers have intemperate sons, and you have been trying all sorts of ways to save them, but the poor fellows are not saved yet. Now the thing for you to do is, to bring them right to Christ, and ask him not to reform them, but to regenerate them. It is just as easy for Christ to take the appetite for strong drink out of a man as to do any thing else for him. When we held temperance prayer-meetings in New York people used sometimes to come in half drunk; but the young converts would take them, and talk and pray with them, and God converted some of them right out of the midst of a spree. There was one man, a Frenchman, who came in one night all in rags. I thought he was rather a hard case, but the young converts had faith that he could be saved, so they went to work at him. The next night he came back again sober, and on the third night he stood up in the meeting and said, 'I was praying on my knees last night, and all at once God gave me a new heart. I jumped right up, I felt so light and happy. I hardly knew myself. I was a new man in old clothes.'

"That is just what we want. Don't begin with the clothes; begin with the man. Let us have some new men. The clothes will all come right if we only get the man right."

THE LOST ONE FOUND.

AT another densely crowded Friday temperance meeting Mr. Moody said:—

"It would be interesting to trace these expressions: 'I am.' 'I am the bread of life,' 'I am the light of the world.' Some one has said, God gave Moses a blank check when he sent him down into Egypt. 'Who shall I say sent me?' asked Moses. 'Say that I AM hath sent you.' God was every thing to him that he wanted—deliverance—a path through the sea—bread from heaven—water from the rock—victory over enemies. All he had to do was to take the 'I AM' and fill it out according to his needs.

"The hope for every lost man is in Jesus Christ, who was lifted up upon the cross for him. He only can deliver the captives. He is not from this world, but from above, and this he proves to the world by giving himself to die for it, as he says here in the twenty-eighth verse, 'When ye have lifted up the Son of man, then shall ye know that I am he, and that I do nothing of myself; ... and he that sent me is with me. .... If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' John viii, 28, 31.

"'What makes you say that to us?' answered the proud Jews. 'We were never in bondage to any man; how sayest thou, "Ye shall be made free?"' What a lie! In four hundred years they had been carried away captive eight different times. They had been slaves in Egypt, in Assyria, in Babylon, and now they were under the Roman yoke. Besides, they were in a miserable bondage to their own religious forms and traditions, and, worse than all, they were slaves of sin and the devil; and so is every one of you here who is not saved by believing on the Son of God. 'If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.' That is the hope of all the drunkards in this hall. Let them come to Christ at once, and be delivered from the bondage of sin.

"We are not here to-day to discuss the evils of intemperance. There is no need to do that any more, for almost every body is convinced that it is a terrible sin. Nor is it our business to try to find out who is to blame for it. There are some people who spend a great deal of time in trying to discover the origin of evil; but if a man had fallen into the lake and was drowning, you wouldn't stop and try to find out how he came to tumble in. The first thing would be to pull him out. So it isn't worth our while to argue over the cases of these people who are drowning in drunkenness, but rather to show them how to get hold of the hand of God, who is able to pull them out and save them, body and soul.

"There is one verse in the third chapter of John which I want to call your attention to: 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.' Now, as I understand it, there is no hope for any drunkard till he has been born of God. A resolution can't save him. Signing the pledge can't save him. All the temperance societies in the world can't save him. All these things which a man does in his own strength belong to the flesh, which God has stamped with the seal of death.

"I notice men don't like to take God's remedy till they have tried every other. But, my friends, there is no hope for any of you till you get done trying to save yourselves. The word of God tells us 'in the flesh dwelleth no good thing;' and if God can't find any good thing in us we may as well give up looking for it ourselves. What we need to do is to die to the flesh and live after the Spirit.

"You plant a kernel of corn in the ground, and as long as it doesn't die it doesn't come up; but as soon as it begins to die it begins to sprout. When a man gets through trying to save himself, then God is ready to save him; and if God gives him a new nature in place of his old one, he loses his appetite for liquor among the old things that belong to the old man. Then he don't have to stop drinking, the thing stops of itself. In 1 Cor. xv, 47, we are told, 'The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from

heaven;' and in 2 Cor. v, 17, 'Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new.' What we want is a new creation—resurrected men, whose old nature and appetites are all gone, and in whom all things have become new. Don't imagine that God is down here patching up our old Adam nature. He don't waste his time putting new wine in old bottles, or putting new patches on old coats. He is here to make a new creation, to raise up new men out of these thieves, drunkards, and vagabonds.

"A friend in Philadelphia once showed me a brown-stone house which was built by contract while the owner was away, but after he moved into it he found that the front only had been built of stone, and the sides were built of brick, and plastered over so as to look exactly like the brown stone. The first winter's frost cracked off the plaster, and the next spring the man had to fix it all over again. He kept on doing this for several years, but at last he got disgusted with the thing, and my friend said as he was going by the house one morning, he found some men at work taking down the old plastered brick wall and building it up with stone. Here are some of you who have been trying to reform yourselves. You have promised your mother and your wife to stop drinking; you have got down on your knees and promised it; you have gone before magistrates and sworn it; you have signed the pledge with blood from your own veins, and thought you were going to keep it, but you failed.

"Heaven is filled with twice-born people; they are born once after the flesh, and they are born again after the Spirit.

"Here are a couple of letters that I have received, that are enough to break a man's heart. One of them is a wail from Scotland. A father, whose only son may be in this hall today, has written this letter to a pastor, who is a friend of mine. He says:—

"'We can only pray that God will bless Mr. Moody's efforts, that he may be able to bring our dear Willie to Christ. He is a man of education, and we have never heard of his doing any thing bad except to

drink. How long, O Lord, shall this curse prevail, that breaks the hearts of fathers and mothers by the ruin of their precious sons? If Mr. Moody finds him let him bring before his mind the comforts that his father has denied himself to give his son an education, and tell him also of his broken-hearted mother, whose gray hairs he is bringing with sorrow to the grave.'

"Here is another:—

"'*October* 26.—MR. MOODY: I write to beg you to include my case with those which will be presented to the meeting to-morrow for prayer. I do not drink, but I have been in the habit of using opium. I used to use both, but I have dropped the liquor on my last birthday, October 1, which was also the birthday of your services in this city. By the blessing of the Lord I have been able to give up the liquor without difficulty, and now I am praying for release from the terrible opium habit. I have tried to break it off by degrees, but that was too slow, so I decided to stop at once. If you ever knew such a case you know how terrible it is. I could not work, I could not sit still, I could not lie still. It is not the appetite for opium, but the fearful nervous prostration which comes of leaving it off. Let me beg of you to pray for me. I have faith to believe that God can save me.'

"We had such a case as this in New York. There was a man who had been an opium eater for eighteen years. He used to take enough every day to kill a dozen men, but the Spirit of God began to work upon him, and he asked us to pray for him. One of the young converts invited him to his house, at the same time sending around word to his family that he was to stay for a few days; and there the young converts gathered around him, and held him in the arms of their faith till the struggle was over, and the man was free from the terrible curse. For seven months now, he says, he has had no desire for opium, and the last time I was in New York I found him actively engaged in work for Christ. Let me tell you, my friends, the Son of God can save you from all these things. He is able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto God through him."

Mr. Moody then offered prayer, at times quite overcome by emotion, to which the great congregation responded with tears,

and sighs, and earnest "Amens." After the prayer Mr. Sankey sang the solo "Almost Persuaded" with tender effect.

The sad, tender letter from the parents of Scotch "Willie" led to most happy results. The evangelists and their co-worker, Mr. Sawyer, were on the watch for him, Mr. Moody's heart being especially turned toward the poor wanderer. "Because," said he, "my only boy is also named Willie." At last, after several weeks' watching and inquiry, a poor fellow, homeless and helpless, presented himself among the inquirers at the reformed men's meeting, at the inquiry room in the Tabernacle, whose Scotch accent led Mr. Sawyer to ask him his name.

"Willie ——," he replied.

"O, you are the very man we have been looking for," said Brother Sawyer.

"Looking for me! how's that?"

"There's a letter for you from your father and mother."

At this announcement the poor young man almost fainted with surprise and joy. He thought he was a castaway, and had no idea that any of his friends would ever own him again: he had sinned against them so much, and fallen so low. But the love of his father and mother, like the love of the Saviour, had outlived all his abuse of it, and the wanderer was not only found for his parents in Scotland, but also for his Father and his Saviour in heaven.

At the next Friday temperance meeting Mr. Moody called on "Willie" to give his experience, at the same time referring again to the letter.

With such a sad history for an introduction, no wonder the great audience listened with rapt attention while the lost-one-found, a slight, florid, Scotch laddie, of perhaps thirty years of age, gave the following account of himself:—

"Twenty years ago I was a happy boy, starting out from my home in Scotland to a school in a distant city. My father thought to make me a doctor, but my mother hoped I would be a minister. At school I fell in with evil companions, and as the result, my life has been one long day of debauchery, the memory of which has lashed me with a whip

of scorpions. When I was twenty years old I went away to Australia, and rushed through that country as a gold-seeker. Then, growing homesick, I came back to Europe, and landed in Amsterdam. My father came to meet me, and after awhile secured me a responsible position in a dry-goods house. I married one of the sweetest little women that ever drew the breath of life, the daughter of a minister, and a Christian. In three years she died of a broken heart on my account, and when I shut down the black coffin-lid over her white face I felt as if my last hope was gone. We had one daughter, and when I took the little child in my arms and bade her good-bye, to go out and wander over the face of the earth, she gave me a hug as of iron; her tears burnt into me; and she said, 'Papa, will you be long away?' From that time I roamed the wide world over, miserable, hungry, naked—a blot on the face of the earth. When I first came to Chicago I tried for awhile to do better; obtained a situation in a house which sent me out to travel; but with plenty of money I went back to my cups again; lost my situation, lost my friends, lost all. Then I missed my mother!

"On Friday last I came into this hall, and went into the inquiry-room after the meeting was over. Mr. Sawyer asked me my name, said he had been looking for me for six weeks, and told me there was a letter for me from my father and mother. Then they prayed for me. Man could not save me, but I bowed at the foot of the cross, and asked the mercy of Him who died on it for me, and He saved me. And now I would rather live on crusts of bread moistened only with my tears than go back to the life of sin from which I have been saved."

The vast congregation could not restrain its tears. Thousands were weeping; and when Mr. Moody, with his voice full of sobs and tears, poured out a prayer to God to bless this lost-one-found, and make him a preacher of righteousness, as his godly mother had designed, the scene was beyond description for tenderness and emotion

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"RECONSTRUCTED MEN."

"You remember," said Mr. Moody, "that last Friday we had the testimony of several converts to the fact that the grace of God had saved them from the appetite for strong drink.

After that meeting a good many people said to me, 'Do you think this thing will last, or is the tiger only chained for a little while, and will he not break away again?' Now I want to introduce some witnesses who have stood for years; but first I want to introduce the testimony of the word of God. In 1 Peter v, 5, we have these words: 'Be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.' The great danger to these reconstructed men is pride, self-confidence. There was a time when I used to pick up these men and take them into my room and keep them day and night to help them out of the clutches of this terrible devil, and they got on well just as long as they trusted wholly in Christ, and put no faith in themselves. This text is like a bell on a rock at sea to warn the ships of danger. O, how many a soul has been wrecked on this rock of pride! It is not the reformed drunkards only; all other Christians are in danger; but if a man walks humbly with his God he will be kept. Job says, 'For he shall save the humble person;' and in Isaiah, the fifty-seventh chapter and fifteenth verse, is the remarkable text, 'For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.'

"It takes the same grace to keep us that it took to save us. That is the reason some ministers fall; they get proud and begin to trust in themselves. Now let us make this the key-note of this meeting—humility."

Mr. Moody then offered prayer, after which the solo and chorus was sung entitled "The Light of the World is Jesus."

"Now," said Mr. Moody, "I am going to call some of these witnesses. They may be embarrassed, because they are not accustomed to speak to such large audiences; still it is not the most flippant and fluent witnesses who make the greatest impression, but those who tell the most truth."

Mr. CARL IRLAND, a commercial traveler, gave his experience as follows:—

"I assure you it is any thing but pleasant for us to recall those horrible and ghastly memories of the times when we were in the power of the enemy; but for the sake of Christ and those who need to come to him for the same help we have received, we give you our experience to-day. I used to be a 'commercial traveler,' and sold goods both from Chicago and St. Louis. It was by the advice of a physician that I first began to take whisky, being afflicted with a lung disease; and after awhile it created such an appetite that I was not able to resist it. I was a member of the Church; but in my business relations I used to meet people every day who would say to me the first thing when I would enter their store, 'Have a glass of whisky with me. I have just got in ten gallons of the best Bourbon that ever went out of Bourbon County.' And there was no use in trying to be a temperance man in that line of life.

"I was the only son of Christian parents; I had joined the Good Templars; but, in spite of my religious education, and the influence of the temperance society, I went on from bad to worse, being bound by a mightier power than I was able to resist. Every day Satan used to pay me bigger and bigger wages—'the wages of sin is death'—and after awhile it used to be my custom, when I sold goods enough so that my house would not be dissatisfied, to spend the rest of the day in a way I do not care to describe. I soon began to find it necessary to take a drink nearly every half hour.

"Three or four times I have stood on the deck of a vessel determined to drown myself; twice I have put my revolver to my head to blow out the brains that had become so full of shame and sorrow. But the face of a gray-haired woman, looking out of a cottage window with flowers and vines about it, used to rise up before me, and the thought that her heart would be broken at such a death for her son, kept me from putting an end to my miserable life. Existence was hateful. In the morning I used to wish it were night, and when night came, I prayed to God to let it be morning.

"One Sunday in the month of June, I think it was, I took a skiff and crossed over the Mississippi River to get away where

I might put an end to my life. But when I reached the place a flood of childhood's memories came rushing over me, and then this text of Scripture from the third chapter of Proverbs, which my mother had taught me when I was a little child, seemed to be burned into my mind, 'In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.' I had not been acknowledging God. I had been going in my own paths, but I resolved, if God's mercy was long enough to reach me, I would accept it; and then I took the skiff and went back over the river, and up into my room to read the Scripture and to pray.

"It was a struggle almost equal to death, but I said, if I die I will die a sober man. That Scripture in the nineteenth chapter of Luke and the tenth verse seemed to come with light and hope to me, 'For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.' For three weeks nearly the struggle went on in my room, but at last the Lord gave me victory, and since that day I have taken no liquor to drink, nor have I had any wish for it.

"And now let me say to any drunkards who are here, who have tried to break off drinking and failed, Come to Christ; he has mercy for you, he will save you. And you, mothers, whose hearts are breaking over your wandering sons, don't give up—keep on praying—and God will give you back your sons, and save them by the power of his grace."

"Mr. SHARP, well known in Young Men's Christian Association circles for several years past as an active Christian worker, was called upon by Mr. Moody, and gave his experience as follows:—

"If any of you think this is an easy thing to do I will tell you to the contrary. I never felt so strange in all my life. But for the encouragement of some poor drunkard, such as I once was myself, I will tell you some of my own history. Eight and a half years ago I left London for America, at the earnest request of my wife, lest my dissipated habits should bring disgrace upon my children. I had sold out three homes for liquor, and the fourth hadn't any thing in it

fit to sell. I had been weaned on liquor—my father and mother were both intemperate—and I was a perfect slave to this appetite. I came to America a drunkard, and the first year I spent in saloons and gambling dens. Twice I have had a pistol at my head with the thought that life was no longer endurable. But when I came to Chicago I went into the home of an old school-fellow, whose Christian life was the means of winning me to the Saviour. The Lord took away my taste for liquor when he converted my soul; not by degrees, but all at once. And I want to invite any man here who is the victim of liquor to give himself to Christ, and let the grace of God make him altogether new."

To this narration Mr. Moody added the pleasant fact that the family of this brother were reunited and now living happily in Chicago.

Mr. WILLIAM MURRAY, a well-known member of the Chicago Board of Trade, said he had been a drunkard for twenty years; knew all about the use of strong drink; had tried to reform himself by resolutions and pledges, but had failed, and at last, about six months ago, he went to Christ for a new heart, and with it found grace to overcome his old enemy. He then thought he was safe; but relying on himself, and trifling with drink, he fell; but the Son of God lifted him up again when he trusted all to him.

Mr. R. W. DILLER, of Springfield, Ill., then arose, and said:—

"I would like every Christian in the house to pray for me while I try to speak. That is what I told some fifty of my friends at Springfield, and I think they are praying for me at this hour.

"I don't know the time when I didn't drink. I can remember, when I was a little boy, being carried on men's shoulders in a drinking saloon, and given the sugar out of the bottom of the glasses. When I came out to this Western country I went into the drug business, and after awhile I got into the way of drinking from a pint to a quart of liquor every day. Sometimes during those years I would 'get off with whisky,'

as the drinkers call it, and have to stop drinking for awhile to recuperate my nervous system. While I was thus abstaining I used to boast of myself what a good fellow I was; like the man who felt so proud at being able to go by a tavern that he went back, as he said, 'to treat resolution.'

"I don't like to say it, but I believe the Christian Church is responsible for half the drunkenness in this country. If they would only take such people as I and my friends here by the hand, and help us out of bad company, and cry aloud against the saloons that are ruining so many souls and bodies, there would not be half so much drunkenness as there is.

"In 1866 I was a respectable drunkard. I drank behind my counter and prescription desk. I didn't lie around the saloons. When Mr. Hammond came to Springfield that year to hold revival meetings my wife, who was a Quaker, went to hear him, and came back disgusted. Men used to go to his meetings, and then come to my store, and say, 'Hammond said so-and-so,' and then we would laugh over it. But my boy and girl, who went to the meeting, came home very much improved, and I found them studying the Bible; so I forbid them attending the meetings any more, on the ground that it would get them so excited that they couldn't attend to their lessons. But when my son asked me for permission to go after school-hours, and said that all the other children were going, I yielded, and allowed them to go again. Well, one Tuesday he came home happy. He had been converted. On Wednesday my daughter was converted; on Thursday my wife, in spite of what she had said, went to the meeting, and she was converted; and also a little girl that we were raising. You can see that they were making it hot for me. My load began to get very heavy. I complained to my wife for not having dinner ready on time, so that I might get back at once to my store and my companions. I didn't like the house. The store, I thought, was the place for me. But one day, as I was going out from dinner, my wife said to me:—

"'Wont thee go to the meeting?'

"'No, I wont,' said I.

"'Wont thee go and look in?'

"'No.'

"'If thee was to die what would become of thee?'

"'I should go to hell,' said I.

"'When does thee expect to repent?'

"'O, some time.'

"'When will that some time be?'

"Ah! that went through me like an arrow. Every-where I heard the question, 'When will it be? When will it be?'

"The next Sunday I went to meeting, and all the time the minister seemed to be talking to me, and whenever he pointed his finger it seemed to be pointed at me. I was angry. Why did he preach all at me when there were fifty others in the house who needed it just as much?

"There was going to be an open-air meeting that Sunday afternoon, and my wife wanted me to attend, but I said, 'No.' I was going to see a man who was sick, some ways out of town. But we started out together, and before I knew just where I was there we stood right before the preacher, Mr. Hammond, and I had to stay there two mortal hours. Presently I began to feel a great load—my heart seemed to weigh a ton. My wife and all the children stood up to confess Christ, but I could not stand up. That troubled me too.

"One day my son said to me, 'Papa, why can't we have family prayers just as they do at uncle's?' That cut through me; to think of an old gray-haired man who couldn't pray when his son asked him. One night my wife sat up to pray for me, and in the morning she said, 'How did thee sleep?' 'Very well,' I said. It was as big a lie as I ever told in my life. Then I rose for prayers in one of the meetings, but it seemed as if I had to pull up the State-house with me. For two nights and three days I could neither eat nor sleep, and at last I sent for Elder Prentice, a Methodist preacher, who used to be just such a man as I was, and when he came I said,—

"'Bill, I am in great distress.'

"'I am mighty glad of it,' says he.

"'What will I do to get out of this?'

"'There is nothing can help you a bit only the blood of Christ. Up and believe!'

"And I did. I began to pray, and instead of praying to God as one that was a good way off, I whispered right into his ear, and he saved me. I felt so light and airy that you could have carried me on top of your little finger. Then we set up the family altar, and there were five new-born souls around it. I couldn't contain myself for joy.

"My appetite for liquor left me, and for three years I had none of it. But one day when I was ill the old enemy came back with terrible force. I looked into a saloon and saw a couple of men drinking beer. It looked so foaming, and cool, and bitter, and refreshing! Just the thing! Then I went down to my store, where there was wine, and brandy, and gin, and whisky—"

[Mr. Moody, interrupting,] "You sold liquor then?"

"Yes; I was a druggist; I told you that to begin with. And then I went up into a room over the store and said my prayers—only said them. There is a great difference between praying and saying your prayers. When I came down the appetite came back. Horror of horrors! So I went back and said some more prayers. But when I came down the same terrible temptation seized upon me. You drunkards know what it is. Then I went back to that little room and threw myself on my face before God, and I said, 'O God, is it thy will that I should once more become a miserable drunkard and bring ruin on myself and my family?' I don't know whether I prayed five, or ten, or fifteen minutes, but, glory be to God! I got the victory over that appetite, and have kept it ever since."

Mr. Diller closed with an earnest and well-timed exhortation to drunkards to yield to the influences of the Holy Spirit, which were urging them to take Jesus now.

Mr. Moody then offered an earnest prayer on behalf of those for whom requests had been made; and Mr. Sankey sang the Gospel song, "Rescue the Perishing."

Mr. MURRAY, of the Chicago Board of Trade, was then called on to speak, which he did very effectively, taking as a starting point the sixteenth verse of the first chapter of Romans, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." In addition to the account of his own remarkable conversion and deliverance from the appetite for strong drink, under which he had labored for twenty years, Mr. Murray referred to that kind of intemperance which is the result of the use of fancy cordials, aromatic bitters, and the like; saying that from his own observation, as well as from the boasts of the men who manufacture these vile alcoholic poisons, he knew that drunkard-making was carried on by these processes to an alarming extent. He spoke gratefully of his pastor, the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, whom he had met on the street at a time when he was ready to die of despair, and in answer to whose prayers he had been happily converted. He closed with an earnest appeal to the ministers from the country to go home and hold up Christ in their various communities as the way by which drunkards were to be saved. "The Gospel temperance is the kind of temperance for me."

Mr. Moody then called on Mr. Ring, who confessed to his own shame, but the glory of Christ, that he had been a miserable drunkard for thirteen years; had left the home of his childhood, where his father and mother were praying for him—had married a wife, and broken up half a dozen homes for money to buy liquor—had tried every means to reclaim himself—and at last had been brought to Christ through a remark made by Mr. Moody, in which he quoted the text, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life."

This man testified that in answer to his prayer not only his desire for liquor, but also his appetite for tobacco, had been taken entirely away. He closed with an earnest exhortation to moderate drinkers, saying, "You may have control over your appetite now, but the time will come when it will have control over you."

The next speaker was Mr. LATIMER, another trophy of

grace, won by the Gospel from the lowest depths of intemperance. He said:—

"It is not pleasant to think of the past—thank God! it is past. I have been a drunkard for sixteen years. I never was a moderate drinker, but from the day when I drank my first bottle of ale in the back room of a country store, sixteen years ago, till the time of my conversion a few weeks since, the strongest passion of my life was the love of strong drink. I used to laugh at the temptation at first, and despise those whom I found in the gutter, thinking I could control my appetite as I pleased. I have heard the bullets of the enemy whistling about me; a pistol has been placed at my head; but I never felt such a sinking in my heart as I felt that day when I first came to realize that my appetite was my master.

"I came to this city drunk. I had no hope. I fully expected to go down to a drunkard's grave. I sometimes took thirty or forty drinks a day, and was soaked full of liquor like a sponge. I used to sit up all night, and drink and play cards. I was full all the time, so that however much I drank it produced no effect upon me. While in that condition I came to the Tabernacle out of curiosity, without one thought that I should ever be any thing else than a miserable drunkard. I sat up there in the gallery and looked over the happy faces of the congregation, and it only made my heart harder. I was angry with them for being happy.

"By and by Mr. Sankey sang that hymn, 'What shall the Harvest Be,' and when he came to the third verse—

> 'Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
> Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
> Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
> Sowing the seed of eternal shame,
> O, what shall that harvest be!'—

the words went through me like an arrow. My memory went back to the time when, a boy of eighteen years, I was commissioned an officer in the army: I thought of all the high

hopes blasted; of my wife and family made wretched; of my old mother who did not know whether I was alive or dead, but who I felt sure was still praying for me. I could not stand it, and hurried out to fill myself with liquor, and drown my convictions in beastly intoxication. But in my dreams I kept hearing the words, 'What shall the harvest be?' When I woke in the morning those words were written on the walls of my room. Every-where I went they were staring at me. I felt myself driven to the inquiry room, though I could not believe that even the power of Almighty God could save a man like me. But after awhile I began to pray, 'Jesus, thou canst save me; no one else can.' And he answered my poor prayer, and saved me body and soul. Now, my friends, if the Lord could give me a new heart and take that appetite away from me he surely can do it for every one of you; and I pray that the Spirit of God may come and save you, and take away your appetite and lusts, and make you over into new men in Christ."

The next speaker was Mr. BEN PATRICK, formerly a well-known and successful railroad man. He said:—

"Ever since I entered your city, twenty years ago this morning, I have been more or less a drinking man. I had gained a good position, had inherited and earned a comfortable fortune, but my bad habits were my sorrow and my ruin. One week ago I came to this meeting, and I was so impressed with the service, and with the words that Brother Moody threw into my heart, that I felt a desire to go to the Farwell Hall meeting in the afternoon. There I knelt and prayed, and while I was praying I felt what a sinful man I had been. My position, my fortune, my friends, all lost—all thrown away for drink. But while I was praying I seemed to be surrounded with a halo of glory, and a voice seemed to come to me saying, 'Ben, you can stop if you will. I will stand by you.' I thought it must be my God speaking to me. I felt that Christ had taken away all my sins, and I stood up and said so to the friends who had been praying for me. Since then every day has been happier

and happier, but yesterday was the culmination of all. The day that the halo of glory came to me, some of my brothers and sisters, in a place nine hundred miles away, were laying a plan to come to Chicago to see if they could not find some way to save me; but Jesus was ahead of them."

The next man had been a drunkard for seventeen years. He was down in the gutter, and God raised him up. This man's experience was referred to by Mr. Moody on a previous occasion as the man who had received a note beginning "My dear friend," which very much surprised him, because he thought he had no friend in all the world. His nervous system was completely shattered, and an effort to conquer his appetite caused him to shake and tremble to that extent that he was unable to stand up. He, too, had found Christ at the woman's temperance meeting, and, from the moment that God took possession of his soul, all appetite for liquor had ceased. Yesterday was the first holiday of any sort in which he had not been drunk for the last seventeen years. "I had one foot in the grave," said he: "I had lost all hope; I expected to die in a few days more, and I could see the bottomless pit before me; but Christ has saved me, and how thankful I am! My mother died a few days ago; died before she heard that I had been saved; but I am satisfied that she has heard of it up in heaven."

While these miraculous experiences were repeated, one after another, the great congregation was repeatedly moved to tears; and when that poor man brought out the fact that yesterday his wife and child had come back to him, Mr. Moody, with very many in the congregation, wept for joy.

The next speaker was Mr. MORRISON, a Scotchman from the Highlands, who used to be the terror of the sailors' boarding-houses; a wild, unmanageable, drinking man. He used to carry a *skene-dhu*, or dagger, in his stocking, and has been on the point of using it for murder in his drunken quarrels. Now this man is, and has been for several years, one of the most faithful and useful of the Young Men's Christian Association's workers. He has a Sunday-school which he has

gathered himself, in one of the worst parts of the city, and is a Bible reader of no little talent. He said:—

"Five years ago I was converted. For three years before that time I averaged half a bottle of rum a day, week days and Sundays. I came to Chicago drunk, and for the first twelve months I ate, drank, and slept in a saloon; not only drinking liquor myself, but mixing and giving it to others."

Among his other accomplishments, Morrison was a great dancer, and for a time used to give lessons in that art, by which means he seems to have been able to get up a step from his lair in the groggery, and take a room in a cheap boarding-house.

"One night a man put his hand on my shoulder and asked me to become a Christian, saying he would pray for me. I went home and to bed, and then I thought of another who was praying for me—my old mother—in the Highlands of Scotland. It appeared to be a good time to seek Christ, and I began to feel such a desire that I was willing to go anywhere in the world to find him. Presently it came into my mind that God is every-where—my mother had taught me that—and if so, he must be in my room. Christ is God, and so Christ must be here; and as these thoughts were going on in my mind I seemed to hear a voice: 'I that speak unto thee am he.' And then another text, 'He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life.' 'Well,' said I, 'I believe on the Son of God, so I must have everlasting life.' The next morning I got up a saved man, and for five years God has kept me. In all that time I have never had one single thought or desire for drink. I was an awful smoker and chewer, but all taste for tobacco has gone too. Now, all this is nothing that is in me, but something that is in Christ. If a man once gets this into him—'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life'—if he gets this into him, and trusts Christ to save him all outside of himself, like the Israelite looking at the serpent on the pole, then he is in the hands of Christ, and is

safe. I looked away from myself to Christ, and now I am saved, and will be to the end of time."

Mr. Moody then made some further statements concerning Morrison, saying he had been one of the hardest cases he ever had to deal with, and that when he heard that he was converted he could hardly believe that it was true.

Other statements to the same effect were given: among others, one by Captain SIMMS, one of the Young Men's Christian Association workers, who said that he had fallen to the lowest depths, but Christ had raised him up. He had been five times pulled out of the water insensible, and several times had been on the verge of *delirium tremens;* but when on the lake, on board a schooner with his kind friend Captain M'Millen, he gave his heart to Christ, lost all love for strong drink, and for eight years it had never once come back to trouble him.

Mr. DELIGHT followed, whose apt and earnest words were all the more pleasing and effective on account of the strong foreign accent in which they were spoken. Mr. Delight came to this country from Portugal when he was quite a young man, and has been well known in sporting circles for many years. It is a matter of regret that his speech cannot be given in print exactly as it was spoken, but the following will give some idea of it:—

"It is more than a pleasure for me to come before you. Seven or eight months ago, through affliction—death in my family—Christ brought me to him. I was a Christian, but I was afraid for great struggles, because I was brought up on wine from a little child. My father was a wine-grower in Portugal, and for forty-seven years—I will be forty-seven years in two months more—I was drinking wine and liquor every day of my life. I have kept saloons in Chicago and sold whisky, and I know all about it. Once I joined the Sons of Temperance, some years ago, when I saw I was going to the bad, but it was absolutely necessary for me to have two or three drinks every day—the need of it was in my system—and no one told me I must have help from God. I was very bad.

I went back on my friends and on my family. We had domestic troubles, and I had troubles in business—every kind of trouble. You be sure that a man who drinks he is bound to do wrong; there is no use of talking. My friends took great interest in me; I was a sporting man here for a long time. I said to them, 'I can't help drinking.' They said, 'You try it; don't go to the saloons, but if you must have some liquor take it up to your room.' I took a quart of whisky up to my room in the Ogden House, and tried to drink only a little. This was after I was converted. I used to pray and keep the family prayers, but sometimes the old passion would come on me too strong. After awhile I say to myself, 'It can't be that I shall serve two masters,' so I went to work in my room and down upon my knees, and if ever a man tried to find God I did. I was praying, and praying, and the appetite for drink gradually went away. God has took away the appetite, and now I have no desire for whisky. You take that for what it is worth, but I know what I am talking about.

"I have a friend who comes to me, and he says, 'I have gone long enough in this way. I am always a drinking man. My family is all right, my wife is a Christian, but I am the black sheep of the flock.' Then he says to me, 'How did you stop drinking?' I said, 'Pray God to deliver that appetite.' The whisky demoralized my friend in every respect, but in three or four days I saw him, and he says to me, 'Your remedy is pretty good.' My joy and thanks is wonderful. I tell you after the Lord Jesus Christ has opened our eyes, we ought to go and show him to others. Here is Mr. Moody, who used to go down into the saloons—I know it; and we used to say, what business has he to come down here for people to go to Farwell Hall to his prayer and preaching? Well, when we start a saloon we advertise a free lunch and a grand opening, and invite people to go *in*. And Brother Moody he come and invites them to go *out*. Well it is a poor rule that don't work both ways.

"Some of you will stick up the nose and say this is not so; but I know for myself There is only one way; we cannot

serve the Lord in the morning and the devil at night. One day—just to show you how—I felt bad. The devil he told me, 'Why don't you go and take a drink. You need some whisky to put you all right.' So I put on my coat and went out of my place the back way to a saloon, where there was a back bar. I said, 'It will not do for me that these people shall see me drink. They know I profess to be a Christian, and they will talk about it.' But when I got there I stood right in the door, and all at once it came over me, like Mr. Moody's text, 'Adam, where art thou?' I look very well, don't I? professing to be a Christian and going right in here with the devil!' Then I turn round and say to the devil, 'You get away;' and I go straight back to my room, and take the Bible, and open to the fifth chapter of James, where he says, 'Is any among you afflicted? let him pray,' and I never had that tantrum again. I was all right."

Another recent convert arose and said:—

"Four weeks ago the Lord got hold of me, and I cried to him for help. I had been a great sinner. I was not a drunkard, but I was getting to be fond of liquor. I was also terribly profane. How good is God! When we call on him to damn our souls he don't do it, but when we call on him to save our souls he comes and does it quick. I see a man here in the audience that I once had a quarrel with. I am sorry. I ask your pardon, Mr. S——."

The gentleman replied, "It is all pardoned."

"Now," continued the happy convert, "if any one asks me after this, 'Do you live in Chicago?' you must excuse me if I do not answer, 'I think I do,' or, 'I hope I do.' So if you ask me if I have begun to live in Christ, I will not say, 'I think so,' or, 'I hope so,' but, 'I know it.'"

A Scotchman said in the broadest of dialects:—

"I want to tell the auld, auld story aboot prayin' to Jesus. Ye all pray to Jesus, an' speak aboot Jesus, an' thot's right. 'Here is wha you're safe an' soond. Muster Moody's like

the thread an' needle—a-drawin' the whole coontrie togither; an' he says for baith the young and auld to coom to Jesus."

A German in the back part of the room said :—

"Now, my dear broders and sisters, I vas drunk two years, und didn't go to bet many times ven I vas sober. I used to trink bier before breakfast. I vas tree times in der Bridewell, und der last time I brayed for to be released, und I vas answered und let out. The man who bailed me out vas a drunkard like mineself, und I vant you all to bray for him. I proke a bane of glass in a saloon und split mine ear open, und never knew vat I vas doin' until der next morning. My wife she come und wake me up, und then I felt pad und sorry for mine sin, und I brayed to keep temperance all my lifetime."

Another man said :—

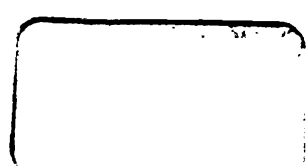
"I'd like to say a word. I've been mortified often at not speaking in these meetings when I knew that I ought to do so. It is a great blessing that the off-scourings of the streets can be saved. During the two weeks that I've been here I have seen so many men lying around low saloons that I have been greatly perplexed as to how I might reach them. I used to be a bad man. I was arrested eleven times, and had the *delirium tremens;* but the Holy Ghost came down and saved me."

At the close of the meeting Mr. Moody mentioned a man who, at the men's meeting at ten o'clock yesterday, arose for prayer, saying he had not been inside a church for forty-three years. Another man, who was written to by an acquaintance, was startled to receive a note commencing, "My Dear Friend." "What does that mean?" said he. "I haven't any friend." But he kept the appointment, and was invited to go to the Tabernacle. He refused, saying his clothes were too ragged, and that he was too badly cut up about the face—he had been on a spree, and in a fight, and had his eye blackened and his face cut open—but he was told

that every body was welcome there. Then he had another reason for not coming: he was afraid he couldn't stand it till nine o'clock without going out to take a drink. "I don't know," said Mr. Moody, "but that is what ails those people who get up and go out while I am preaching. But at last he came and was converted—people seem to get converted so easy—and when they get a taste of the new wine of the kingdom, they don't want any more cheap Chicago whisky."

Mr. Sawyer, now at work in connection with Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Boston, reports that the Chicago reconstructed men are "holding out beautifully." Mr. Latimer and Scotch "Willie" have become widely useful as Gospel temperance speakers and workers; Mr. Murray is president of the Reformed Men's Club; Mr. Ben Patrick has been restored to his honorable position in the office of the North-western Railway office, while the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, assisted by these strong reinforcements, is going forward with new life and vigor.

The Boston work opens hopefully, and has already won some trophies for Christ. So wide an interest is felt in this Gospel Temperance Revival that letters are constantly received from all parts of the country asking for prayers on behalf of drunkards who feel themselves utterly helpless; and parents living at a distance are sending their dissipated sons to the Boston meetings, as they did to those in Chicago, with the hope that they may find deliverance from their appetites through faith in the Saviour of sinners.

THE END.

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